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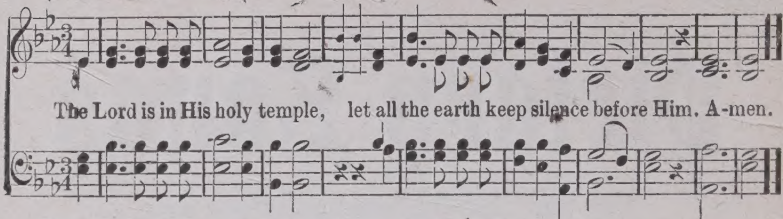
L. E. Slag

OPENING SERVICE.

(All stand and sing.)

Keep Silence.

C. H. G.



The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him. A-men.

The Lord's Prayer, in unison (eyes closed). Silent prayer.

SUPERINTENDENT:—Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

Sing one stanza of 311, or some other appropriate song in E-flat.

Scripture (read responsively).

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?

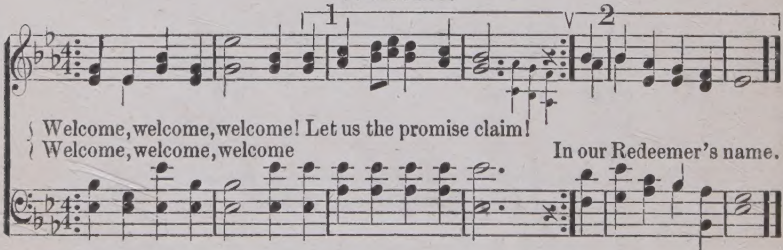
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

All members of the Church, (Sunday School, or other church organization) stand and recite together.

As members of this Church, (Sunday School or other organization) we are delighted to welcome into our midst any and all strangers. We want you to feel at home. Please help us to get acquainted. May God richly bless you and bless us all in our association together.

Welcome.



{ Welcome, welcome, welcome! Let us the promise claim!

{ Welcome, welcome, welcome

In our Redeemer's name.

Scripture.

The Lord reigneth, He is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith He hath girded Himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

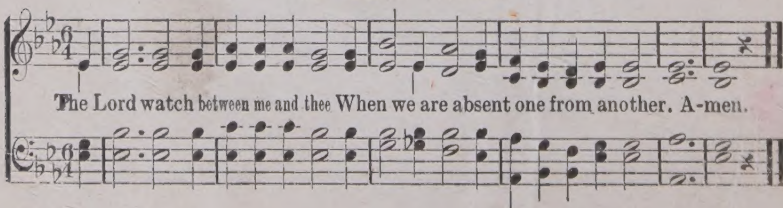
Thy throne is established of old; Thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever.

The Lord Watch.



The Lord watch between me and thee When we are absent one from another. A-men.



BEST HYMNS

No. 3

For Services of Song in Christian Work

Compiled by HAROLD F. SAYLES
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, Musical Editor

PRICES:

MANILA COVERS:

15 cents each, postpaid.
\$1.50 per doz., express not prepaid.
\$1.80 per doz., express prepaid.
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EDITIONS OF THIS BOOK PRINTED IN "ROUND" AND "SHAPED" NOTES.

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY
THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO.
602 LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO

PREFACE.

We have no apology to offer for the appearance of "Best Hymns" No. 3; in fact, an explanation would soon have been asked had not a new book appeared at this time.

Many of those who have used Nos. 1 and 2 during the last eight years, have been calling for a new volume.

This book contains a larger number of songs than either Nos. 1 or 2, with twice the number of "invitation" and "decision" songs used in Evangelistic work.

In making these selections, we have been assisted by a large number who have made suggestions and advised selections, and all have been classified so as to facilitate the use of the book.

This is pre-eminently a book for Evangelistic work, and those who adopt it will not be disappointed as it contains the variety of songs needed.

1st a goodly number of the old standard hymns of the church, and 2nd, a choice selection of the old and new gospel songs.

A million of "Best Hymns" No. 1 have been sold, and we believe No. 3 is as good as No. 1.

THE COMPILER AND PUBLISHERS.

In examining this book, try the following new numbers:

6, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 19, 24, 29, 32, 34, 36, 37, 54, 55, 57, 58, 65, 69, 73, 74, 75, 83, 90, 97, 99, 100, 104, 106, 113, 117, 124, 128, 129, 137, 141, 148, 149, 150, 157, 160, 161, 164, 165.

SPECIAL SONGS TO BE USED AS SOLOS

11, 13, 20, 21, 23, 44, 96, 102, 107, 166, 168, 169, 170, 171.

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BEST HYMNS

No. 3

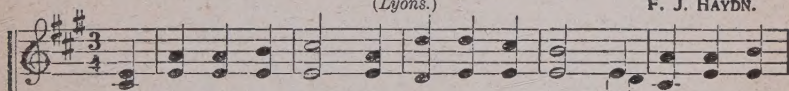
WORSHIP.

No. 1.

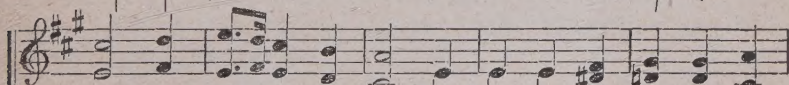
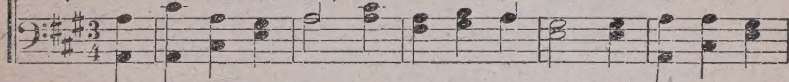
O Worship the King.

(Lyons.)

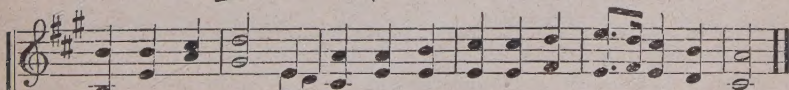
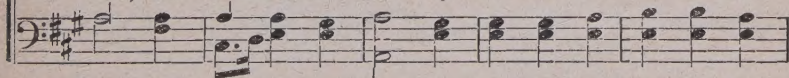
F. J. HAYDN.



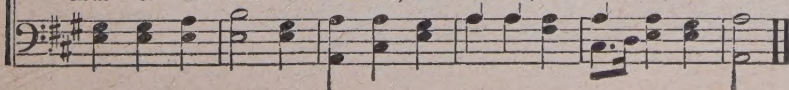
1. O wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail. In Thee do we



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how



an - cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise!
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De - fend-er, Re - deem-er, and Friend!



WORSHIP:

No. 2.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER.

(NICEA. P. M.)

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly. Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! All Thy work shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Ser - aphim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art Ho - ly!
 praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 falling down before Thee, Which wert and art, and evermore shall be.
 there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur-i - ty.
 Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

No. 3.

Stockwell.

C. C. Cox.

DARIUS E. JONES.

1. Si-lent - ly the shades of eve-ning Gather round my low-ly door,
 2. Oh, the lost, the un - for-got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for-got,
 3. Liv-ing in the si - lent hours Where our spir-its on-ly blend,
 4. How such holy memories clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past,

Stockwell,

Si-lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fac-es I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We still hop-ing for its end.
 Pointing out to that fair heav-en, We may hope to gain at last.

WORSHIP.

No. 4.

Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1782.

O. HOLDEN, 1792.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

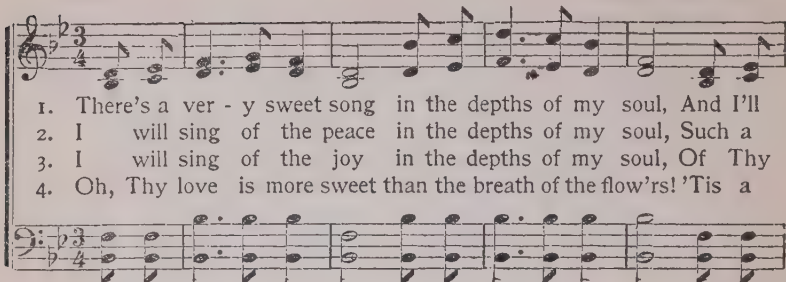
Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

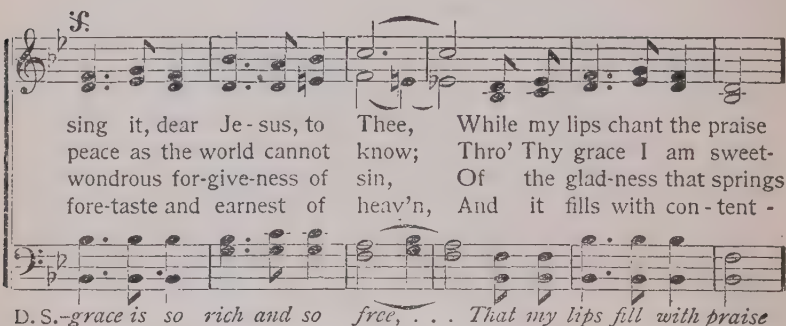
No. 5. The Sweet Love of God.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. There's a ver - y sweet song in the depths of my soul, And I'll
 2. I will sing of the peace in the depths of my soul, Such a
 3. I will sing of the joy in the depths of my soul, Of Thy
 4. Oh, Thy love is more sweet than the breath of the flow'rs! 'Tis a



sing it, dear Je - sus, to Thee, While my lips chant the praise
 peace as the world cannot know; Thro' Thy grace I am sweet-
 wondrous for-give-ness of sin, Of the glad-ness that springs
 fore-taste and earnest of heav'n, And it fills with con-tent -

D. S.-*grace is so rich and so free, . . . That my lips fill with praise*

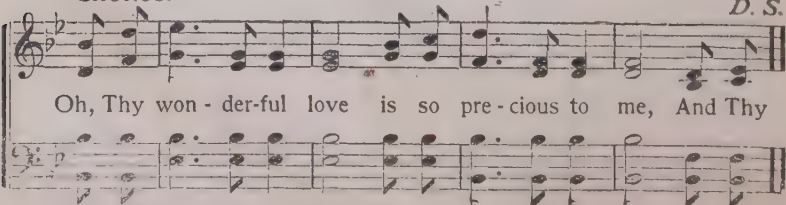


which I can - not con - trol For the love where-with Thou hast loved me.
 ly and consciously whole, And my heart is washed white as the snow.
 from Thy love's sweet control, And Thy presence and pow-er with-in.
 ment and rapture the hours That to me Thou hast gra-cious-ly given.

which I can - not con-trol, For the love where-with Thou hast lov'd me.

CHORUS.

D. S.

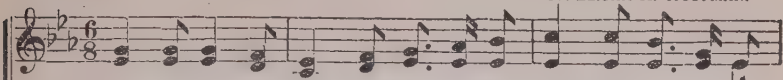


Oh, Thy won - der-ful love is so pre-cious to me, And Thy

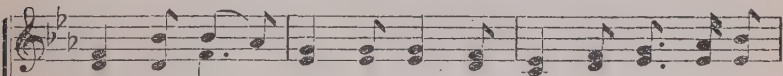
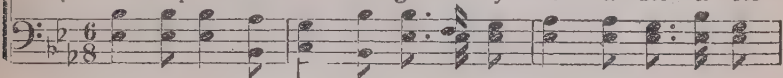
No. 6. Praising Jesus All the Day Long.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



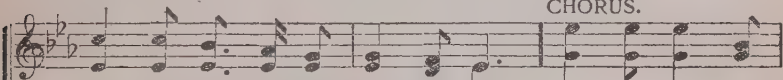
1. O how passing strange and won-der-ful That the Sav-ior should
2. What was there of grace or worth-i-ness In a soul as de-
3. Oh, the days are full of hap-pi-ness, Full of glad-ness, and
4. I will praise and I will glo-ri-fy His a-dor-a-ble



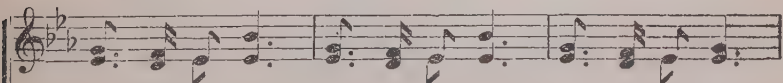
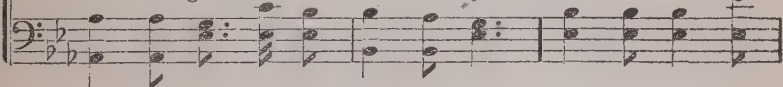
- think on me, And be-stow His love so gra-cious-ly,
 filed as mine? Yet He clothed me in His right-eous-ness,
 full of song; All His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness,
 love to me; I will laud and I will mag-ni-fy



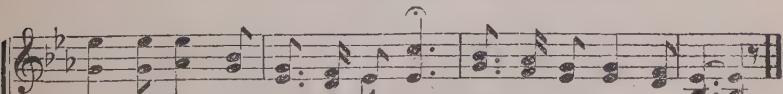
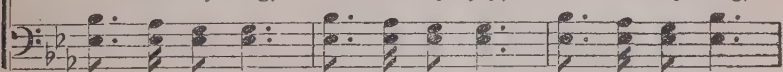
CHORUS.



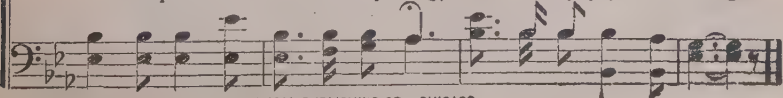
Love so bound-less and rich and free.
 And re-newed me by grace di-vine. I will praise Him
 And He bless-es me all day long.
 His free grace thro' e-ter-ni-ty.



all the day long, He is my joy, He is my song;



I will praise Him all the day long, He is my joy and song.



PRAISE.

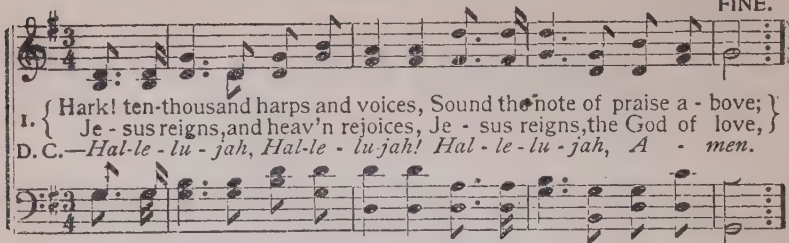
No. 7.

Hark! Ten Thousand.

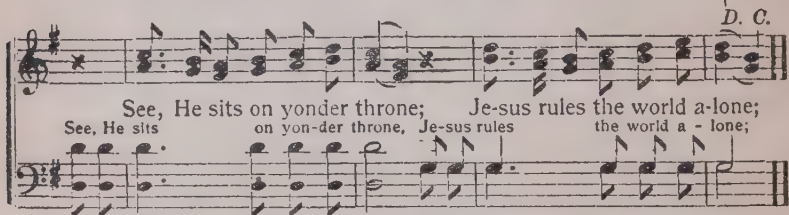
HARWELL. 8, 7, D.

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.



1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove; }
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, }
 D. C. — Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.



See, He sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone;
 See, He sits on yon-der throne, Je-sus rules the world a - lone;

2 King of glory reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away,
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

PRAISE.

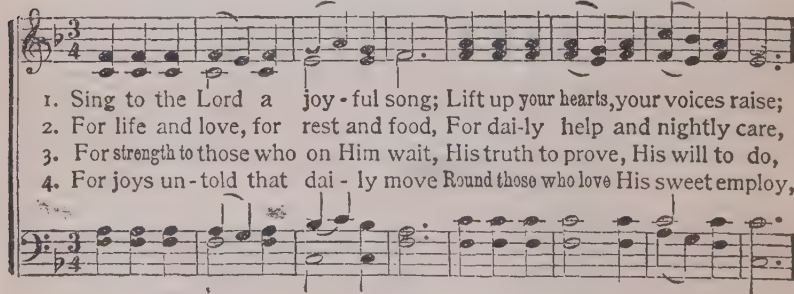
No. 8.

Sing to the Lord.

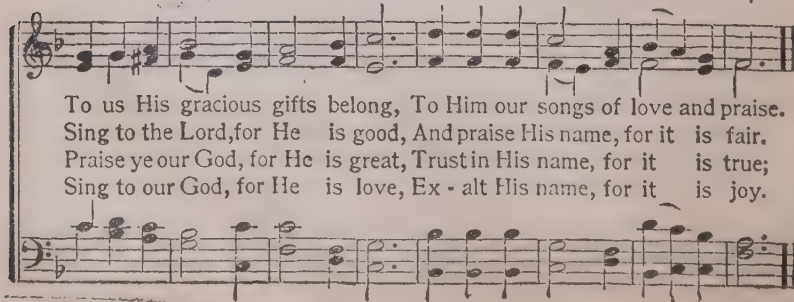
J. S. B. MONSELL.

HURSLEY. L. M.

W. H. MONK, arr.



1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song; Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
 2. For life and love, for rest and food, For dai - ly help and nightly care,
 3. For strength to those who on Him wait, His truth to prove, His will to do,
 4. For joys un - told that dai - ly move Round those who love His sweet employ,



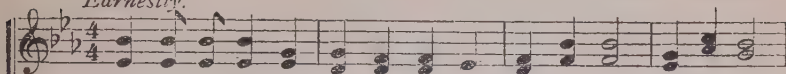
To us His gracious gifts belong, To Him our songs of love and praise.
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good, And praise His name, for it is fair.
 Praise ye our God, for He is great, Trust in His name, for it is true;
 Sing to our God, for He is love, Ex - alt His name, for it is joy.

No. 9. Sing Out Your Songs.

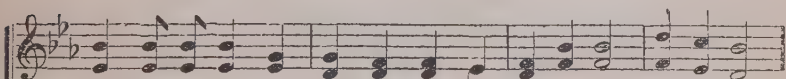
"I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart."—Ps. 40:10.

F. A. M.

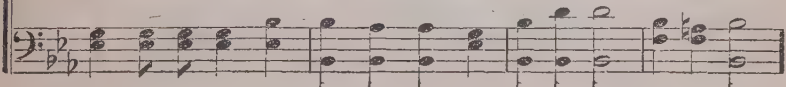
FRANK A. MILLER.

Earnestly.

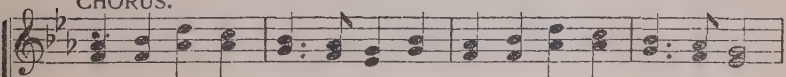
1. Have you a song to sing for Je-sus? Sing it out! sing it out!
2. Have you a word to speak for Je-sus? Speak it out! speak it out!
3. Have you a work to do for Je-sus? Do it now! do it now!
4. Have you a bless-ed hope in Je-sus? Tell it out! tell it out!



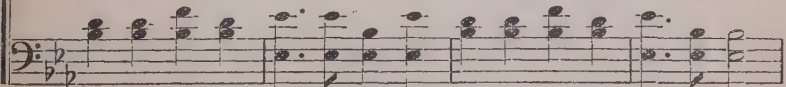
Give to the world your songs for Je - sus, Sing it out! sing it out!
 Sad hearts are yearning for your message, Speak it out! speak it out!
 Why should the harvest wait for reap-ers? Do it now! do it now!
 Thousands are lost in doubt and darkness, Tell it out! tell it out!



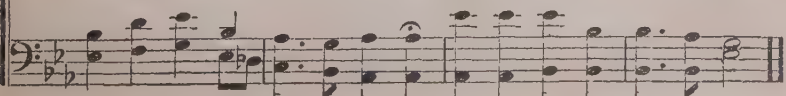
CHORUS.



He is wait-ing now to bless you, Fill your heart with song and pray'r,



Con-se-crate your all to Je-sus, He will use you a - ny-where!

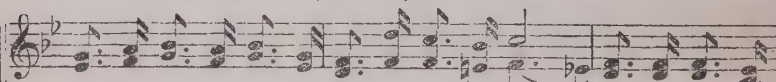
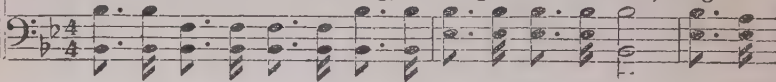


Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

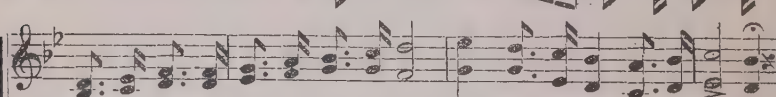
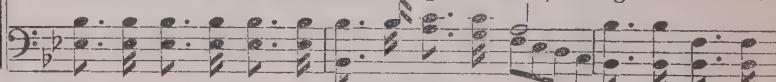
FRANK M. DAVIS.



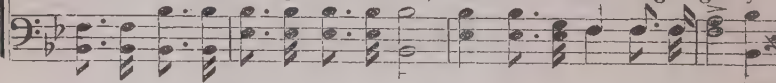
1. Sing the Christian's marching song, and sing it with a will, Let the
2. How the soldiers shouted when they heard the dear old song! How their
3. Yes, and there were loyal men, whose hearts with joy did swell, As they
4. Let us sing the dear old song, and sing it o'er and o'er, Sing it



mu - sic float a-long o'er val-ley, plain and hill, Sing as did the
 fac - es brightened as the mu - sic rolled a - long! How that song of
 bore the flag a-long of Him they loved so well, Blood-stain'd flag of
 with the spir - it of the dear saints gone be-fore, Sing it thro' our



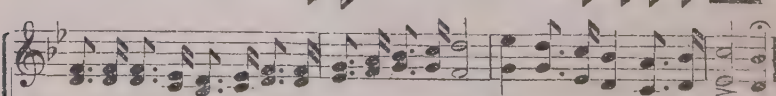
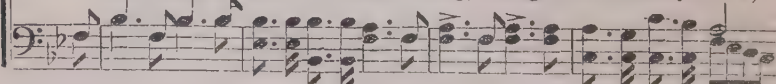
saints of old—in heaven sing-ing still, While they were marching to glory.
 Jesus helped to make the feeble strong, While they were marching to glory.
 One who died that they with Him might dwell, While they were marching to glory.
 marchings here, then sing it ev-er-more, While we are marching to glo-ry.



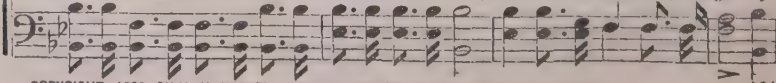
CHORUS.



O sing, O sing the song of jubilee, O sing, O sing of Him who set you free,



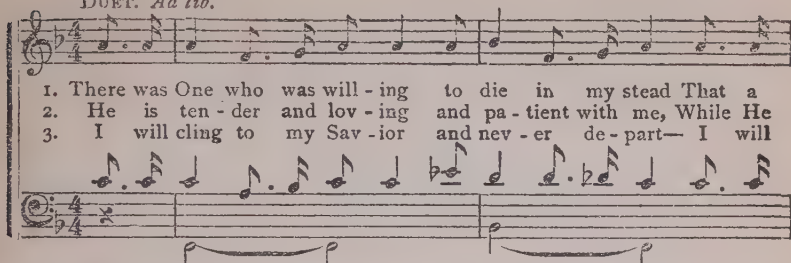
Sing of Him each step you take in love and loyalty, While you are marching to glo-ry.



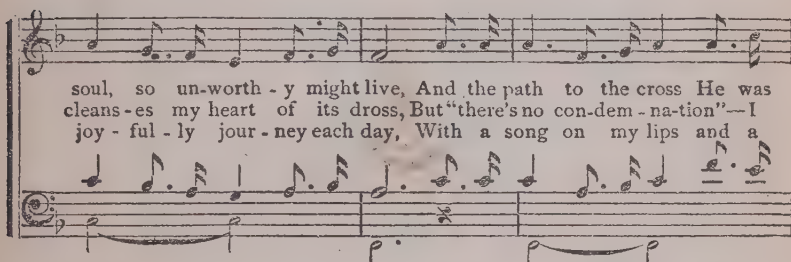
Nailed to the Cross:

MRS. FRANK A. BREECH.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

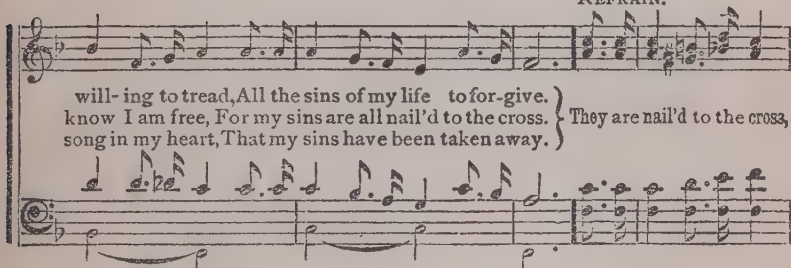
DUET. *Ad lib.*


1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead That a
 2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
 3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part— I will

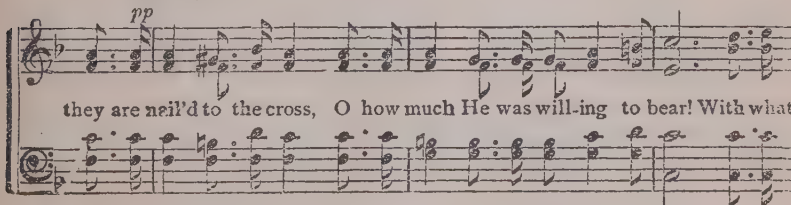


soul, so un - worth - y might live, And the path to the cross He was
 cleans - es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con - dem - na - tion"—I
 joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

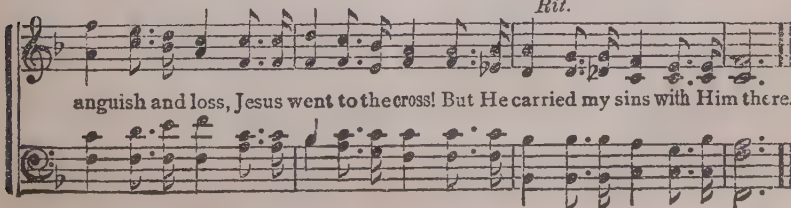
REFRAIN.



will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give. }
 know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. } They are nail'd to the cross,
 song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away. }



pp
 they are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will - ing to bear! With what

Rit.


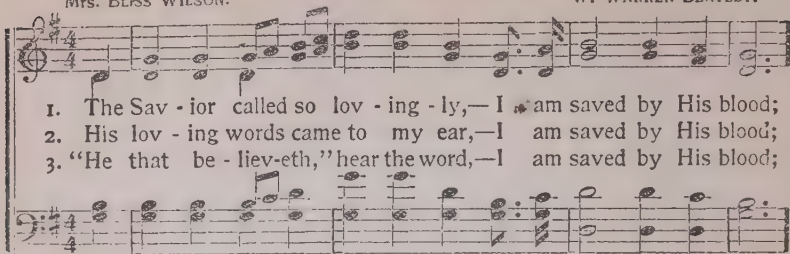
anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

REDEMPTION.

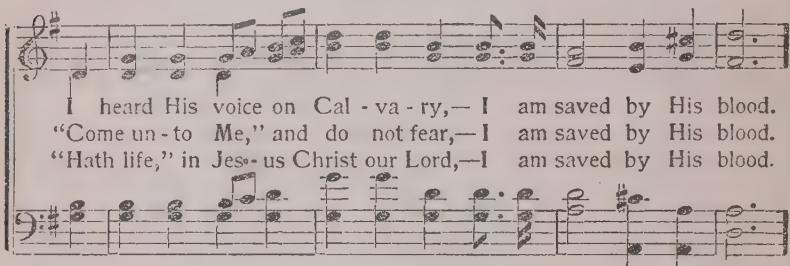
No. 12. I am Saved by His Blood.

Mrs. BLISS WILSON.

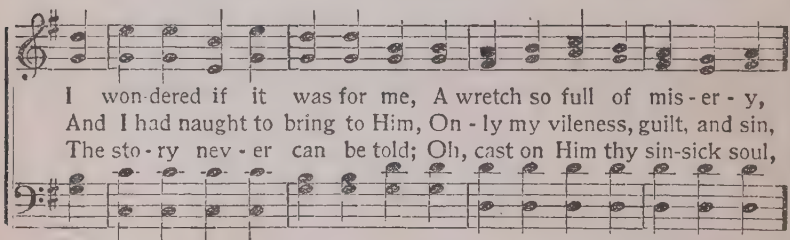
W. WARREN BENTLEY.



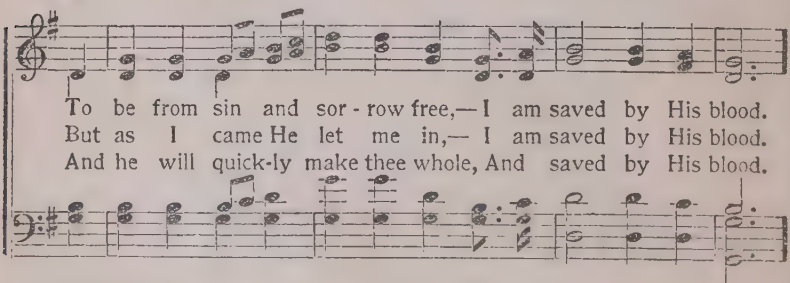
1. The Sav - ior called so lov - ing - ly,— I am saved by His blood;
 2. His lov - ing words came to my ear,— I am saved by His blood;
 3. "He that be - liev-eth," hear the word,— I am saved by His blood;



I heard His voice on Cal - va - ry,— I am saved by His blood.
 "Come un - to Me," and do not fear,— I am saved by His blood.
 "Hath life," in Jes - us Christ our Lord,— I am saved by His blood.

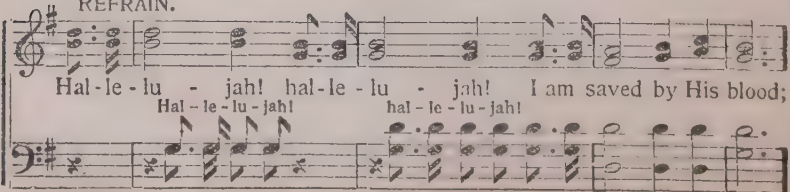


I won - dered if it was for me, A wretch so full of mis - er - y,
 And I had naught to bring to Him, On - ly my vileness, guilt, and sin,
 The sto - ry nev - er can be told; Oh, cast on Him thy sin-sick soul,



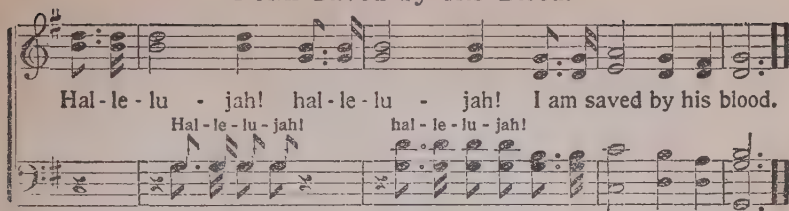
To be from sin and sor - row free,— I am saved by His blood.
 But as I came He let me in,— I am saved by His blood.
 And he will quick - ly make thee whole, And saved by His blood.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved by His blood;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

I Am Saved by His Blood.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved by his blood.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

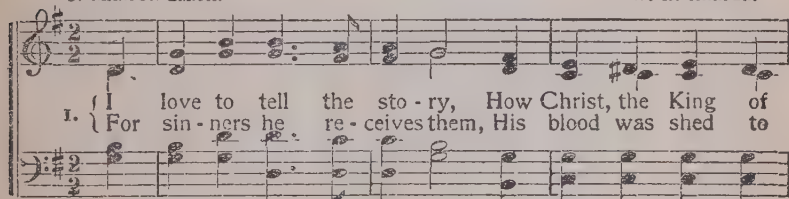
REDEMPTION.

No. 13.

John iii: 16.

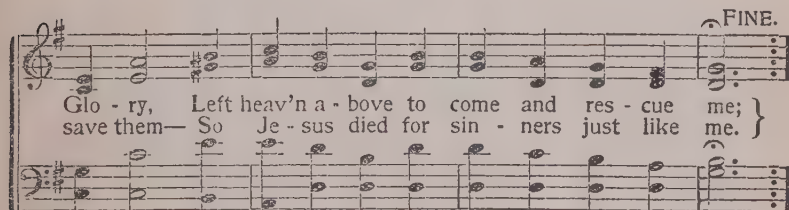
J. MANTON SMITH.

W. H. HARPER.



I. { I love to tell the sto - ry, How Christ, the King of
For sin - ners he re - ceives them, His blood was shed to

D. C.—You say, “How do I know it?”—John iii: six - teen will

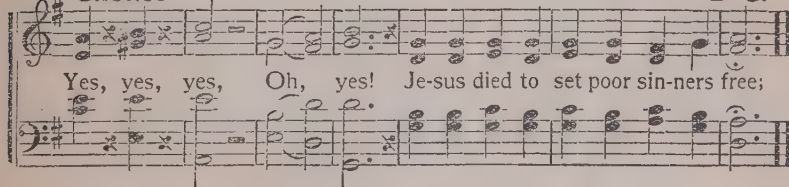


Glo - ry, Left heav'n a - bove to come and res - cue me; }
save them— So Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me. }

show it; That big word “who-so - ev - er”^{rit.} just means me.

CHORUS.

D. C.



Yes, yes, yes, Oh, yes! Je-sus died to set poor sin-ners free;

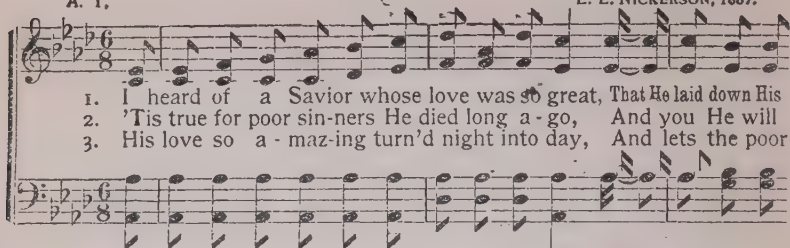
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 So now I'll try to please him,
My life I'll give to serve him;
His true and faithful servant I will be;
And when called home to glory,
I'll sing the good old story,
That Jesus died for sinners just like me.</p> | <p>3 Then, brother, won't you love him?
And, sister, won't you trust him?
I know he died for you as well as me:
We need our sins forgiven,
That we may go to heaven, [me.
To live with Christ, who died for you and</p> |
|---|---|

REDEMPTION.

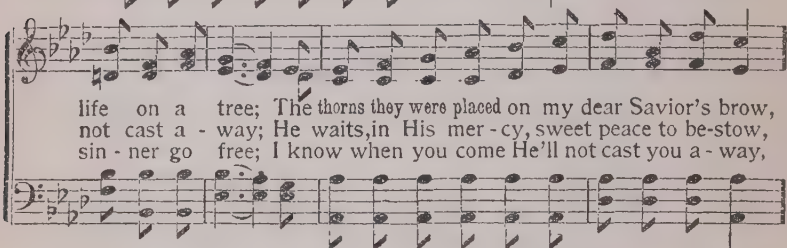
No. 14. He Pardoned a Sinner Like Me,

A. T.

E. E. NICKERSON, 1887.

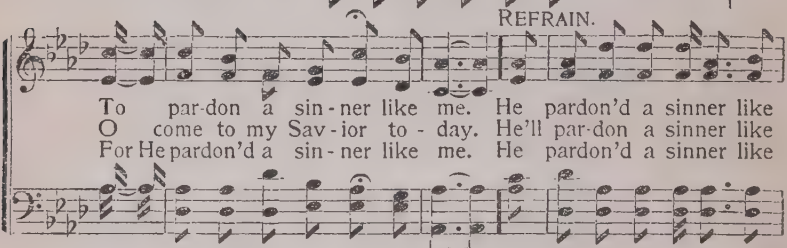


1. I heard of a Savior whose love was so great, That He laid down His
 2. 'Tis true for poor sin-ners He died long a-go, And you He will
 3. His love so a-maz-ing turn'd night into day, And lets the poor

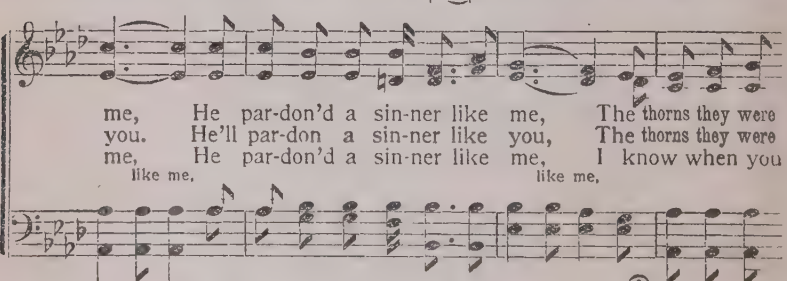


life on a tree; The thorns they were placed on my dear Savior's brow,
 not cast a-way; He waits, in His mer-cy, sweet peace to be-stow,
 sin-ner go free; I know when you come He'll not cast you a-way,

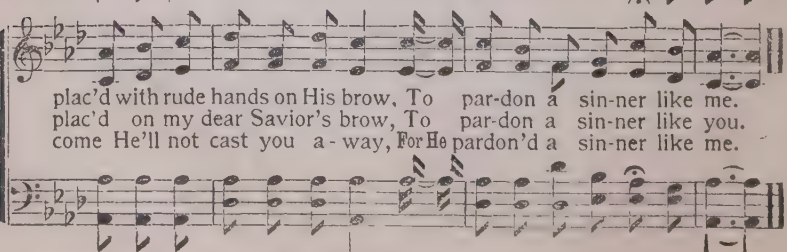
REFRAIN.



To par-don a sin-ner like me. He pardon'd a sinner like
 O come to my Sav-ior to-day. He'll par-don a sinner like
 For He pardon'd a sin-ner like me. He pardon'd a sinner like



me, He par-don'd a sin-ner like me, The thorns they were
 you. He'll par-don a sin-ner like you, The thorns they were
 me, He par-don'd a sin-ner like me, I know when you
 like me, like me,



plac'd with rude hands on His brow, To par-don a sin-ner like me.
 plac'd on my dear Savior's brow, To par-don a sin-ner like you.
 come He'll not cast you a-way, For He pardon'd a sin-ner like me.

REDEMPTION.

No. 15.

There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood, *Omit.* }
D.C.—And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Omit.

2 FINE. *D. C.*
 Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,

- Redeeming love has been my theme
 And shall be, till I die.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
 Lies silent in the grave.

No. 16.

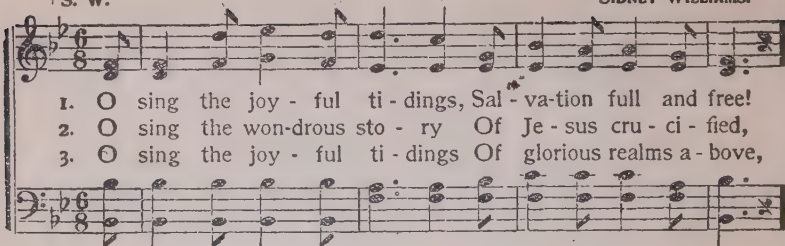
In the Cross of Christ.

SIR J. BOWRING.

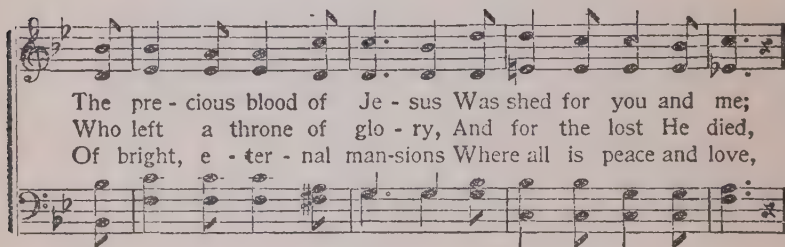
Tune:—RATHEUN, 8, 7.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-oy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

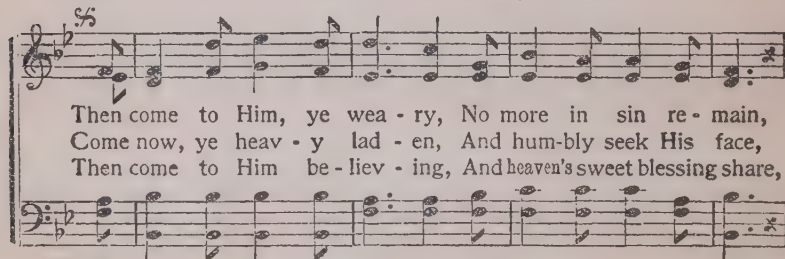
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers 'round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



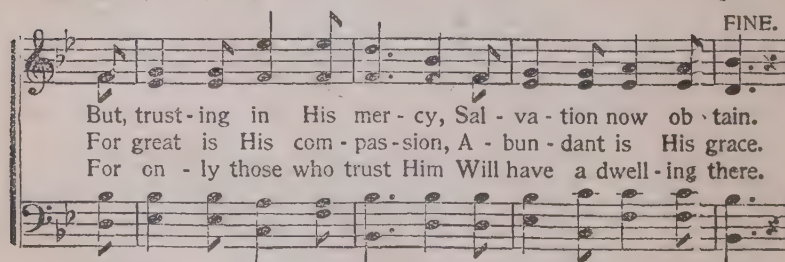
1. O sing the joy - ful ti - dings, Sal - va - tion full and free!
 2. O sing the won - drous sto - ry Of Je - sus cru - ci - fied,
 3. O sing the joy - ful ti - dings Of glorious realms a - bove,



The pre - cious blood of Je - sus Was shed for you and me;
 Who left a throne of glo - ry, And for the lost He died,
 Of bright, e - ter - nal man - sions Where all is peace and love,

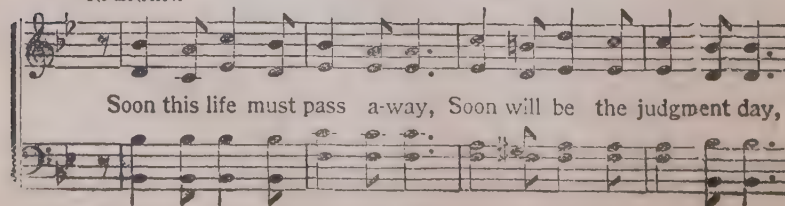


Then come to Him, ye wea - ry, No more in sin re - main,
 Come now, ye heav - y lad - en, And hum - bly seek His face,
 Then come to Him be - liev - ing, And heaven's sweet blessing share,



FINE.
 But, trust - ing in His mer - cy, Sal - va - tion now ob - tain.
 For great is His com - pas - sion, A - bun - dant is His grace.
 For on - ly those who trust Him Will have a dwell - ing there.

REFRAIN.



Soon this life must pass a - way, Soon will be the judgment day,

Joyful Tidings.

D. S.

Come while now for you we pray; Je - sus Christ will save.

SALVATION.

No. 18.

Pass the Word Along.

"The Gospel" in Africa, means "Pass the Word Along;" and in India, "Good News."
G W D.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS,

1. Je - sus came to save from sin, Pass the word a-long; He can make us
2. To the Sav-ior all may come, Pass the word a-long; All the wander-
3. Without mon-ey all can buy, Pass the word a-long; Wine and milk that
4. All the lame, and halt, and blind, Pass the word a-long; Here may full sal-
5. All His ben-e - fits embrace, Pass the word a-long; Free-ly now be

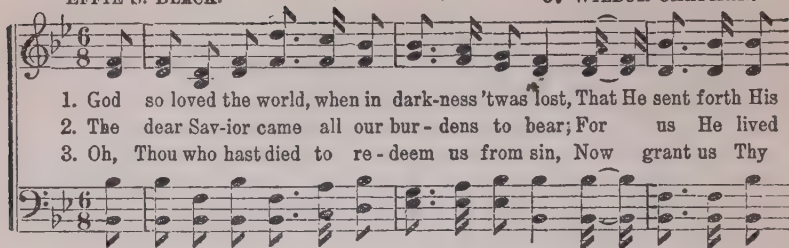
CHORUS.

pure with-in, Pass the word a - long.
 ers from home, Pass the word a - long. Good news! good news!
 sat - is - fy, Pass the word a - long.
 va - tion find, Pass the word a - long. Good news! Good news!
 saved by grace, Pass the word a - long.

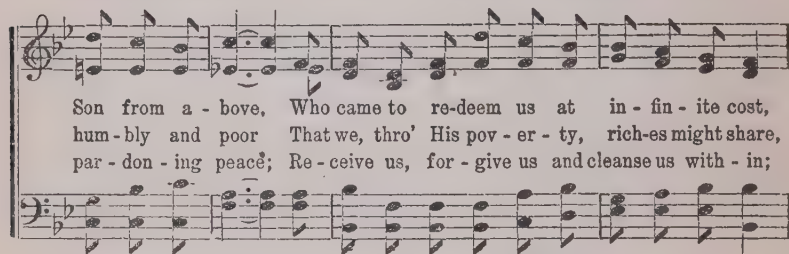
Pass the word a-long; Good news! good news! Pass the word a-long.
 Good news! good news!

EFFIE S. BLACK.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

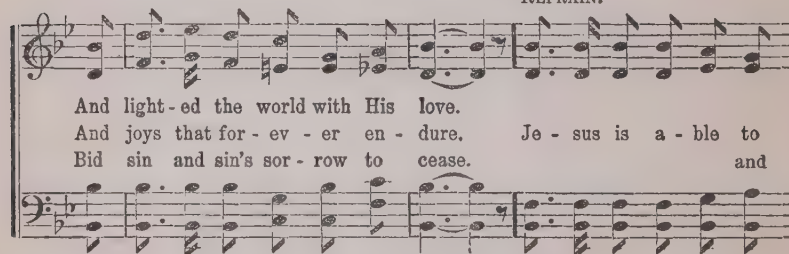


1. God so loved the world, when in dark-ness 'twas lost, That He sent forth His
 2. The dear Sav-ior came all our bur-dens to bear; For us He lived
 3. Oh, Thou who hast died to re-deem us from sin, Now grant us Thy

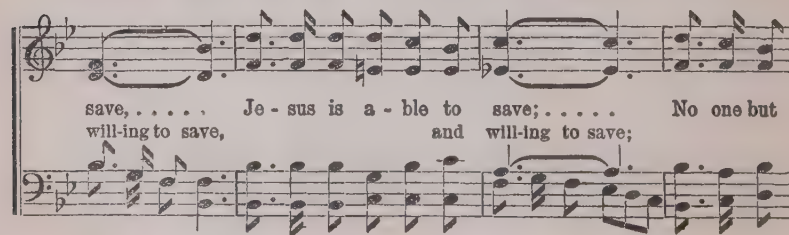


Son from a - bove, Who came to re-deem us at in - fin - ite cost,
 hum-bly and poor That we, thro' His pov - er - ty, rich-es might share,
 par - don - ing peace; Re-ceive us, for - give us and cleanse us with - in;

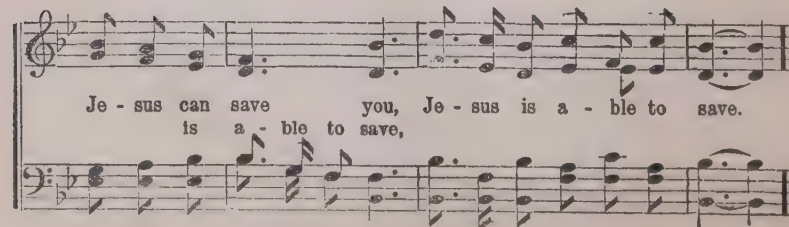
REFRAIN.



And light-ed the world with His love.
 And joys that for - ev - er en - dure. Je - sus is a - ble to
 Bid sin and sin's sor - row to cease. and



save, Je - sus is a - ble to save; No one but
 will-ing to save, and will-ing to save;



Je - sus can save you, Je - sus is a - ble to save.
 is a - ble to save,

My Mother's Prayer.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 31: 28;

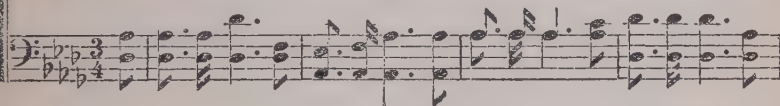
J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

(Good as a Solo.)

W. S. WEEDEN.



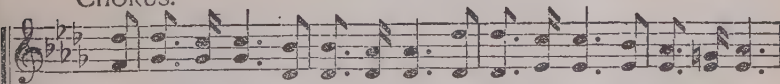
1. I nev-er can forget the day I heard my mother kindly say, "You're
2. I nev-er can forget the voice That always made my heart rejoice; Tho'
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love, I hear them yet; I
4. I nev-er can forget the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing power, My



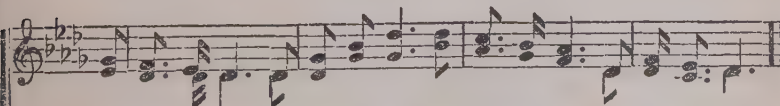
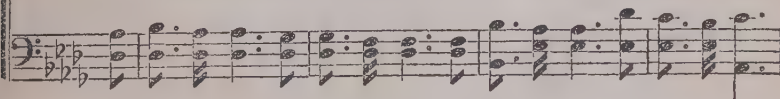
leav-ing now my ten-der care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
 I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's pray'r.
 see her by the old arm chair, My mother dear, in hum-ble pray'r.
 sin and guilt he cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.



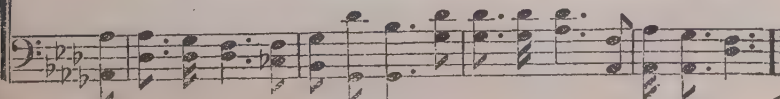
CHORUS.



- 1, 2, & 3. When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an-gel spir-it near;
4. O praise the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face;


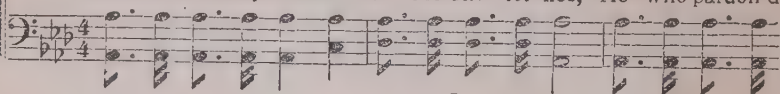


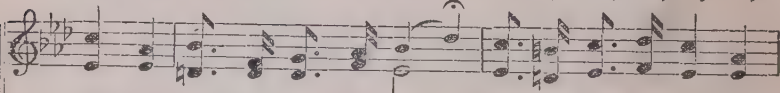
A voice comes floating on the air, Re-mind-ing me of mother's pray'r.
 The home a-bove to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.



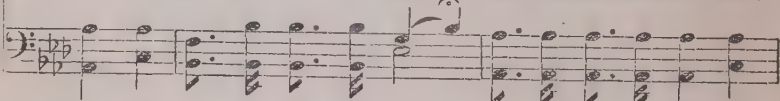
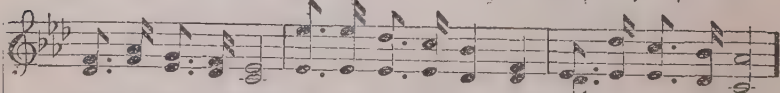
Meet Mother in the Skies.

Arranged by W. S. NICKLE.

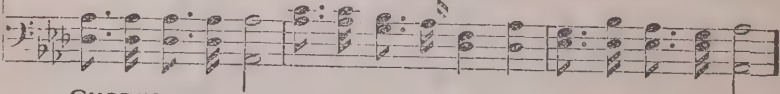
- 
1. In a lone-ly graveyard ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old
 2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
 3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee, He who pardon'd
- 



moth-er 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem'-ries oft re-turn-ing
 ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where
 moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,

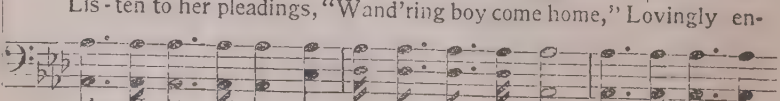
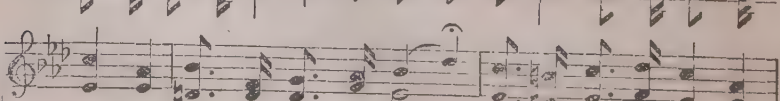
of her tears and sighs, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
 pleasure nev-er dies, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
 He will not de-spise, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.



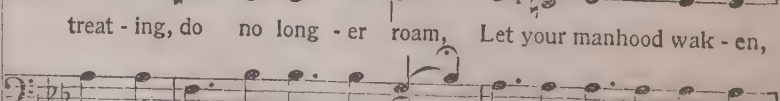
CHORUS.



Lis-ten to her pleadings, "Wand'ring boy come home," Lovingly en-

treat-ing, do no long-er roam, Let your manhood wak-en,



Meet Mother in the Skies.

heavenward lift your eyes, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

AWAKENING.

No. 22.

Say, Are You Ready,

A. S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE, By per.

1. Should the Death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to-night;
2. Ma - ny sad spir-its now are de-part-ing In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as-cend-ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spirit pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the land of de - light?
 Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sinner be - ware!
 Je - sus is pleading high up in glo - ry Seeking to save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read-y? If the Death angel! should call:

Say, are you ready? Oh! are you ready? Mercy stands waiting for all.

Drifting Away.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D., by per.

J. D. WYCKOFF.

1. Drift-ing a - way from Je - sus thy Lord, Drift-ing a -
 2. Drift-ing a - way from the paths ~~once~~ trod, Drift-ing a -
 3. Drift-ing a - way from the cross where He died, Drift-ing a -
 4. When wilt thou turn 'gainst the down - vard tide? When wilt con -

way from love for His word, Drift-ing a - way from tho't and from
 way from the people of God, Drift ing a - way from the fellowship
 way from the wound in His side, Drift-ing a - way from a seat on His
 fess this Je - sus de - nied? When with thy face all a-light with the

REFRAIN.

care. Drift-ing a - way from song and from pray'r.
 sweet, Drift-ing a - way from the mer - cy seat. Drift-ing a -
 throne, Drift-ing a - way into dark-ness un - known.
 day, When wilt thou cease from this drifting a - way?

way, drifting a - way, drift-ing a - way from Je - sus, Drift-ing a -

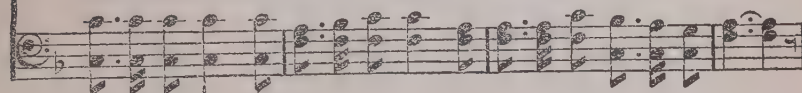
way, drifting a - way; When wilt thou cease from this drifting a - way?



1. Wondrous it seemeth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know, Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed his grace, In my heart gave him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleansing and keeping me whole,



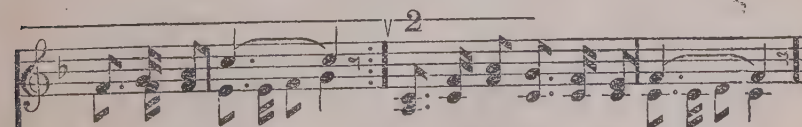
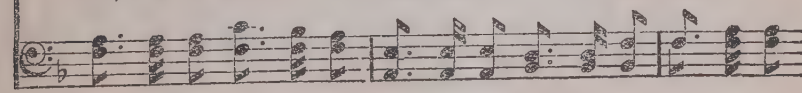
Mer - cy re - veal - ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sinner like me.
 Till the dear Saviour showed me his fa - vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
 Willing to save me, pardon he gave me, And I am happy with - in.
 But Jesus sought me till he had brought me, Penitent, seeking his face.
 Ban - ish - ing sad - ness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.



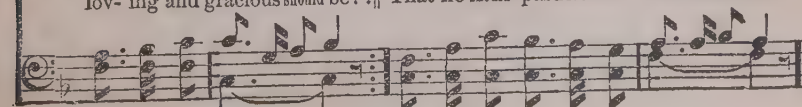
CHORUS.



Is it not won - der - ful, is it not won - der - ful Je - sus so
 Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful (*Omit.*)



gracious should be?..... :|| That he should save e - ven me!.....
 lov - ing and gracious should be? :|| That he should pardon and save even me!

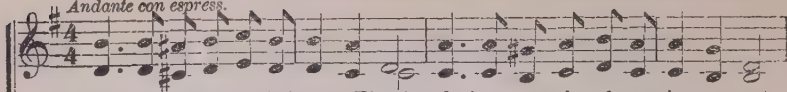


H. B.

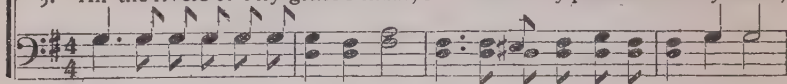
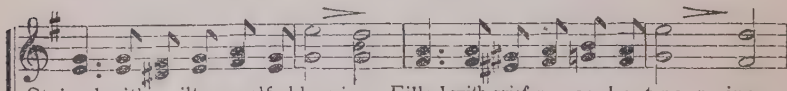
(Harmonized by W. J. K.)

Com. HERBERT BOOTH.

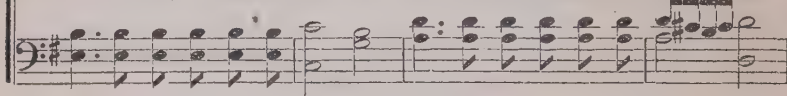
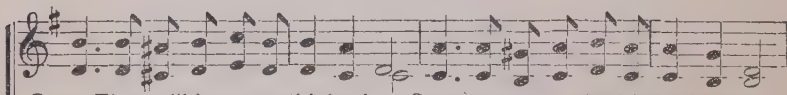
Andante con espress.



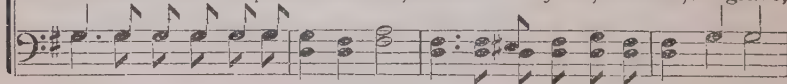

1. Savior, hear me while before Thy feet I the record of my sins re-peat,
2. Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?
3. All the rivers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev'ry promise write my name;

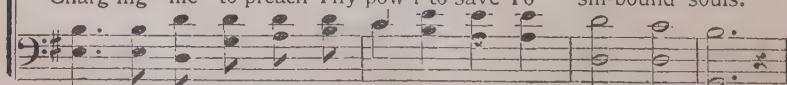
Stained with guilt, myself abhorring, Filled with grief, my soul out-pour - ing,
To that heart its sins confessing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am, I come be-liev-ing, As Thou art Thou dost re-ceive-ing,

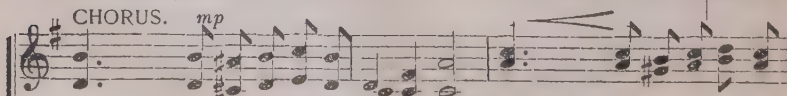
Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free,
By the love and pity Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a-tone,
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

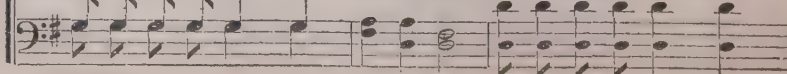
Raise my sink-ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more?
Bold - ly will I kneel before Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin-bound souls.



CHORUS. *mp*



Grace there is my ev'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry



The Penitent's Plea.

sin away, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!
sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sin - less day by day, For me, for me, for me!

No. 26.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small;
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a-lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by my grace to claim—
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete,

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments in The blood of Calvary's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp

m

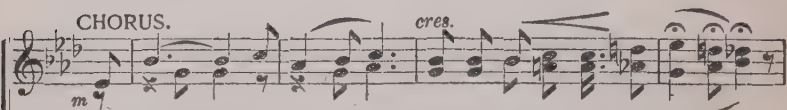


-
- The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is played on a single line, with the right hand (treble clef) providing harmonic accompaniment. The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats, followed by a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the bass clef, and the accompaniment is in the treble clef. The first measure of the melody is a half note G2, followed by a quarter note F2, and then a quarter note E2. The accompaniment consists of a series of chords: G2-Bb2, F2-Ab2, and E2-Gb2.



The bass line of 'The Rose Tree' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a final G4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and a repeat sign at the end.

creg.



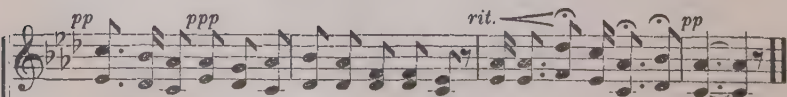
The first system of musical notation is written on a single staff with a bass clef. The key signature consists of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a half rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including some beamed sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a quarter note and a half note.

pp

ppp

rit.

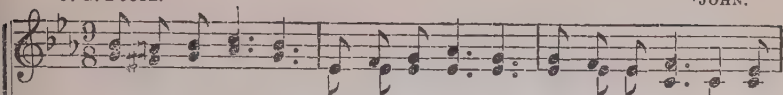
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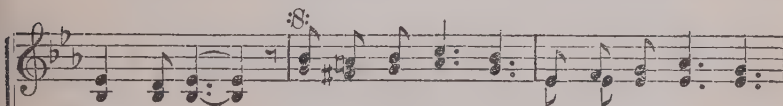
Jesus Tenderly Calling.

J. G. FOOTE.

JOHN.



1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing; Sinner, thy Savior now
2. Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good shepherd, Out on the des - ert to
3. Prod - i - gal son, thy Fa - ther is waiting, Anxious and longing. He
4. Chiefest of sin - ners Jesus will welcome, 'Be of good cheer,' He will

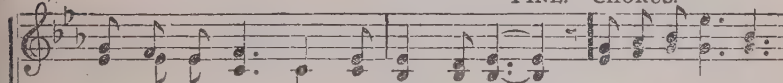


pleads for thee, Standing and knocking, anx - ious - ly wait - ing,
find his sheep; When he hath found it, heav - en re - joic - es—
will not spurn; He will for - give thee, has - ten to wel - come—
say to thee; He will re - move your ev - 'ry trans - gres - sion,

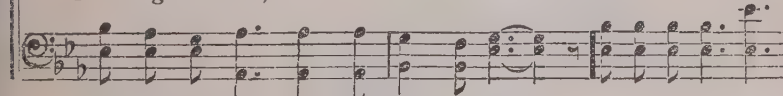


D. S.—Will you not heed His ten - der en - treat - ies?

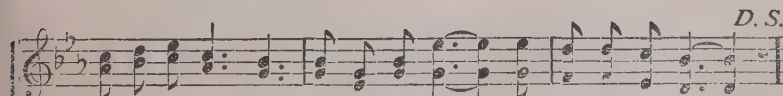
FINE. CHORUS.



Long - ing to save thee and set thee free.
Sin - ner thy Sav - ior can save and keep. Je - sus is call - ing,
Prod - i - gal sin - ner, with joy re - turn.
Blot - ting them out, and will set thee free.



Why not re - ceive Him, His voice o - bey?



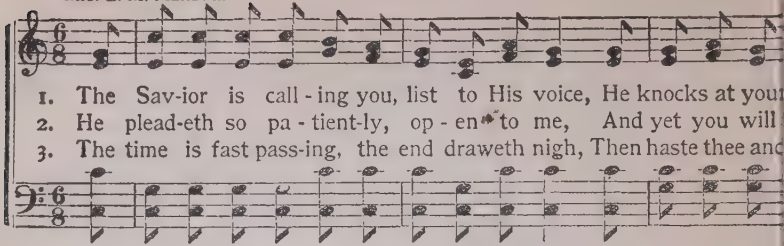
D. S.

ten - der - ly call - ing; Sin - ner, He pleads—oh, hear Him to - day!

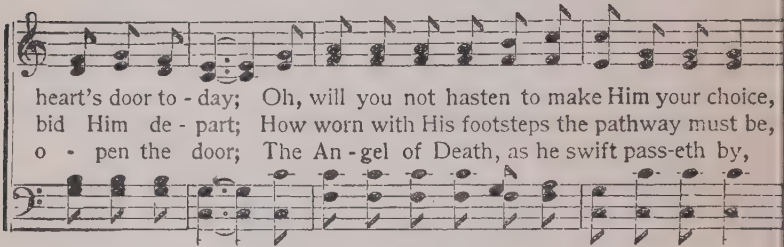


Mrs. E. M. MEADER.

W. S. MARTIN.

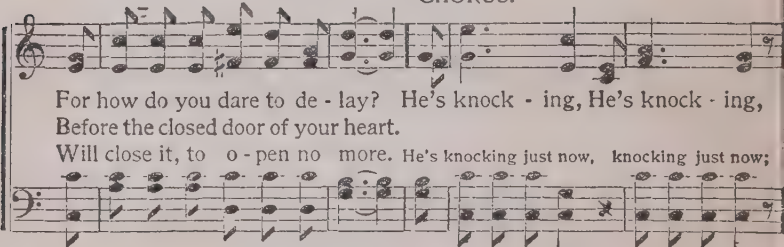


1. The Sav-ior is call - ing you, list to His voice, He knocks at your
 2. He plead-eth so pa - tient-ly, op - en* to me, And yet you will
 3. The time is fast pass-ing, the end draweth nigh, Then haste thee and

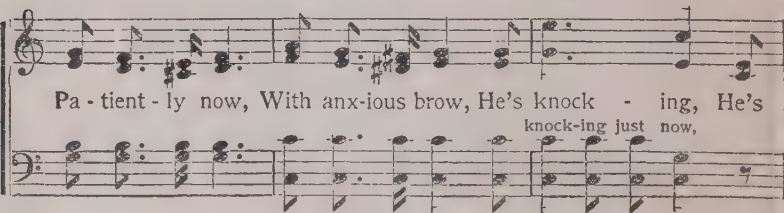


heart's door to - day; Oh, will you not hasten to make Him your choice,
 bid Him de - part; How worn with His footsteps the pathway must be,
 o - pen the door; The An - gel of Death, as he swift pass-eth by,

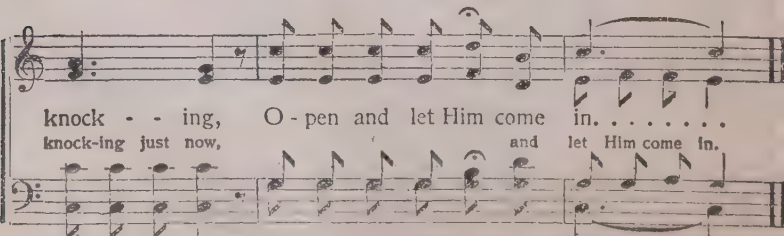
CHORUS.



For how do you dare to de - lay? He's knock - ing, He's knock - ing,
 Before the closed door of your heart.
 Will close it, to o - pen no more. He's knocking just now, knocking just now;



Pa - tient - ly now, With anx-ious brow, He's knock - ing, He's
 knock-ing just now,



knock - - ing, O - pen and let Him come in.
 knock-ing just now, and let Him come in.

No. 30.

Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 2. { While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 3. { Are you too heavy la-den? Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 4. { Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 5. { Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 6. { Come, and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 { Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus will not deceive you; Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus can now redeem you; Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 { While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come! } sin-ner, come!

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No. 31.

Come, Ye Sinners.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }
 D. C. - Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal - va-tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign!

CHORUS. D. C.
 Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va-tion Sound the praise of His dear name.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
 4 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.
 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled from the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

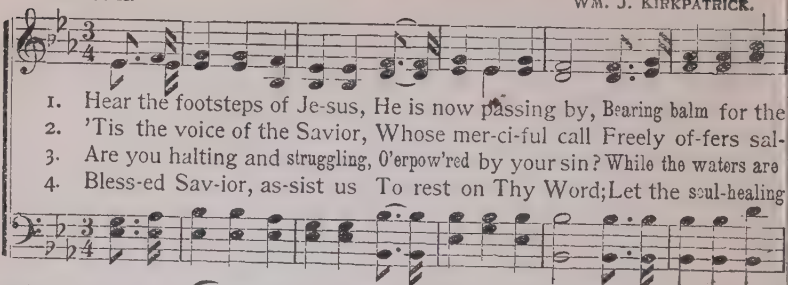
INVITATION.

No. 32.

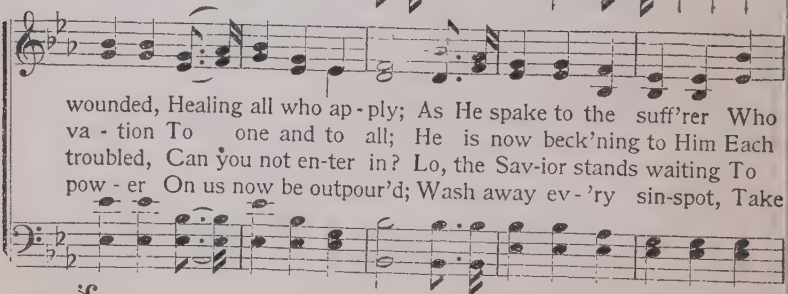
Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?

W. J. K.

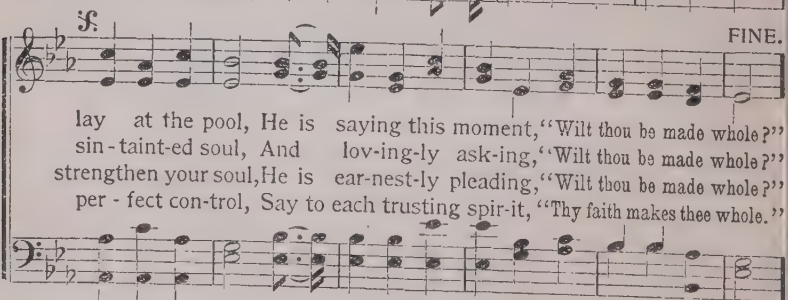
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Hear the footsteps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of the Savior, Whose mer-ci-ful call Freely of-fers sal
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpow'ed by your sin? While the waters are
4. Bless-ed Sav-ior, as-sist us To rest on Thy Word; Let the soul-healing

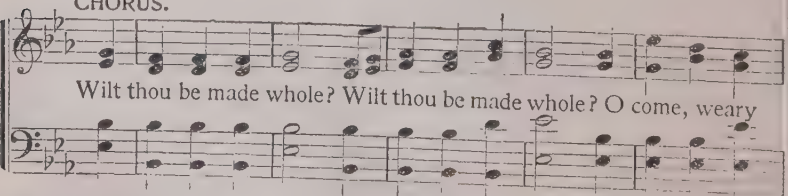


wounded, Healing all who ap-ply; As He spake to the suff'rer Who
va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
troubled, Can you not en-ter in? Lo, the Sav-ior stands waiting To
pow-er On us now be outpour'd; Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take

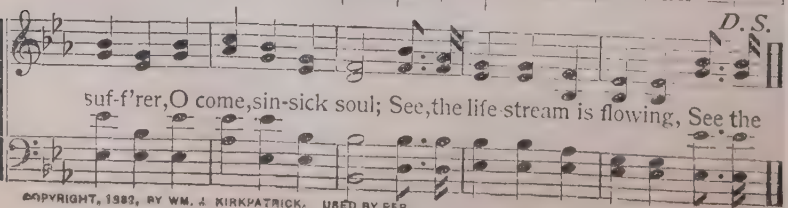


lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin-taint-ed soul, And lov-ing-ly ask-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is ear-nest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per-fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spir-it, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

D. S.—cleansing wave roll; Step in - to the current and thou shalt be whole.
CHORUS.



Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, weary



suf-f'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flowing, See the

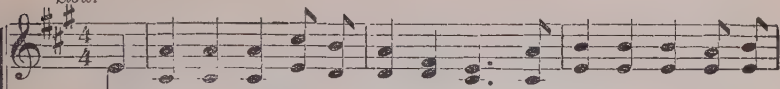
INVITATION.

No. 33.

The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P.
Slow.

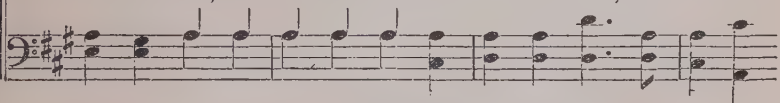
W. E. PENN.



1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por-tal wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Savior died, His blood flowed out in a



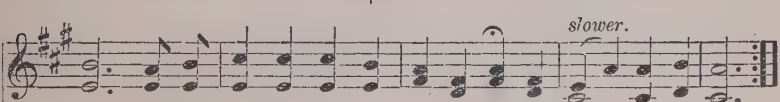
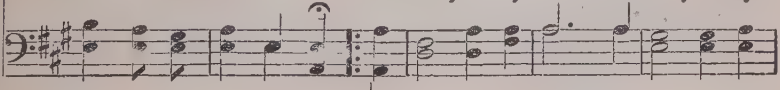
burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil-grims as they pass To seek a
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst-ing sin-sick soul, Come free-ly
mount - ain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to



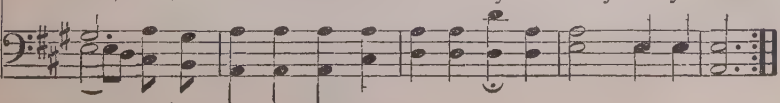
REFRAIN.



shade in the wil - der-ness. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
all who will en - ter in. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye



die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the liv - ing Well is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the crim-son cross is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?

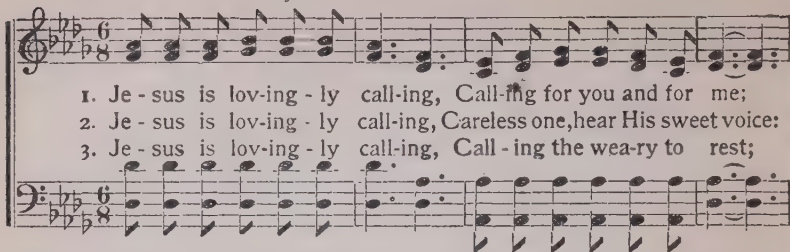


Jesus is Calling.

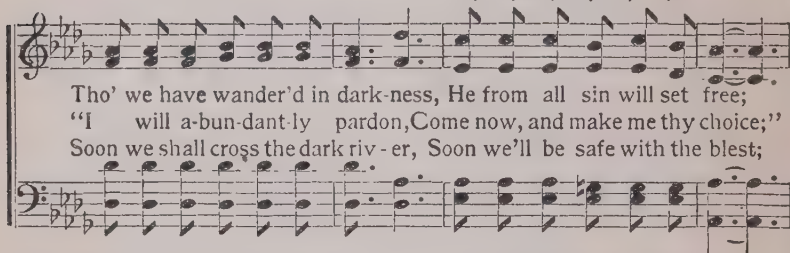
E. O. H.

May be used as a Duet and Chorus.

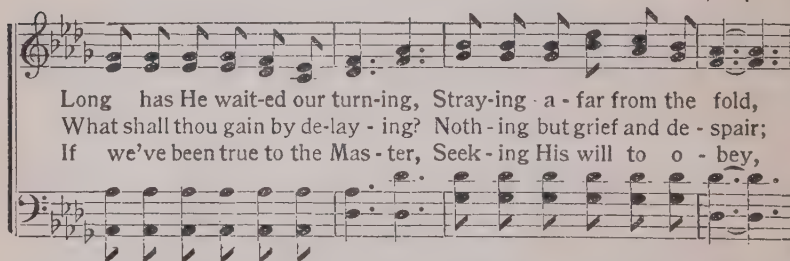
E. O. HOBSON.



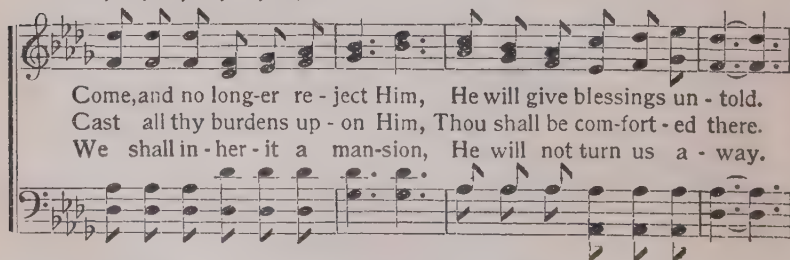
1. Je - sus is lov - ing - ly call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
 2. Je - sus is lov - ing - ly call - ing, Careless one, hear His sweet voice:
 3. Je - sus is lov - ing - ly call - ing, Call - ing the wea - ry to rest;



Tho' we have wander'd in dark - ness, He from all sin will set free;
 "I will a - bun - dant - ly pardon, Come now, and make me thy choice;"
 Soon we shall cross the dark riv - er, Soon we'll be safe with the blest;

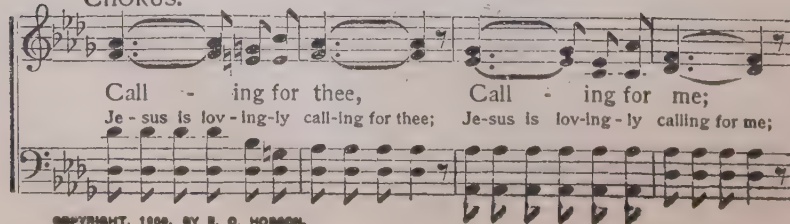


Long has He wait - ed our turn - ing, Stray - ing - a - far from the fold,
 What shall thou gain by de - lay - ing? Noth - ing but grief and de - spair;
 If we've been true to the Mas - ter, Seek - ing His will to o - bey,



Come, and no long - er re - ject Him, He will give blessings un - told.
 Cast all thy burdens up - on Him, Thou shall be com - fort - ed there.
 We shall in - her - it a man - sion, He will not turn us a - way.

CHORUS.



Call - ing for thee, Call - ing for me;
 Je - sus is lov - ing - ly call - ing for thee; Je - sus is lov - ing - ly calling for me;

Jesus is Calling.

Sinner, Oh, come and seek par-don, Of-fer'd so boundless and free.

INVITATION.

No. 35.

Whosoever Believeth.

Rev. FREDERICK DENISON.

John 3: 16,

W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.

1. From Cal-v'ry's mountain sounding, What lov-ing words we hear,
2. Oh, seek this great sal-va-tion, And cast out ev-'ry sin,
3. Who-e'er my Word be-liev-eth, We hear the Sav-ior say,
4. O broth-er, come and trust Him, Oh, come to Him to-day,

The love of God a-bound-ing, Dis-pel-ling all our fear.
The soul's e-man-ci-pa-tion, By pow'r Di-vine with-in.
A par-don full re-ceive-eth, All sins are wash'd a-way.
He's wait-ing to re-ceive you, Why long-er then de-lay?

REFRAIN.

O broth-er, be-lieve it! O broth-er, re-ceive it!

Who-so-ev-er be-liev-eth Hath ev-er-last-ing life.

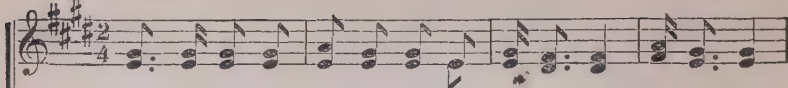
INVITATION.

No. 36.

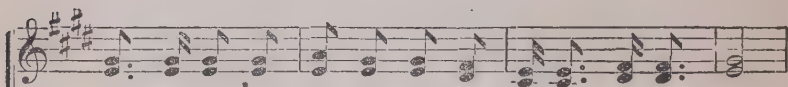
"Follow Me."

M. B. SLEIGHT.

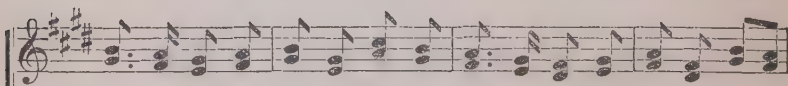
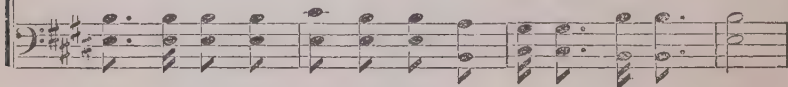
H. R. PALMER.



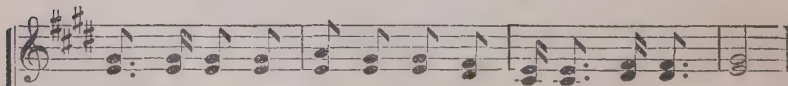
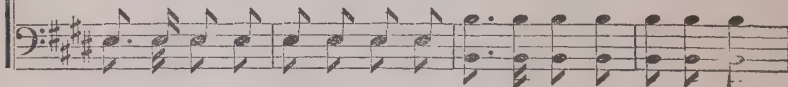
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Fol-low me, fol - low me!"
2. Who will heed the ho - ly mandate, "Fol-low me, fol - low me!"
3. Heark-en, lest He plead no long-er, "Fol-low me, fol - low me!"



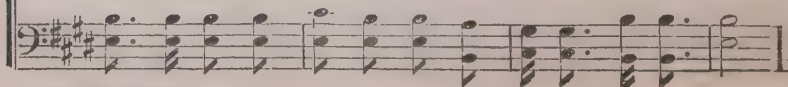
Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
 Leav - ing all things at His bid-ding, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
 Once a-gain, oh, hear Him call - ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"



As of old He called the fish-ers, When He walk'd by Gal-i - lee,
 Hark! that ten-der voice en-treat-ing, Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea,
 Turning swift at Thy sweet summons, Ev - er - more, O Christ, would we,



Still His pa-tient voice is plead-ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
 Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peat-ing, "Fol-low, fol - low me!"
 For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol-low, fol - low Thee!



INVITATION.

No. 37.

Come Home.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

Rev. 21: 25.

E. O. HOBSON.

1. Where the gates are o - pened by day, And the night's dark
 2. "Come to me, ye wea - ry and rest," Je - sus says, "Ye
 3. Oh, the land where Christ is the light, Is so near, by

shad - ows ne'er fall; There our Lord hath taught us the way,
 lad - en with care, Come to me, so sad and op - press'd,
 faith we be - hold Its bright fields all ver - nal and bright,

CHORUS.
 Un - to us doth ten - der - ly call.
 I your griefs and bur - dens will bear." Come home, come
 And its gates of jas - per and gold. Wan-d'ring one,

home, My child so wea - ry of sin; Come
 wan-d'ring one,

home, A crown of glo-ry thou shalt win.
 Wea-ry one, wea - ry one,

INVITATION.

No. 38.

Shall I Let Him In?

H. R. PALMER.
Not too fast.

H. R. PALMER.



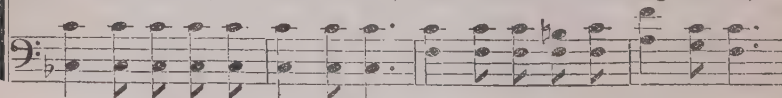
1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him the lov-ing word; Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes, I'll o-pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in?



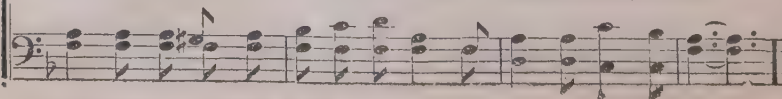
Pa - tient-ly pleading with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Meekly ac-cept-ing my gracious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Glad-ly I'll wel-come Him ev - er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in?



Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with-in,
He can in - fi - nite love im-part; He can pardon this reb - el heart;
Bless - ed Sav-ior, a - bide with me; Cares and tri - als will lighter be;



Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe, if I'm on-ly with Thee, Oh! blessed Lord, come in.



No. 39. The Savior Calls To-day.

O. L. P.

Dr. O. L. THOMPSON.

1. The Sav - ior calls for you to-day, He calls to - day, He calls to -
 2. Come un-to me, Christ said, and live, Come un-to me, come un - to
 3. The Cru - ci-fied One lingers near, He lin-gers near, He lin-gers

day; Oh, hear His voice, make no de-lay, His precious summons now o -
 me; Thy sins tho' red, He will for-give, Thy doubts and fears He will re-
 near; Oh, need - y one, in-cline thine ear, And in thy heart let Christ ap-

bey, E - ter - nal life He of - fers free, E - ter - nal life to thee.
 lieve, Then come to Him, you'll find Him true, His life He gave for you.
 pear, He'll make thy heart and soul re-joice, If thou wilt hear His voice.

REFRAIN.

Come, oh, come to the Sav - ior, Come to-day, oh, come to-day;

He is will-ing to save you, Come to the Sav-ior to - day.

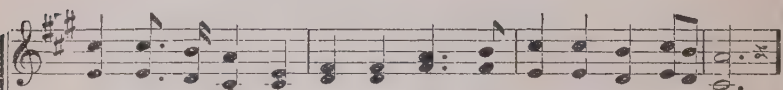
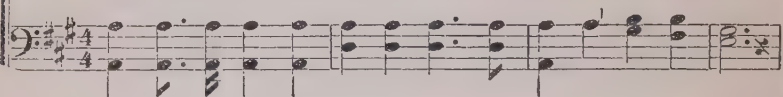
No. 40. The Way, the Truth, the Life,

E. R. LATTA.

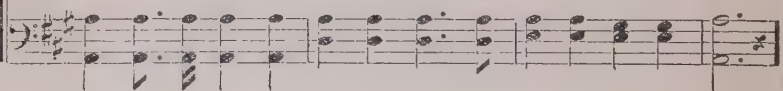
J. H. TENNEY.



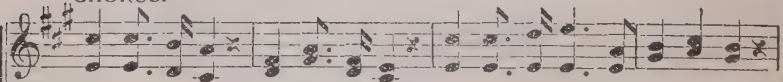
1. "I am the Way," the Sav-ior said; The paths of sin for - sake;
2. "I am the Truth," the Sav-ior said; In faith draw near to me;
3. "I am the Life," the Sav-ior said; Your sins and sor-rows leave;



Slum - ber no more in err - or's night, In right-eous-ness a - wake.
 He that be-liev - eth shall be saved, The truth shall make him free.
 Shun ye the path that leads to death; E - ter - nal life re - ceive.



CHORUS.



Sin - ner, to-day hear Je - sus say: I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,



Sin - ner, to-day hear Je - sus say: I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.



INVITATION.

No. 41. Jesus Christ is Passing By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10:47.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass-ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
 2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
 3. "Lord, I would Thy mercy see: Lord, re-veal Thy love to me;
 4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes, — and is salvation's hour;

rit.

As the pre-cious moments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul, And my heart and life con-trol."
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee go in peace!

No. 42. Come to Jesus.

I. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

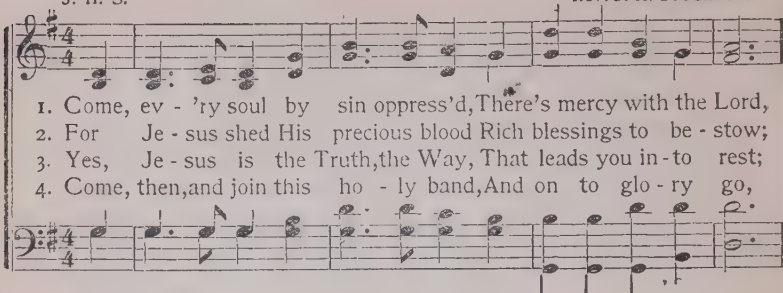
- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 8 He will hear you. | 14 Don't reject Him. |
| 3 Oh, believe Him. | 9 Look unto Him. | 15 I believe Him. |
| 4 He is able. | 10 He'll forgive you. | 16 He will bless you. |
| 5 He is willing. | 11 Flee to Jesus. | 17 He will cleanse you. |
| 6 He'll receive you. | 12 Only trust Him | 18 He will clothe you. |
| 7 Call upon Him. | 13 Jesus loves you | 19 Halleluiah, Amen, |

No. 43.

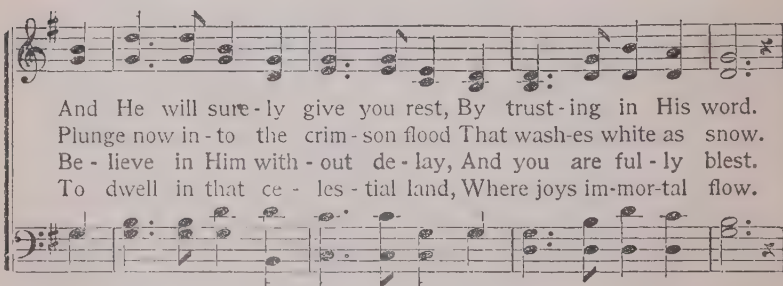
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

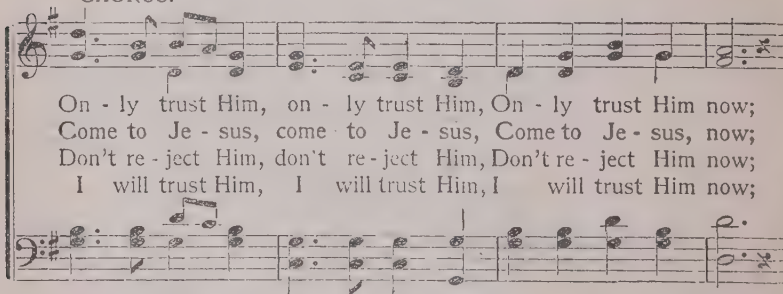


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

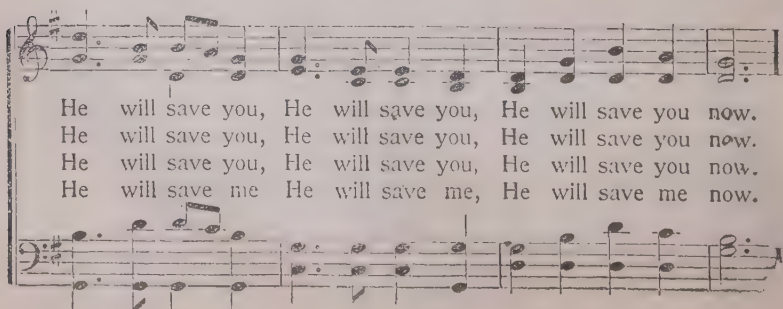


And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
 Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, now;
 Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
 I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save me He will save me, He will save me now.

No. 44. If You Only Knew the Love of Jesus.

S. W.

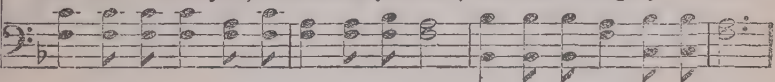
SIDNEY WILLIAMS.



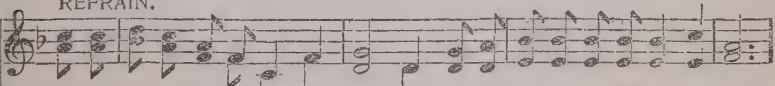
1. Why longer trav-el the pathway of sin? Je-sus is mighty to save;
2. Why do you linger when sweet mercy calls? Je-sus is mighty to save;
3. Hear now the voice that in love bids you come; Je-sus is mighty to save;
4. Go not a-way with a sin-burdened soul, Je-sus is mighty to save;



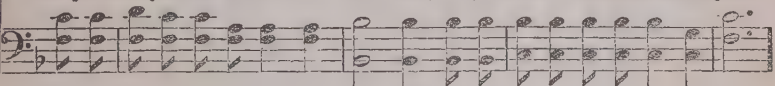
Come un-to Him and a new life be - gin; Je - sus is mighty to save.
 Come while 'tis day, ere the night-dark-ness falls; Je - sus is mighty to save.
 Think of the joys of the heav-en - ly home; Je - sus is mighty to save.
 He can re-lieve you, and He makes you whole, Je - sus is mighty to save.



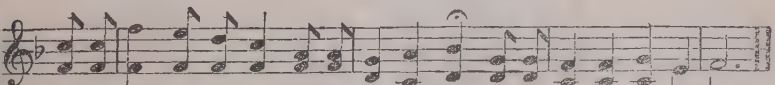
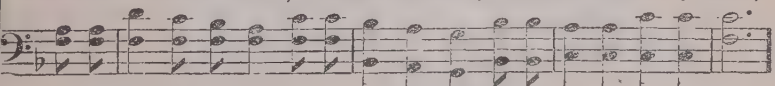
REFRAIN.



If you only knew the love of Je - sus, If you on-ly knew His saving pow'r,



You would come to Him now, At His feet would bow, And be sav'd this ver - y hour,



You would come to Him now, At His feet would bow, And be saved this ver - y hour.



INVITATION.

No. 45. Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

C. C. CLINE, by per.

1. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting ev - er - more, Hark! He knocketh softly
 2. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door, How He suffered for thee
 3. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Friend He is and more, As thy Savior loves thee,
 4. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Till the day is o'er, Sad, should Jesus leave thee,

I..... im - plore.
 At thy bosom's door; Haste that door to o - pen, O - pen I im - plore.
 All thy sins He bore; Bid Him free - ly en - ter, Bid Him, I im - plore.
 None e'er loved before; Do not turn Him from thee, Do not, I im - plore.
 Leave thee ev - er - more; Wide the door fling open, O - pen, I im - plore.

I..... im - plore.

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INVITATION.

No. 46. To-Day the Savior Calls.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Ye wan-d'ers, come;
 2. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Oh, hear Him now;
 3. To - day the Sav - ior calls; For ref - uge fly;
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r,

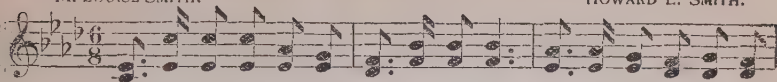
O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

INVITATION.

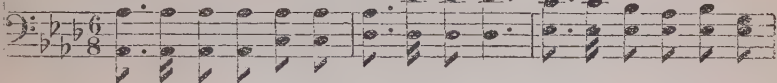
No. 47. Open the Door of Thy Heart.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



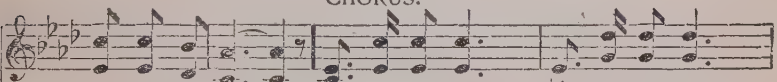
1. O - pen the door and let Je-sus come in, O-pen the door to thy
2. Treasures of comfort and peace may be thine, If thou no longer de-
3. Grieve not, oh, grieve not the Spir-it a-way, Lest He may never re-



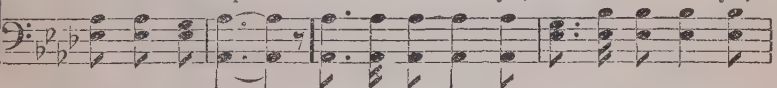
heart; Long has He knocked and oft pleaded with thee; Fearest thou
lay; Joys beyond telling and raptures di-vine May be thy
turn! Grasp the blest promise while yet it is day; Why the dear



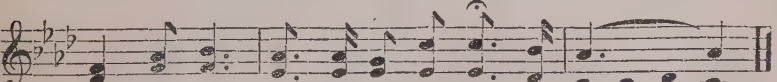
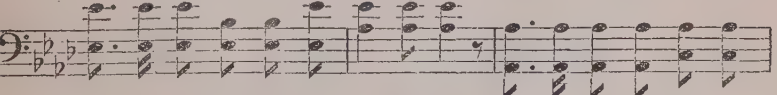
CHORUS.



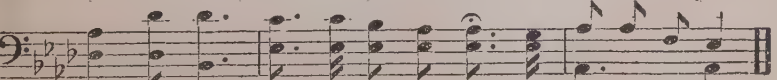
not He'll de-part? O - pen the door! o - pen the door!
por-tion to-day.
Lord from thee spurn?



O - pen the door of thy heart, Bid Him come in to re -



move thy sin, Nev - er from thee to de-part.
to de-part.

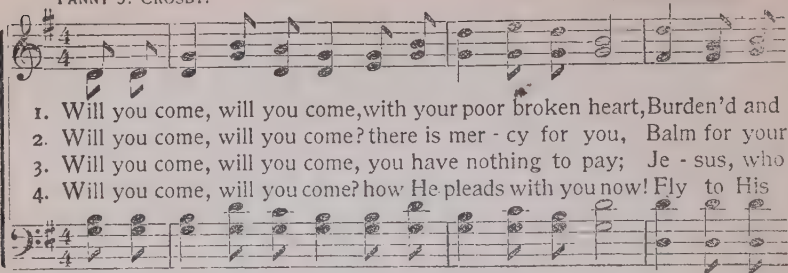


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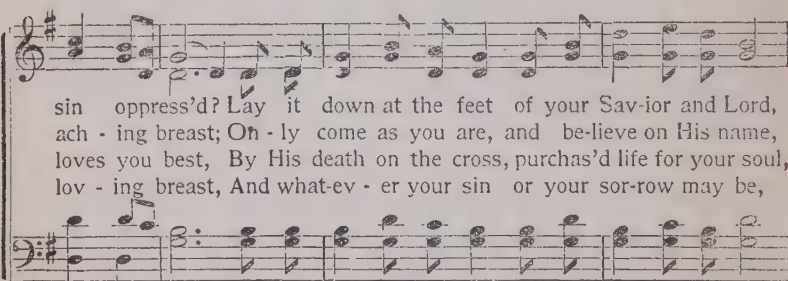
No. 48. Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY

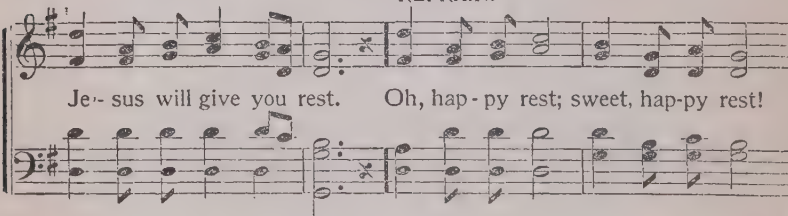


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who
 4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His

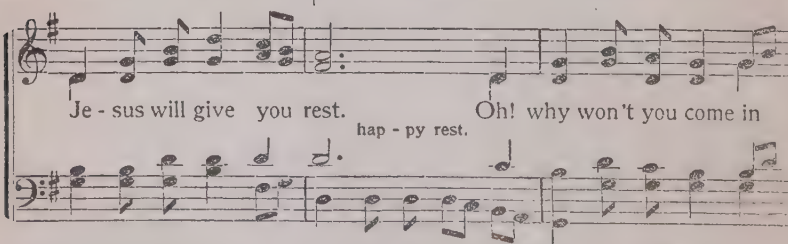


sin oppress'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
 ach - ing breast; Oh - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
 loves you best, By His death on the cross, purchas'd life for your soul,
 lov - ing breast, And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

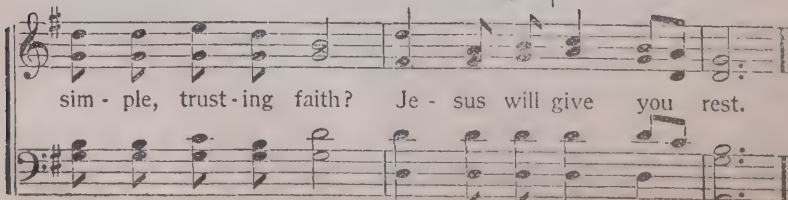
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest; sweet, hap - py rest!



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh! why won't you come in
 hap - py rest.



sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

FABER.

A. B. ROBINSON.

1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - ior who calls you,
 2. Come, come to His feet and lay o - pen your sto - ry
 3. Yes, come to the Sav - ior whose mer - cy grows bright - er

O come to the Lord who so free - ly for - gives;
 Of suff - 'ring and sor - row, of grief and of shame;
 The long - er you look at the depth of His love;

Tho' dark be the fu - ture on earth that be - falls you,
 For the par - don of sin is the crown of His glo - ry,
 And fear not, 'tis Je - sus, and life's cares grow light - er,

There's a bright home a - bove, where the lov - ing Sav - ior lives.
 And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.
 As you think of the home and the glo - ry a - bove.

CHORUS.

1 2

Broth - er, Sis - ter, Come at once to Je - sus; Come to Him to - day.

Who'll Be the Next?

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?
 2. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus-Fol-low his wea-ry, bleed-ing feet?
 3. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
 4. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus, Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Who'll be the next to lay ev'ry burden Down at the Father's mer-cy seat?
 Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption-Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransom'd, Sing-ing up-on the oth-er side?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus?

Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus now? Fol-low Je-sus now?

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No. 51.

I Am Coming.

W. G. FISCHER.

1 2

I Am Coming.

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store:
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, save me, save me now.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 52. Oh, Why not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-

light; Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite? Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh why not to-night?

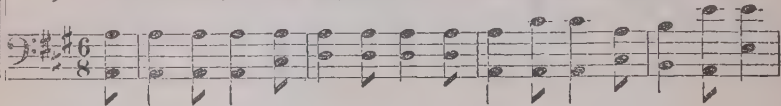
The Stranger at the Door,

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

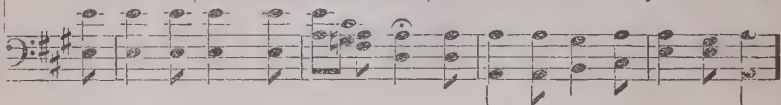
With feeling.



1. Be - hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude—He stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver-y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i - tude di-vine: Turn out His en - e-my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His anger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;



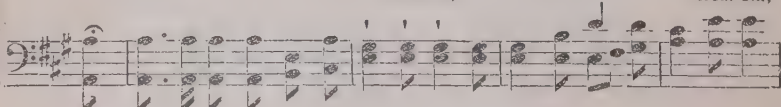
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foe.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de - stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in,
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at *His* door re - ject-ed stand.



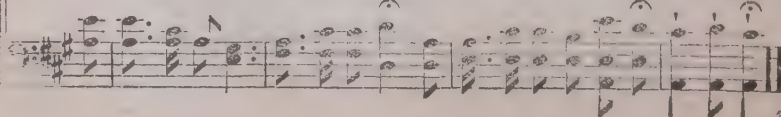
REFRAIN.



O, let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
 come in, from sin:



O, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in.

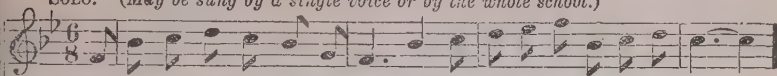


I'll Go.

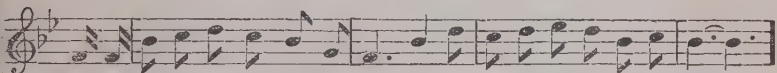
Miss M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.

SOLO. (*May be sung by a single voice or by the whole school.*)



1. Why per-ish with cold and with hun-ger? There's plenty for all and to spare
2. I'll go, and I'll say to my Fa-ther, "I've sinned against heaven and Thee;
3. My Fa-ther is wait-ing to greet me With ten-der and lov-ing ca - ress;



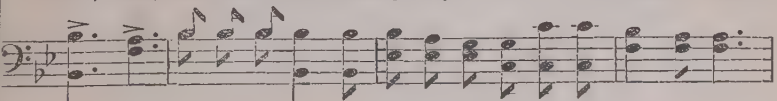
In the beau-ti-ful home of my Fa - ther, And welcome awaiting me there.
I'm not worthy a place 'mong Thy children; Thy servant I glad-ly would be."
He will see me a - far, and will meet me, For-give, and restore me, and bless.



CHORUS.



Come, come, wan-der-er come! There's plen-ty for thee In Thy Fa-ther's home;



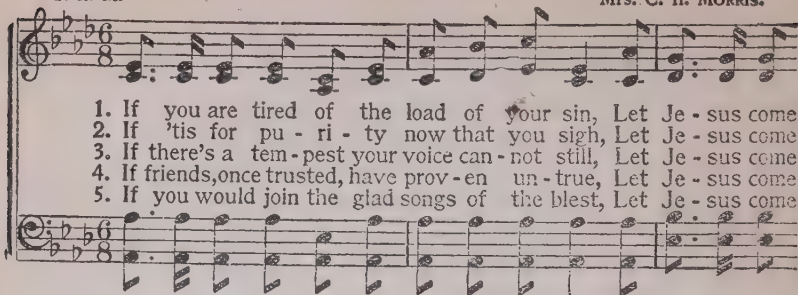
Come, come, 'all ye who roam! There's love and welcome in your Fa-ther's home.



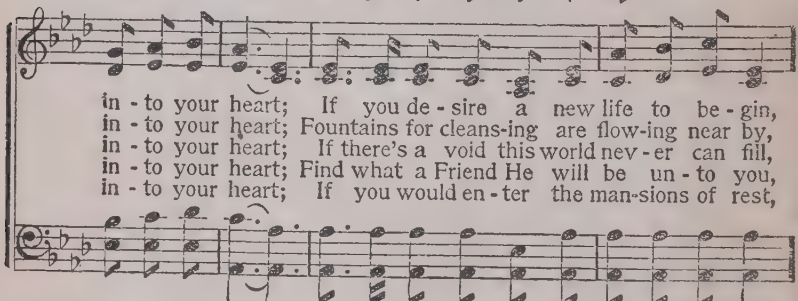
No. 55. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

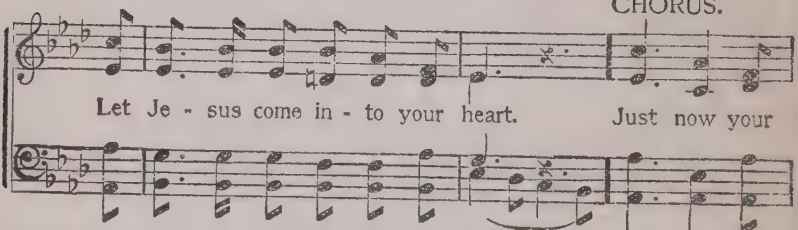


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If friends, once trusted, have prov - en un - true, Let Je - sus come
 5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

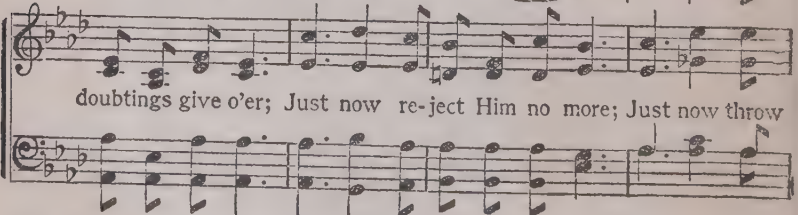


in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans - ing are flow - ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
 in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,

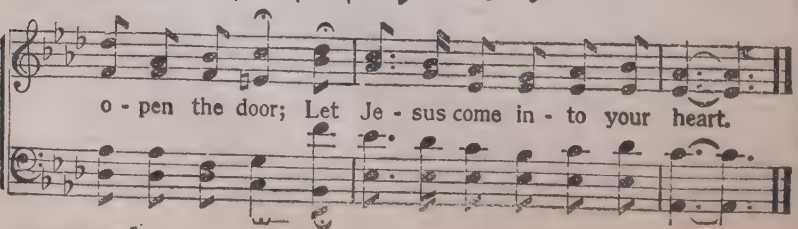
CHORUS.



Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now your



doubtings give o'er; Just now re - ject Him no more; Just now throw

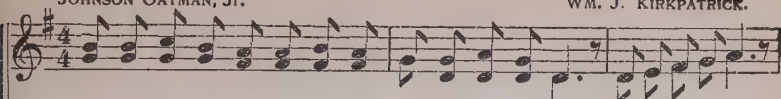


o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

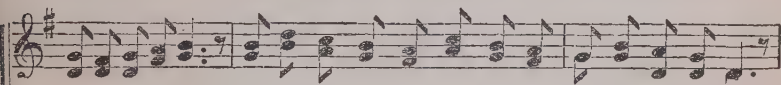
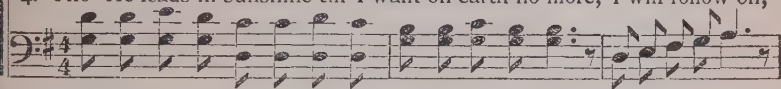
I Will Follow On.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

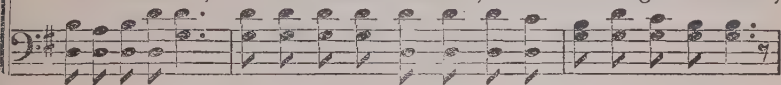
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



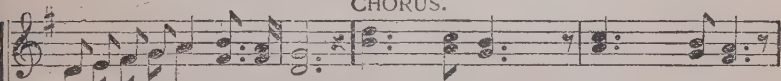
1. Where my Savior leads me in this changing world below, I will follow on,
2. Tho' the world entreat me and tho' pleasure bid me stay, I will follow on,
3. Tho' my friends forsake me and I seem to be a-lone, I will follow on,
4. Tho' He leads in sunshine till I walk on earth no more, I will follow on,



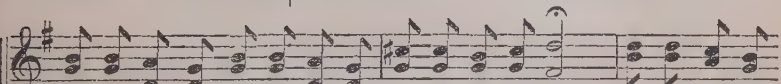
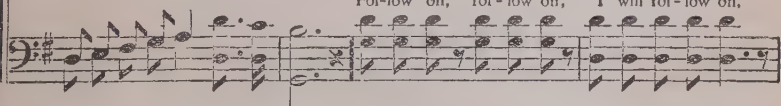
I will follow on; While He walks before me, tho' the way I do not know,
 I will follow on; Tho' the road be rugged, and tho' thorny be the way,
 I will follow on; Knowing that my Sav-ior can for ev'-ry-thing a-tone,
 I will follow on; Or tho' darkness hide me, till I reach the gold-en shore,



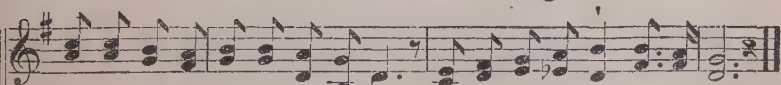
CHORUS.



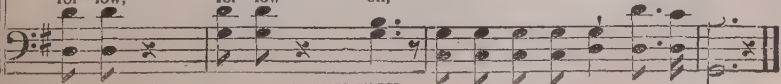
I will follow on, follow on. Fol - low on, Fol - low on,
 Fol-low on, fol-low on, I will fol-low on,



Follow where the Savior in the way before has gone, Till I rest be-
 Fol - low



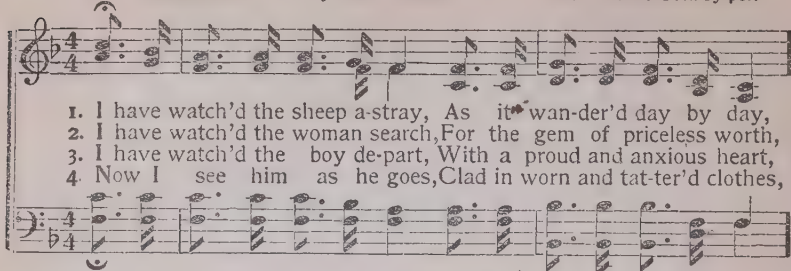
side Him, up in heaven's golden dawn, I will fol-low on, fol-low on.



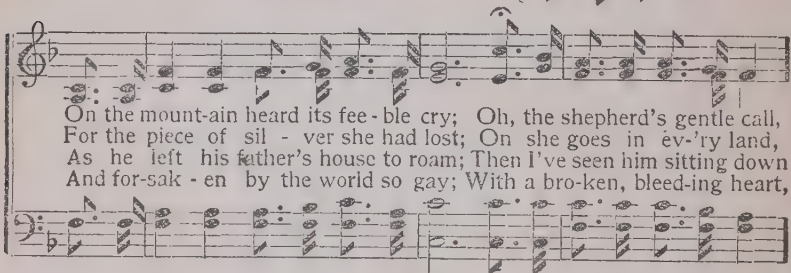
Calling for Me.

W. M. R. Words arr. and Cho. by D. E. DORTCH.

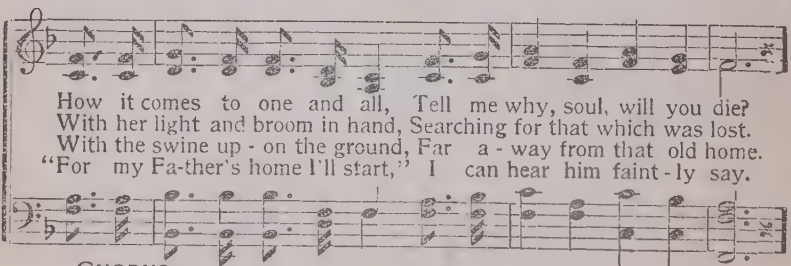
W. M. ROBINSON, by per.



1. I have watch'd the sheep a-stray, As it wan-der'd day by day,
 2. I have watch'd the woman search, For the gem of priceless worth,
 3. I have watch'd the boy de-part, With a proud and anxious heart,
 4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tat-ter'd clothes,

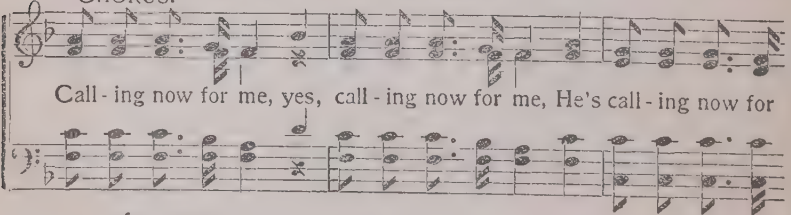


On the mount-ain heard its fee-ble cry; Oh, the shepherd's gentle call,
 For the piece of sil-ver she had lost; On she goes in ev'-ry land,
 As he left his fa-ther's house to roam; Then I've seen him sitting down
 And for-sak-en by the world so gay; With a bro-ken, bleed-ing heart,



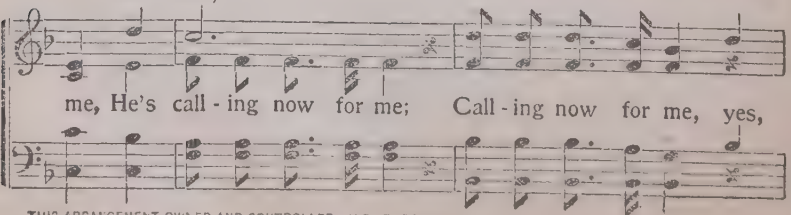
How it comes to one and all, Tell me why, soul, will you die?
 With her light and broom in hand, Searching for that which was lost.
 With the swine up - on the ground, Far a - way from that old home.
 "For my Fa-ther's home I'll start," I can hear him faint-ly say.

CHORUS.



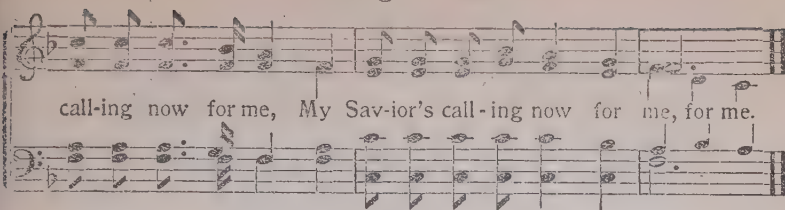
Call-ing now for me, yes, call-ing now for me, He's call-ing now for

for me;



me, He's call-ing now for me; Call-ing now for me, yes,

Calling for Me.



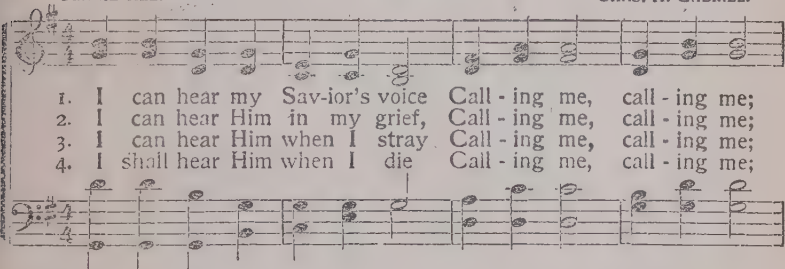
call-ing now for me, My Sav-ior's call-ing now for me, for me.

DECISION.
No. 58.

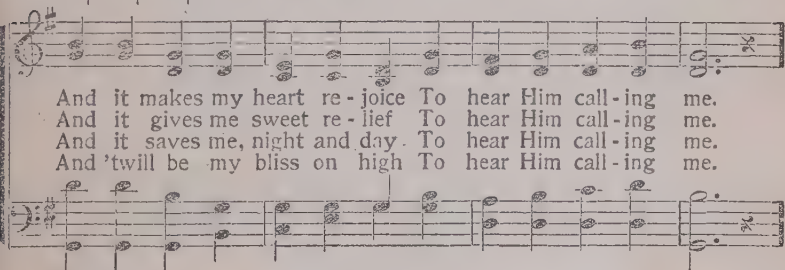
Calling Me.

JENNIE REE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

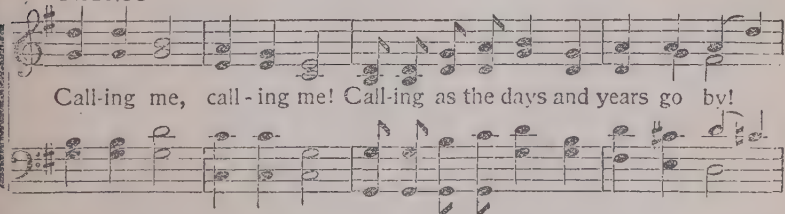


1. I can hear my Sav-ior's voice Call - ing me, call - ing me;
2. I can hear Him in my grief, Call - ing me, call - ing me;
3. I can hear Him when I stray Call - ing me, call - ing me;
4. I shall hear Him when I die Call - ing me, call - ing me;

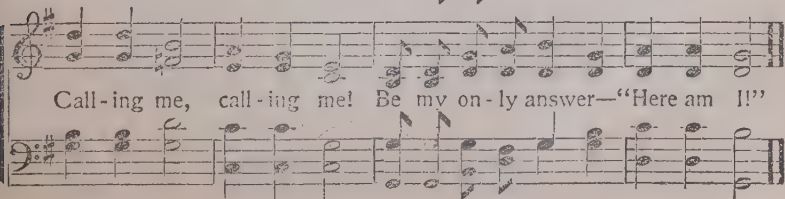


And it makes my heart re - joice To hear Him call - ing me.
And it gives me sweet re - lief To hear Him call - ing me.
And it saves me, night and day To hear Him call - ing me.
And 'twill be my bliss on high To hear Him call - ing me.

CHORUS.



Call-ing me, call - ing me! Call-ing as the days and years go by!



Call-ing me, call - ing me! Be my on - ly answer—"Here am I!"

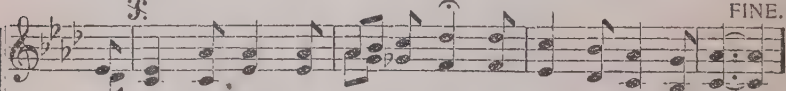
No. 59,

Take Me As I Am.

Melody by the late Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. Har. by W. J. K.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Unless Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No pre - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove;
5. If Thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart re-new,
6. And when at last the work is done, The battle o'er, the vic-t'ry won;



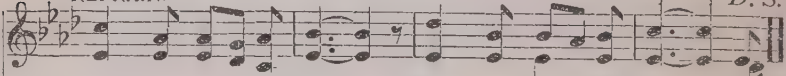
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
 But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be, a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!



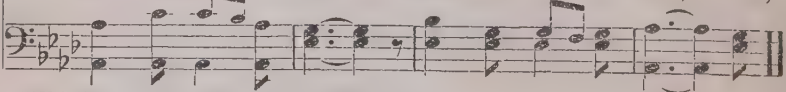
D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,



USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

No. 60, I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.



1. ||:I'm kneeling at the mercy seat,:|| Where Jesus answers prayer.
 CHO.—||:I can, I will, I do believe,:|| That Jesus saves me now.
2. ||:Refining fire, go through my heart,:|| Illuminate my soul.
3. ||:O that it now from heaven might fall,:|| And all my sins consume.

DICISION.

No. 61.

Just as I Am.

C. ELLIOT.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings within and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

INVITATION.

No. 62.

Come, Come to Jesus.

GEORGE B. PECK.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel-come thee, O wand'rer,
 2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee, O slave, so

ea - ger - ly! Come, come to Je - sus.
 will-ing - ly! Come, come to Je - sus!

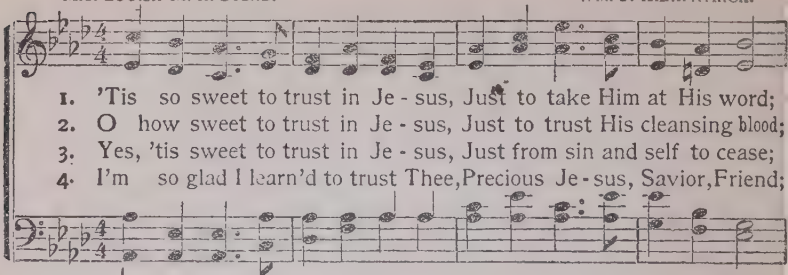
- 3 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to lighten thee,
 O burdened, graciously;
 Come, come to Jesus!
- 4 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to shelter thee,
 O weary, blessedly;
 Come, come to Jesus!

FAITH.

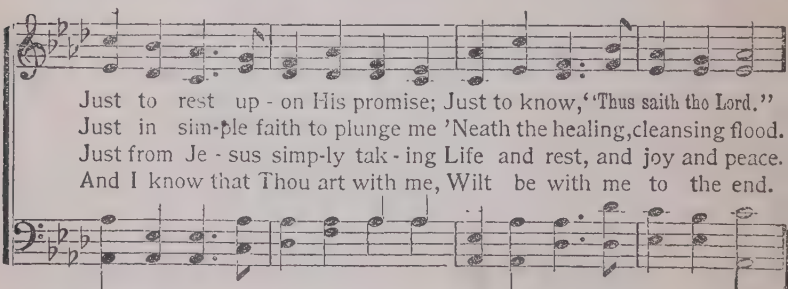
No. 63. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

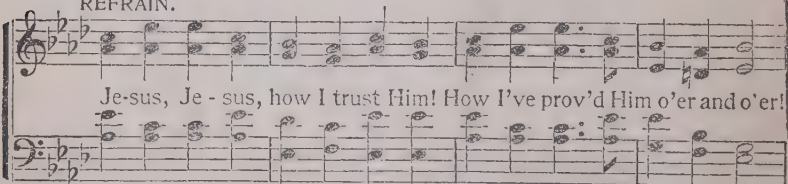


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;

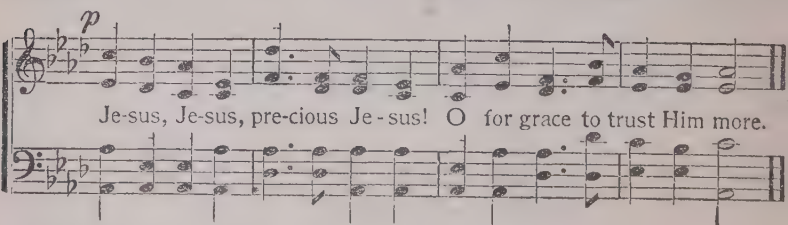


Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er!



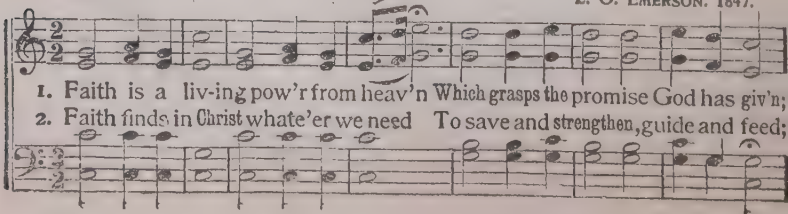
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH," BY PER.

No. 64. Faith is a Living Power.

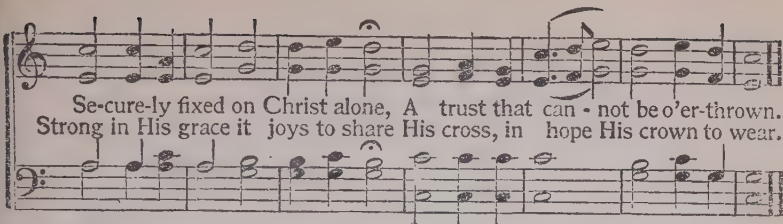
A. D. 1531.

L. O. EMERSON. 1847.



1. Faith is a liv - ing pow'r from heav'n Which grasps the promise God has giv'n;
2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;

Faith is a Living Power.



Se-cure-ly fixed on Christ alone, A trust that can - not be o'er-thrown.
Strong in His grace it joys to share His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

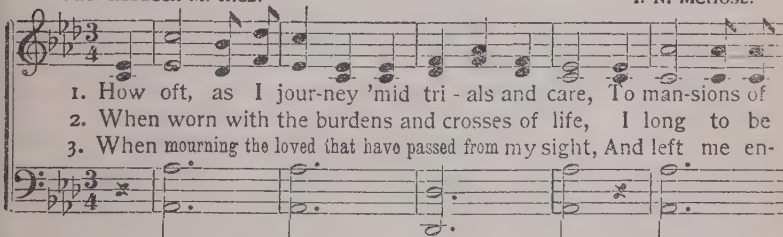
FAITH.

No. 65.

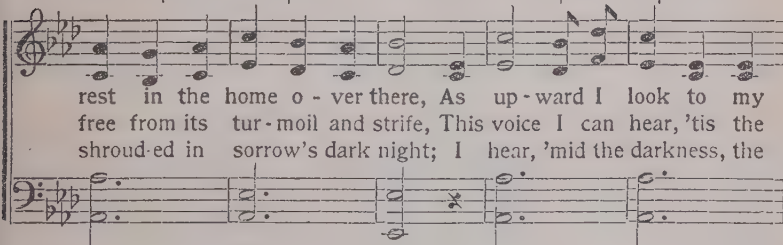
Trust On to the End.

Mrs. REBECCA M. RICE.

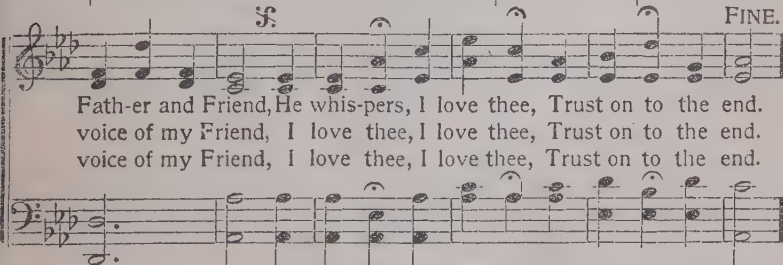
I. N. MCHOSE.



1. How oft, as I jour-ney 'mid tri - als and care, To man-sions of
2. When worn with the burdens and crosses of life, I long to be
3. When mourning the loved that have passed from my sight, And left me en-

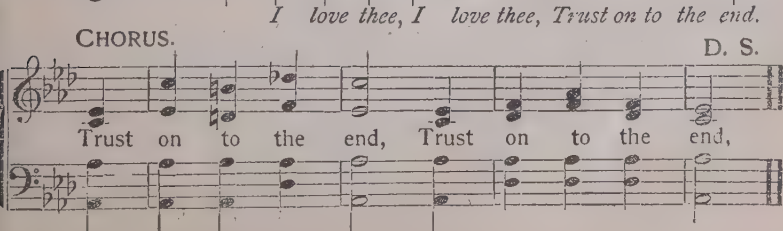


rest in the home o - ver there, As up - ward I look to my
free from its tur-moil and strife, This voice I can hear, 'tis the
shroud-ed in sorrow's dark night; I hear, 'mid the darkness, the



FINE.

Fath-er and Friend, He whis-pers, I love thee, Trust on to the end.
voice of my Friend, I love thee, I love thee, Trust on to the end.
voice of my Friend, I love thee, I love thee, Trust on to the end.



CHORUS.

I love thee, I love thee, Trust on to the end.

D. S.

Trust on to the end, Trust on to the end,

AZMON, C. M.

CARL GLASER.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe,
 2. That will not mur-mur or com-plain Be-neath the chastening rod,
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
 4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scornful smile;

That will not trem-ble on the brink Of a - ny earth - ly woe!
 But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;
 That when in dan-ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt;
 That seas of troub-le can-not drown, Nor Sa-tan's arts be - guile;

No. 67.

My Faith Looks Up.

RAY PALMER.

(Olivet. M. H. 762.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be—A living fire.

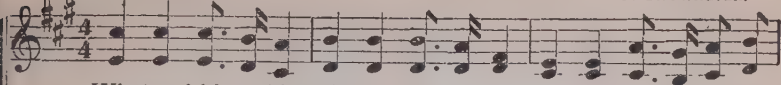
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Savior, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!

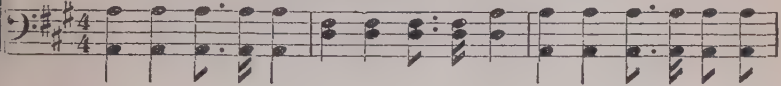
No. 68. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

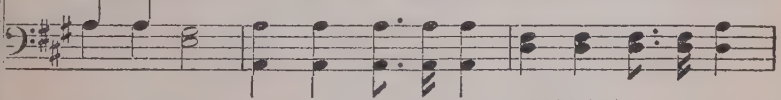
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er -



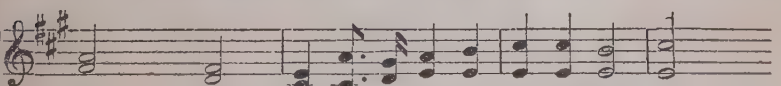
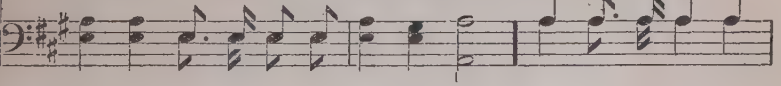
last - ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,



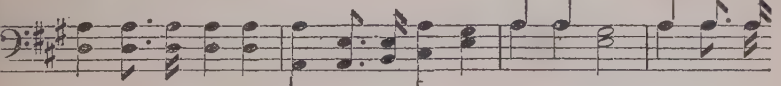
REFRAIN.



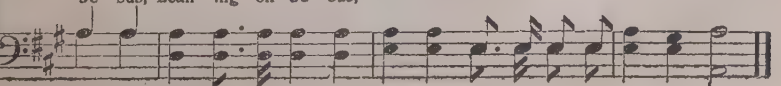
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean -
Lean - ing on Je - eus, Lean-ing on



ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Je - sus, Lean - ing on Je - sus,

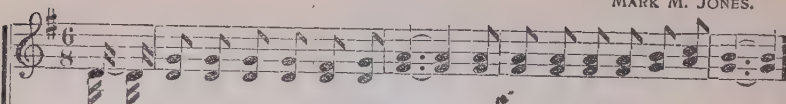


FAITH.

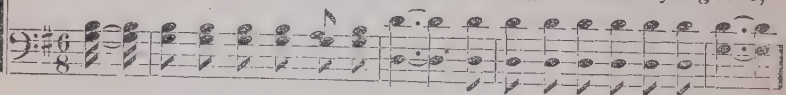
No. 69. I'll Trust Every Step of the Way.

MORSE.

MARK M. JONES.



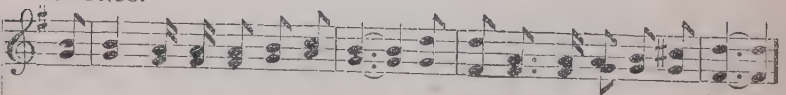
1. Tho' the pathway seems dreary and long, Forward I go without fear;
2. Tho' giants should stand in the way, I'll look to the source of all pow'r;
3. Tho' sorrow, temp-tation and care May hinder, discourage and try,
4. So on thro' the journey of life, I will sing of His un-dy-ing love,



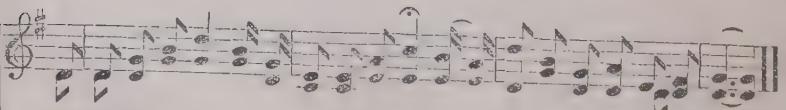
All e - vil will flee at the song That re - joic-es the an - gels to hear.
And trust to His guidance each day, And re - ly on His grace for each hour.
I'll cling to His promise thro' pray'r, And my needs He will nev-er de-ny.
What care I for sor-row and strife On my way to His man-sions a - bove.



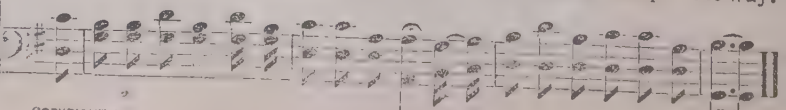
CHORUS.



I'll trust ev-'ry step of the way, I'll praise Him by night and by day;



By faith I'll abide, In his bosom I'll hide, While trusting each step of the way.



I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress he kind-ly will help me;
 pas-sion-ate Friend If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
 FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sorrows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
 Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone;

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1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care
 And bids me at my Father's throne;
 Make all my wants and wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief;
 My soul has often found relief;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

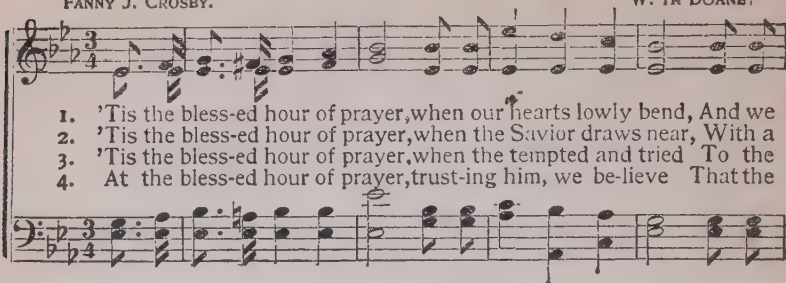
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

PRAYER.

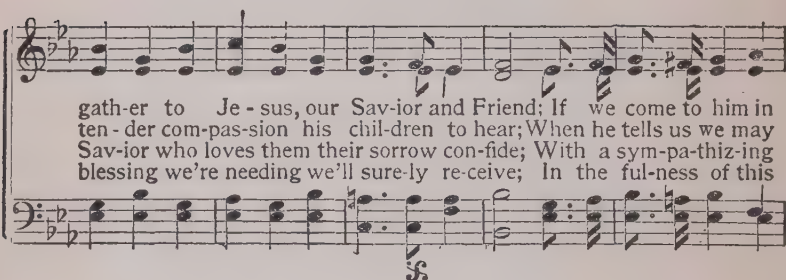
No. 72. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

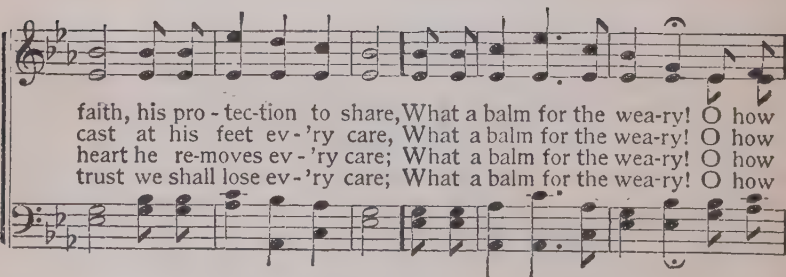
W. H. DOANE.



1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Savior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing him, we be-lieve That the



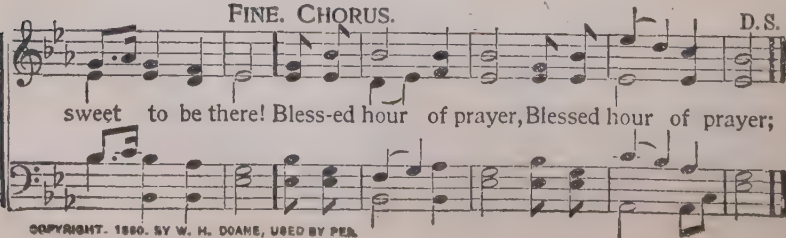
gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to him in
ten-der com-pas-sion his chil-dren to hear; When he tells us we may
Sav-ior who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
blessing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the ful-ness of this



faith, his pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at his feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart he re-moves ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

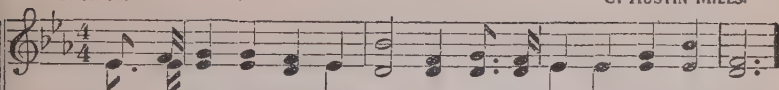


sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer;

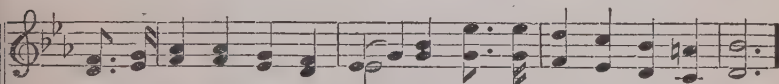
The Mount of Prayer.

C. A. M.

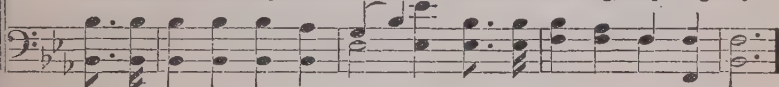
C. AUSTIN MILLS.



1. When the ear - ly morn is break - ing I will seek the Mount of Prayer;
 2. When the clouds of tri - al gath - er, O - ver cast - ing all the sky,
 3. When the hosts of sin en - deav - or Thus to drive me from His feet,
 4. When the dark-ness gath - ers round me, At the clos - ing of the day,



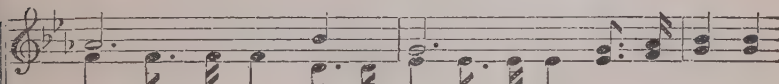
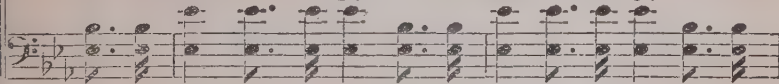
'Tis a pre - cious time of wait - ing, For my soul is strengthened there.
 Driv - ing from my brain the sun - shine, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll fly.
 To the Mount of Prayer I'll hast - en, 'Tis an on - ly safe re - treat.
 From the Mount of Prayer a - bove me Comes a cheer - ing, help - ing ray.



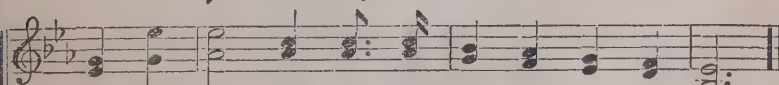
CHORUS.



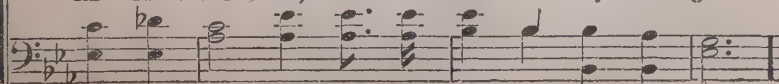
To the Mount I'll go, To the
 To the Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go, To the

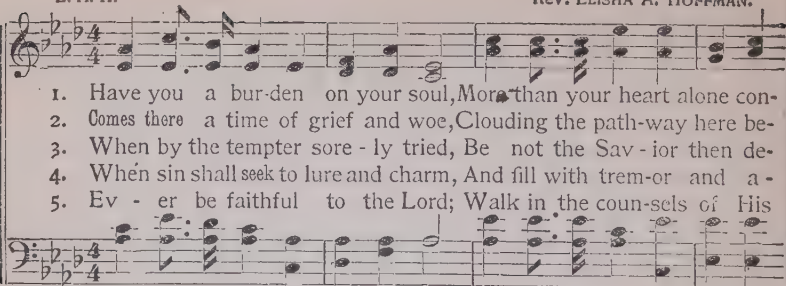


Mount I'll go, When the hosts of
 Mount I will go, To the Mount I will go,

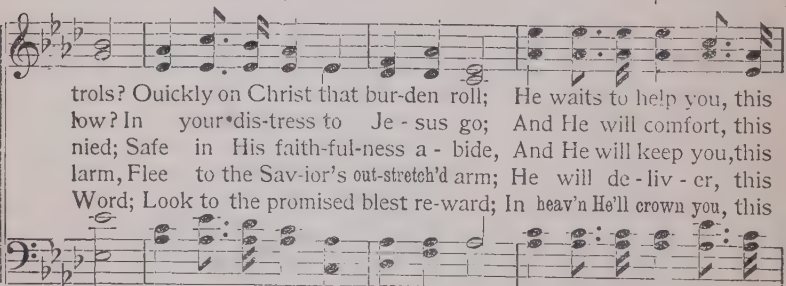


sin sur - round me, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll go.



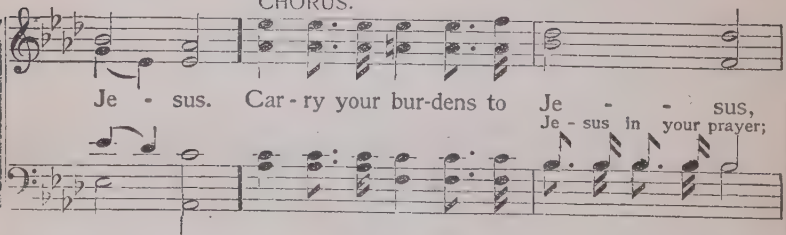


1. Have you a bur-den on your soul, More than your heart alone con-
 2. Comes there a time of grief and woe, Clouding the path-way here be-
 3. When by the tempter sore-ly tried, Be not the Sav-ior then de-
 4. When sin shall seek to lure and charm, And fill with trem-or and a-
 5. Ev-er be faithful to the Lord; Walk in the coun-sels of His

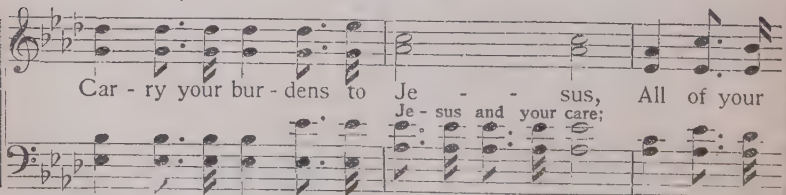


trols? Quickly on Christ that bur-den roll; He waits to help you, this
 low? In your dis-tress to Je-sus go; And He will comfort, this
 nief; Safe in His faith-ful-ness a-bide, And He will keep you, this
 harm, Flee to the Sav-ior's out-stretch'd arm; He will de-liv-er, this
 Word; Look to the promised blest re-ward; In heav'n He'll crown you, this

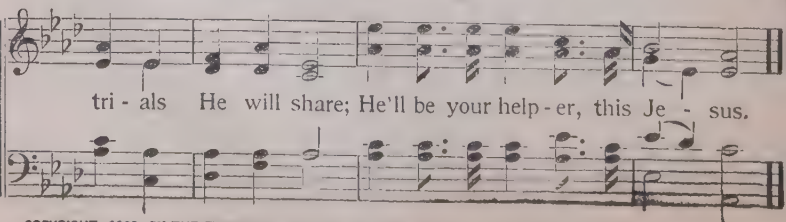
CHORUS.



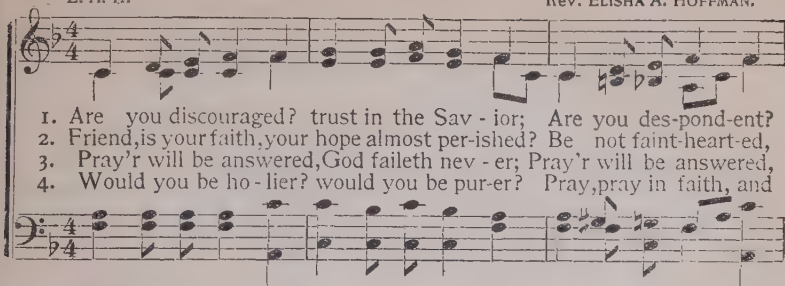
Je-sus. Car-ry your bur-dens to Je-sus, Je-sus in your prayer;



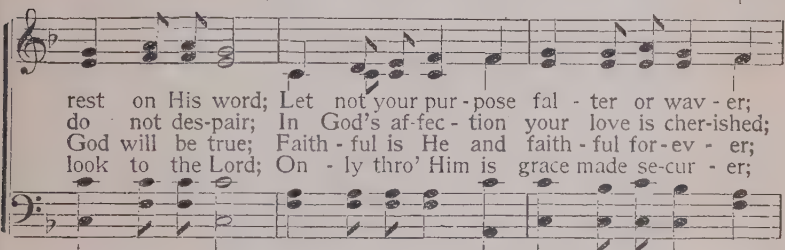
Car-ry your bur-dens to Je-sus, All of your Je-sus and your care;



tri-als He will share; He'll be your help-er, this Je-sus.

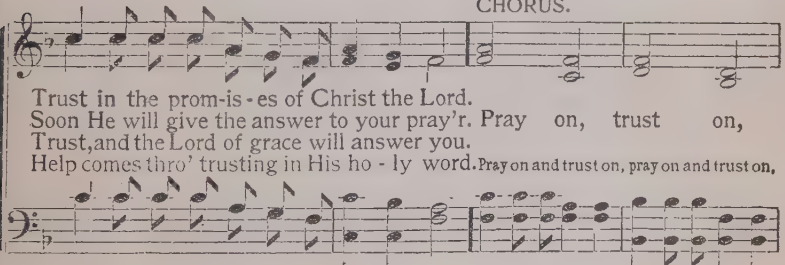


1. Are you discouraged? trust in the Sav - ior; Are you des-pond-ent?
 2. Friend, is your faith, your hope almost per-ish-ed? Be not faint-heart-ed,
 3. Pray'r will be answered, God faileth nev - er; Pray'r will be answered,
 4. Would you be ho - lier? would you be pur - er? Pray, pray in faith, and

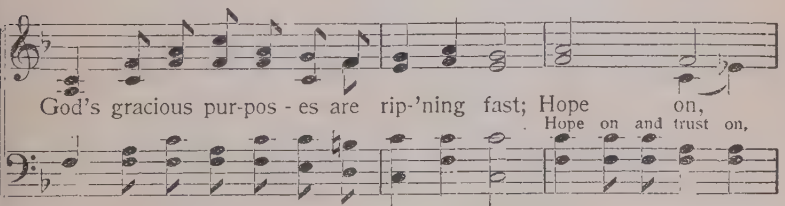


rest on His word; Let not your pur - pose fal - ter or wav - er;
 do not des-pair; In God's af - fec - tion your love is cher-ish-ed;
 God will be true; Faith - ful is He and faith - ful for - ev - er;
 look to the Lord; On - ly thro' Him is grace made se - cur - er;

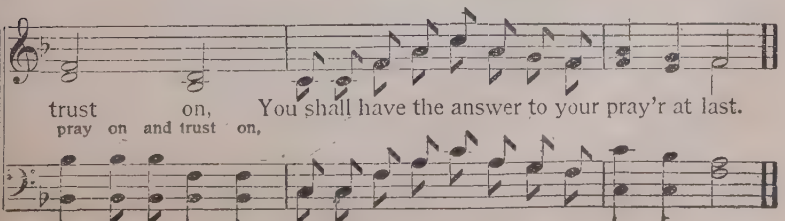
CHORUS.



Trust in the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord.
 Soon He will give the answer to your pray'r. Pray on, trust on,
 Trust, and the Lord of grace will answer you.
 Help comes thro' trusting in His ho - ly word. Pray on and trust on, pray on and trust on,



God's gracious pur-pos-es are rip-'ning fast; Hope on, on,
 Hope on and trust on,



trust on, You shall have the answer to your pray'r at last.
 pray on and trust on,

PRAYER.

No. 76.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
 2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy, Find a sweet re - lief;
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;
 4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

FINE.
 While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wounded, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

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PRAYER.

No. 77. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads—
 3. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
 4. There, there on earth, 'tis Jesus' seat, And sin and sense molest not

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.



There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
A place than all beside more sweet, It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer-cy - seat.

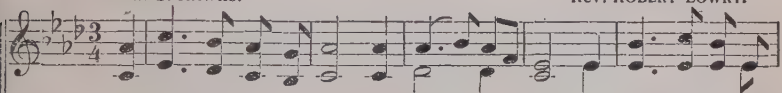


PRAYER.

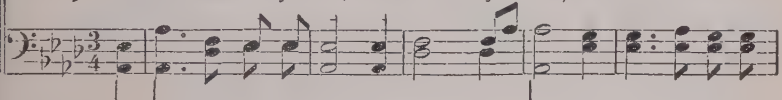
No. 78. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

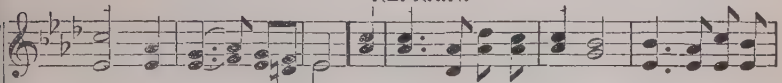
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-



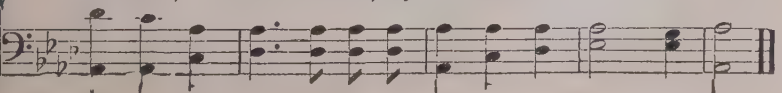
REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I
es - In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!



need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior. I come to Thee!



No. 79. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
D. S. - All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 80. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—MARTYN, 7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

PRAYER.

No. 81. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

S. F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.

D. S.—*Nearer, my God, to Thee,*

FINE.

D. S.

That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy given: An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee!

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PRAYER.

No. 82.

Rock of Ages.

FINE.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

D. S.—*Be of sin the doub-le cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.*

D. C.

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd

2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

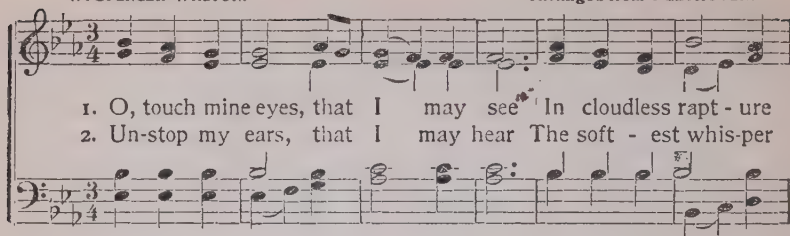
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

PRAYER.
No. 83.

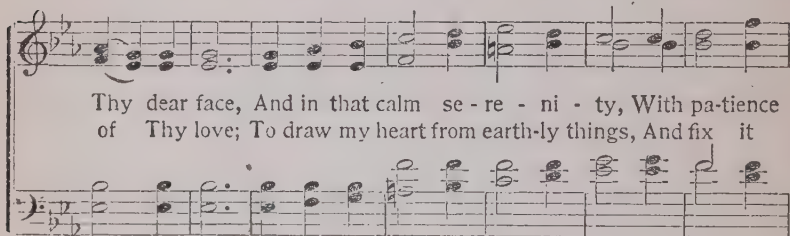
A Prayer.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

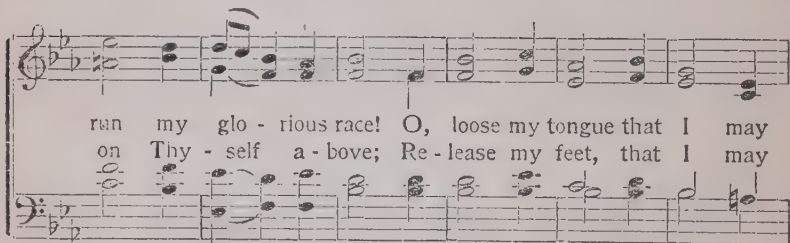
Arranged from BEETHOVEN.



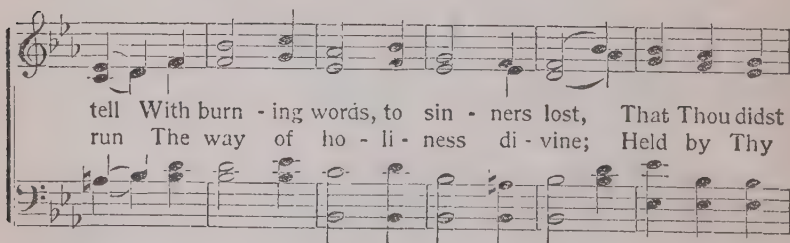
1. O, touch mine eyes, that I may see In cloudless rapt - ure
2. Un-stop my ears, that I may hear The soft - est whis-per



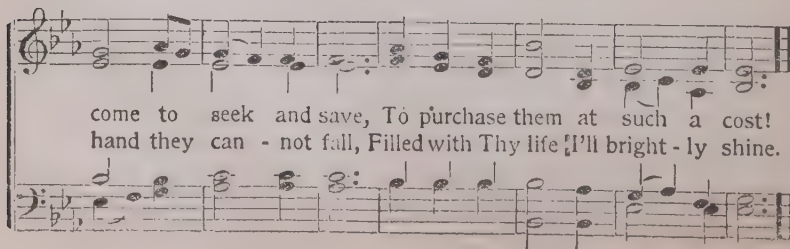
Thy dear face, And in that calm se - re - ni - ty, With pa-tience
of Thy love; To draw my heart from earth-ly things, And fix it



run my glo - rious race! O, loose my tongue that I may
on Thy - self a - bove; Re - lease my feet, that I may



tell With burn - ing words, to sin - ners lost, That Thou didst
run The way of ho - li - ness di - vine; Held by Thy



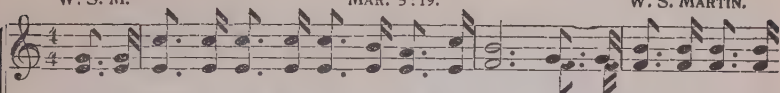
come to seek and save, To purchase them at such a cost!
hand they can - not fall, Filled with Thy life I'll bright - ly shine.

No. 84. Tell the Story Once Again.

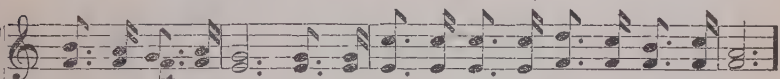
W. S. M.

MAR. 5:19.

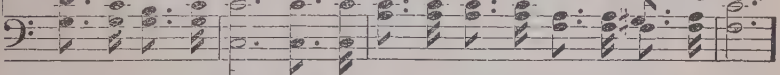
W. S. MARTIN.



1. Let us hear you tell the sto - ry of His grace, How He suffered in the
2. Let us hear you tell of vic - t'ry o - ver sin, Let us hear you tell of
3. Let us hear you tell how God has answered pray'r, How your heart has rolled on
4. Let us hear you tell about your home on high, Blessed land without a



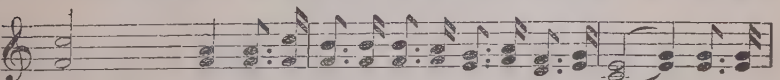
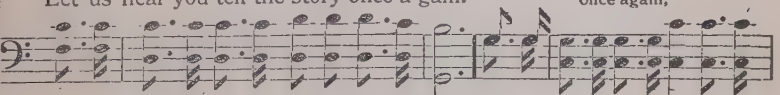
sinner's rooin and place, And revealed the Father's glo - ry in His face,
souls you've sought to win. Tell us all a - bout the peace that reigns with - in,
Him its ev - 'ry care, In the triumphs of His love you have a share,
tear, or pain, or sigh, To its glo - ries now your soul is drawing nigh,



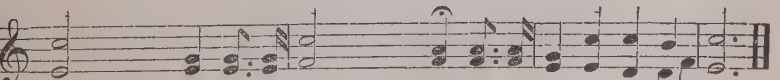
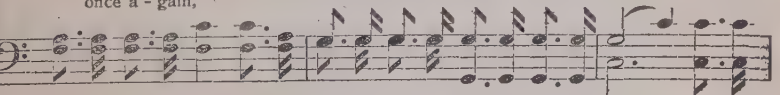
CHORUS.

Let us hear you tell the story once a - gain. Tell the sto - ry, tell the
Let us hear you tell the story once a - gain.
Let us hear you tell the story once a - gain.
Let us hear you tell the story once a - gain.

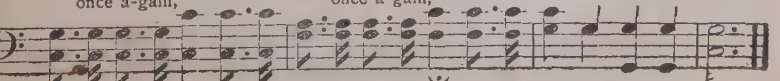
once again,



sto - - ry, Tell of all the Savior's wondrous love to you, Tell the
once a - gain,

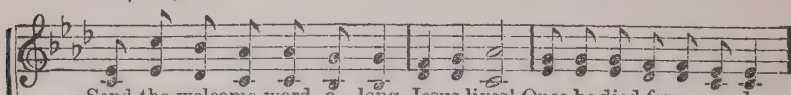
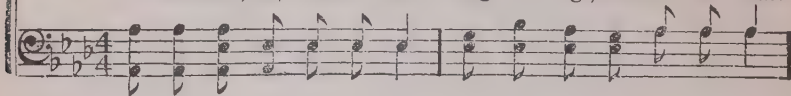


sto - - ry, tell the sto - - ry, It is always, always new.
once a - gain, once a - gain,

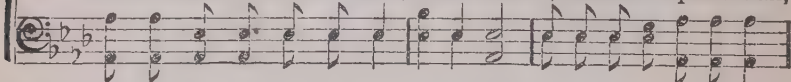




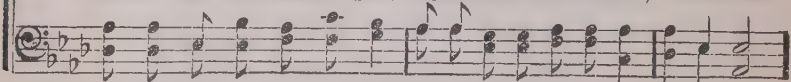
1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!



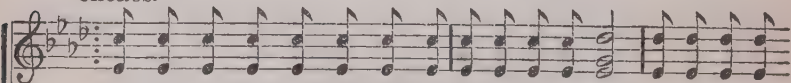
Send the welcome word a-long, Jesus lives! Once he died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,



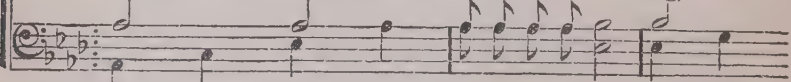
Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Jesus all may find, Jesus lives!
Throws a-side the dread-ful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!



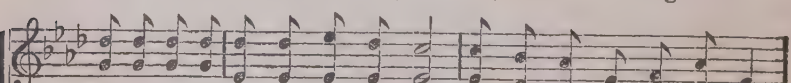
CHORUS.



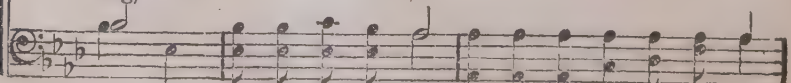
Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow, Rally now and
Wait not, Sing,



Wait not, wait not, Sing for



sing for Je-sus, ev-'ry-where you go, Lift your joy-ful voic-es high,
sing,



Je - sus,

Jesus Lives. Concluded.

f Rit. pp

Ring-ing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tid-ings fly, Je-sus lives!

CONFESSION.

No. 86. My Heart O'er Flows with joy.

S. A. LANNING.

M. McCUMBER.

1. My heart o'er flows with joy to - day, With lib - er - ty I sing,
2. My sins did rise like mountains high, Dis - pair-ing I did cry,
3. Then Je-sus heard my mournful cry, He flew to my re - lief,
4. No more I'm left to doubt nor fear, For all is joy with - in,

That Je - sus has the pow'r to save And full sal - va - tion bring.
 O save Thou me most Ho - ly One, O save me or I die.
 He cleansed my heart from all its sin, Gave joy in - stead of grief.
 Ho - san - nah to the Lamb of God, His blood it saves from sin.

CHORUS.

O let me tell the sto - ry, It is so sweet to me,

Since I have found my Sav - ior And He has made me free.

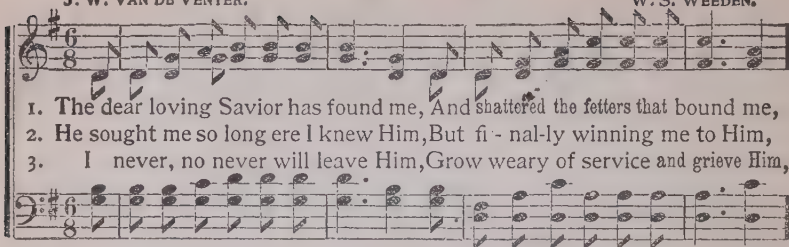
CONFESSION.

No. 87.

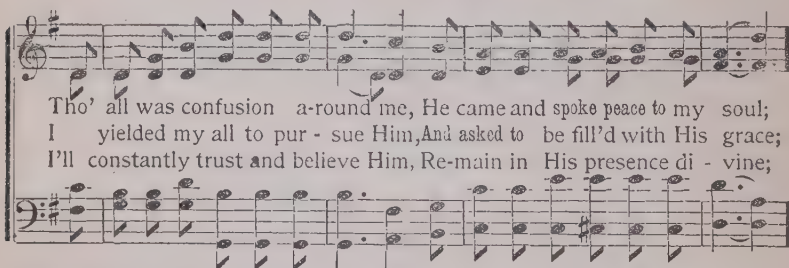
He Saves Me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

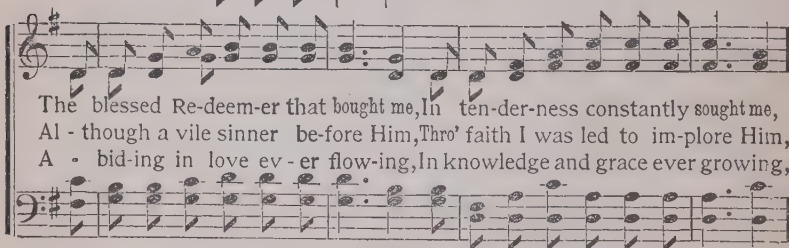
W. S. WEEDEN.



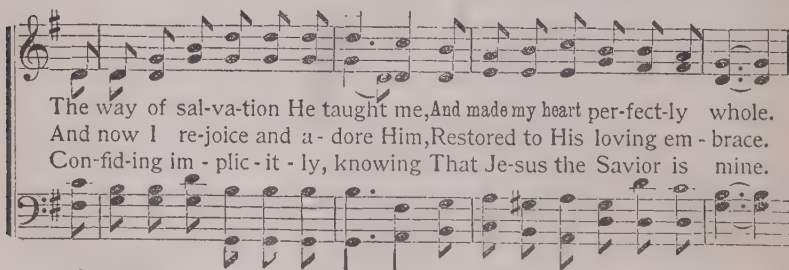
1. The dear loving Savior has found me, And shattered the fetters that bound me,
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi-nal-ly winning me to Him,
3. I never, no never will leave Him, Grow weary of service and grieve Him,



Tho' all was confusion a-round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
I yielded my all to pur-sue Him, And asked to be fill'd with His grace;
I'll constantly trust and believe Him, Re-main in His presence di-vine;

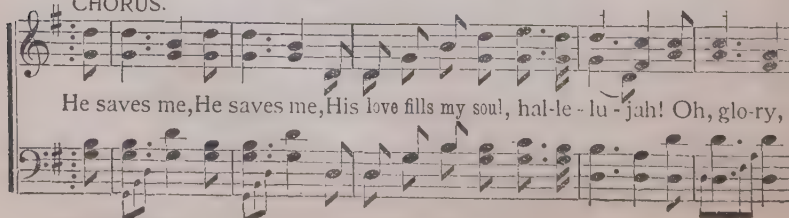


The blessed Re-deem-er that bought me, In ten-der-ness constantly sought me,
Al-though a vile sinner be-fore Him, Tho' faith I was led to im-plore Him,
A-bid-ing in love ev-er flow-ing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,



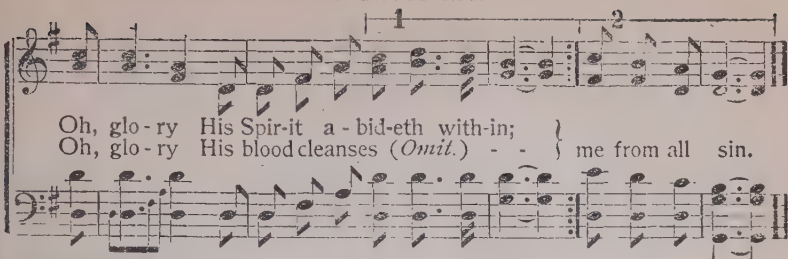
The way of sal-va-tion He taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
And now I re-joice and a-dore Him, Restored to His loving em-brace.
Con-fid-ing im-plic-it-ly, knowing That Je-sus the Savior is mine.

CHORUS.



He saves me, He saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu-jah! Oh, glo-ry,

He Saves Me.



Oh, glo-ry His Spir-it a-bid-eth with-in;
Oh, glo-ry His blood cleanses (Omit.) - - } me from all sin.

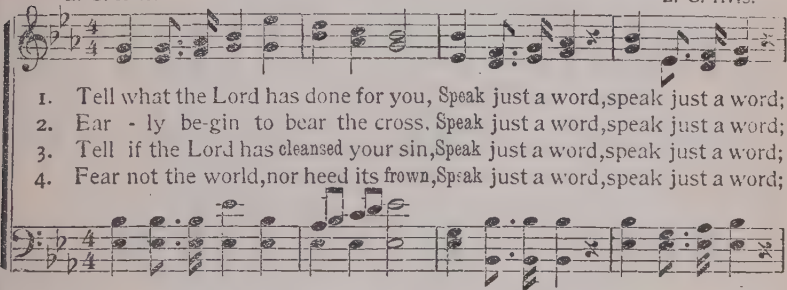
CONFESSION.

No. 88.

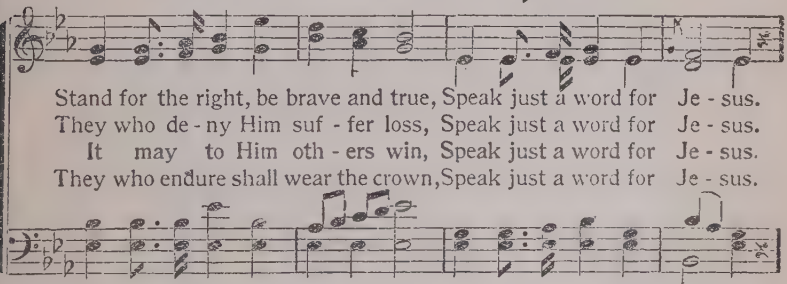
Speak Just a Word.

E. C. AVIS.

E. C. AVIS.

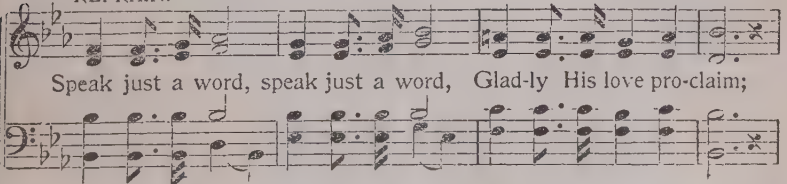


1. Tell what the Lord has done for you, Speak just a word, speak just a word;
2. Ear - ly be-gin to bear the cross. Speak just a word, speak just a word;
3. Tell if the Lord has cleansed your sin, Speak just a word, speak just a word;
4. Fear not the world, nor heed its frown, Speak just a word, speak just a word;

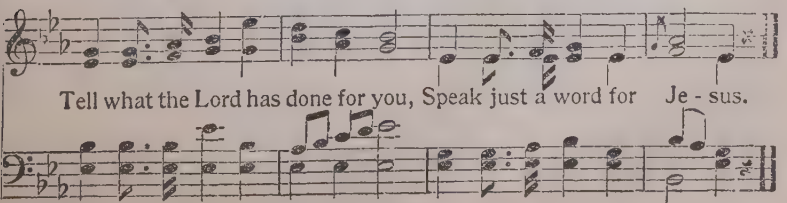


Stand for the right, be brave and true, Speak just a word for Je - sus.
They who de - ny Him suf - fer loss, Speak just a word for Je - sus.
It may to Him oth - ers win, Speak just a word for Je - sus.
They who endure shall wear the crown, Speak just a word for Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



Speak just a word, speak just a word, Glad-ly His love pro-claim;

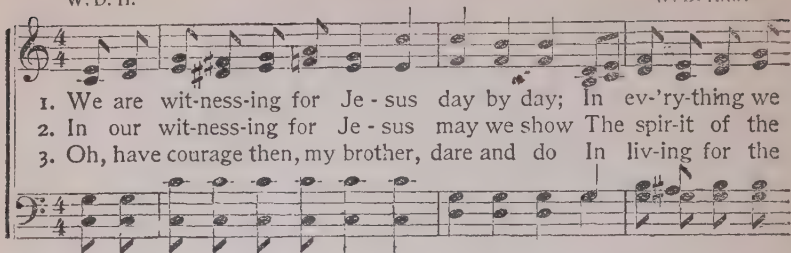


Tell what the Lord has done for you, Speak just a word for Je - sus.

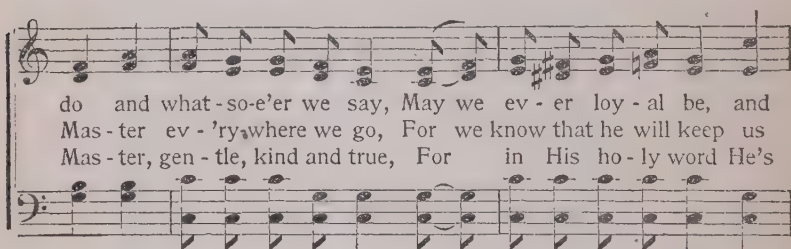
No. 89. Witnessing for Jesus.

W. D. H.

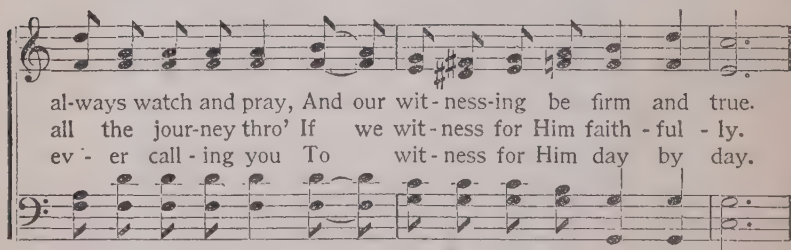
W. D. HART



1. We are wit-ness-ing for Je - sus day by day; In ev-'ry-thing we
2. In our wit-ness-ing for Je - sus may we show The spir-it of the
3. Oh, have courage then, my brother, dare and do In liv-ing for the

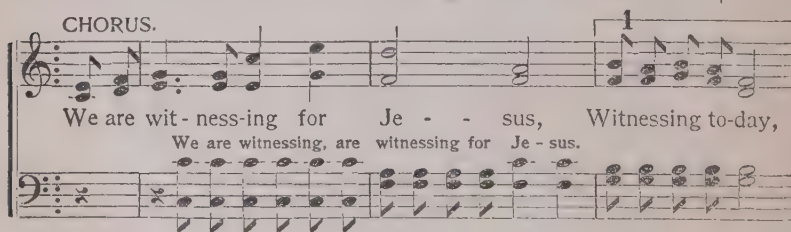


do and what-so-e'er we say, May we ev - er loy - al be, and
Mas - ter ev - 'rywhere we go, For we know that he will keep us
Mas - ter, gen - tle, kind and true, For in His ho - ly word He's

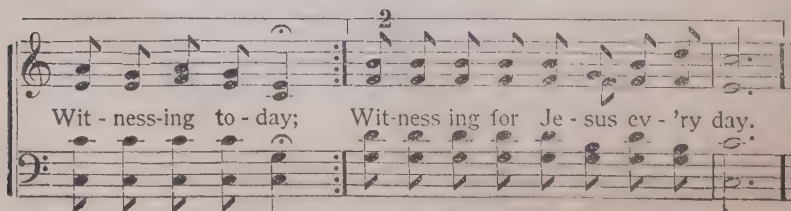


al-ways watch and pray, And our wit-ness-ing be firm and true.
all the jour-ney thro' If we wit-ness for Him faith - ful - ly.
ev - er call - ing you To wit-ness for Him day by day.

CHORUS.



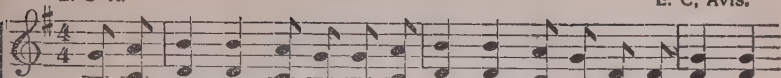
We are wit-ness-ing for Je - - sus, Witnessing to-day,
We are witnessing, are witnessing for Je - sus.



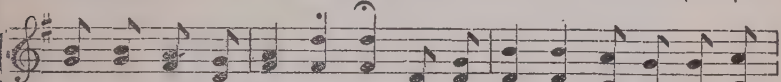
Wit - ness-ing to - day; Wit-ness ing for Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

E. C. A.

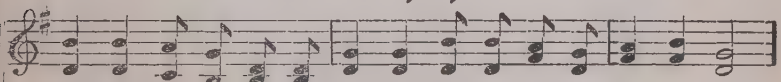
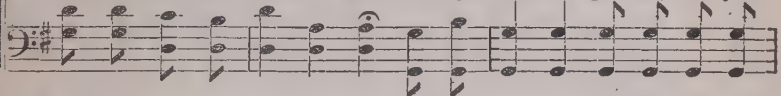
E. C. AVIS.



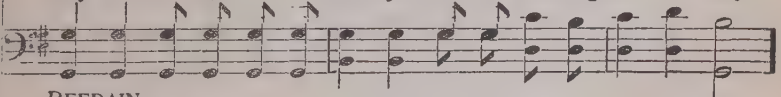
1. Since my sins He pardoned, grace to me has giv-en, Joy and gladness
2. Oh, the way grows brighter, and my heart is lighter, While my Sav-ior
3. And my faith is stronger, knowing Je-sus long-er, I can bet-ter
4. If you would be hap-py, ver-y, ver-y hap-py, Do not long-er



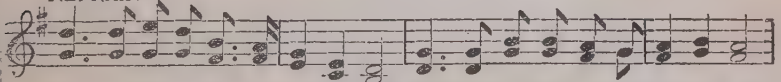
o'er me like sea bil-lows roll; As I tell of Je-sus, how from
gen-tly leads me day by day; In His way I'm go-ing, and of
take Him at His ev-'ry word; In His love a-bid-ing, in His
wait, but trust the Lord to-day; With your sins for-giv-en, on your



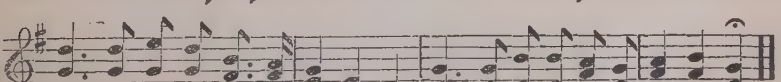
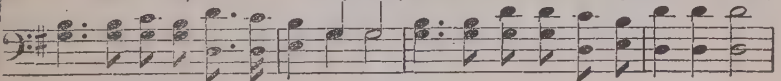
sin He frees us, There is joy and peace and glo-ry in my soul.
truth am knowing That with Je-sus it is bet-ter all the way.
grace con-fid-ing, I am stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
way to heav-en, What He's done you will be tell-ing all the way.



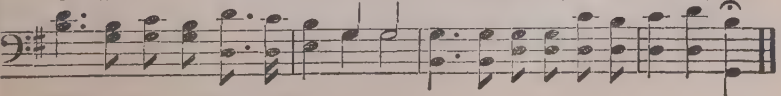
REFRAIN.

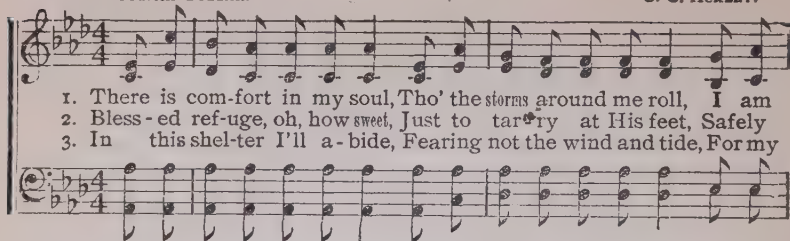


I must tell it, I can-not keep still, Jesus with His love my heart doth fill;

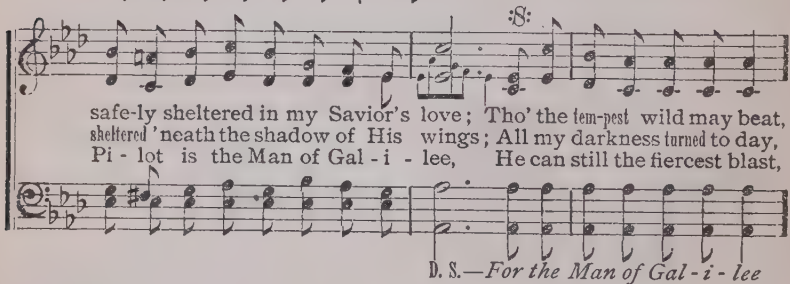


I will ev-er live to do His will, I must tell it, I can-not keep still.



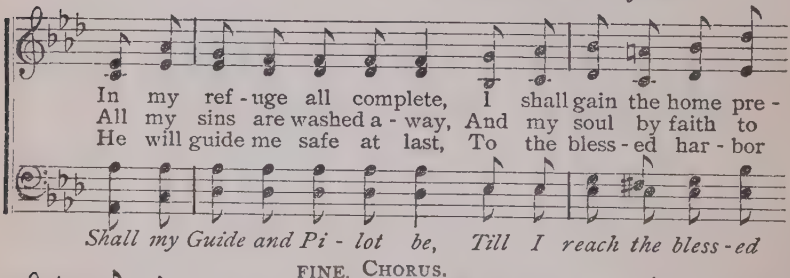


1. There is com-fort in my soul, Tho' the storms around me roll, I am
2. Bless-ed ref-uge, oh, how sweet, Just to tar-ry at His feet, Safely
3. In this shel-ter I'll a-bide, Fearing not the wind and tide, For my



safe-ly sheltered in my Savior's love; Tho' the tem-pest wild may beat,
sheltered 'neath the shadow of His wings; All my darkness turned to day,
Pi-lot is the Man of Gal-i-lee, He can still the fiercest blast,

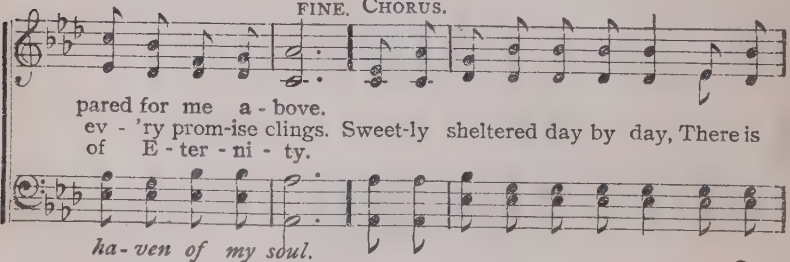
D. S.—For the Man of Gal-i-lee



In my ref-uge all complete, I shall gain the home pre-
All my sins are washed a-way, And my soul by faith to
He will guide me safe at last, To the bless-ed har-bor

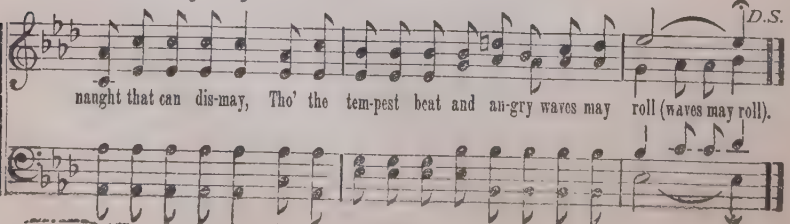
Shall my Guide and Pi-lot be, Till I reach the bless-ed

FINE. CHORUS.



pared for me a-bove.
ev-'ry prom-ise clings. Sweet-ly sheltered day by day, There is
of E-ter-ni-ty.

ha-ven of my soul.

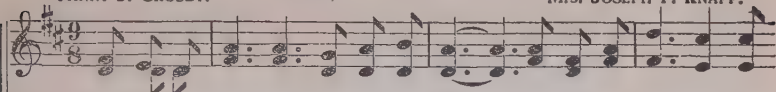


nought that can dis-may, Tho' the tem-pest beat and an-gry waves may roll (waves may roll).

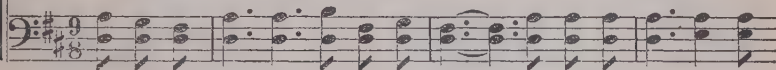
D.S.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am



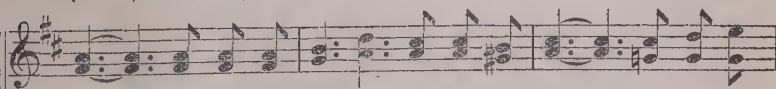
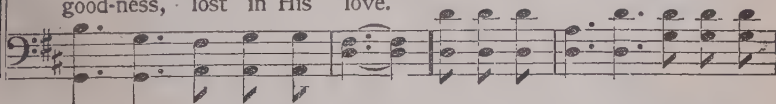
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An - gels descend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His



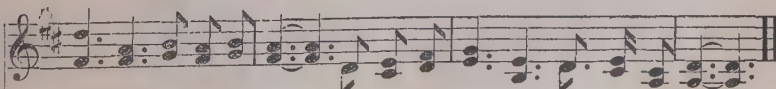
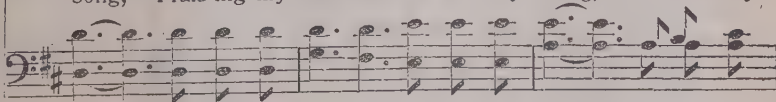
CHORUS.



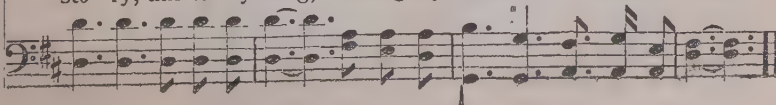
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 good - ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.



1. { Tho' the way be - fore me may be dark and drear, } far and near,
 2. { Tho' the clouds hang heavy round me (Omit.) }
 3. { Tho' the wa - ry temp - ter sees my cour - age weak, } glad - ly seek,
 4. { Tho' to win me from the right way (Omit.) } dress or show,
 5. { With my Sav - ior near me I will on - ward go, }
 6. { Heed - ing not the world with all its (Omit.) }

I will not be troubled for my Sav - ior dear Leads me all the way.
 Ma - ny are the prom - is - es that plain - ly speak Vic - t'ry to my soul.
 Cheered and comforted that I shall sure - ly grow In His grace divine.

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No. 94.

I Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.-I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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Sweetly Resting.

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLY.

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly sheltered, I a - bid;
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Weary, sad, I longed for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can never give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past;

The first system of musical notation is for the first four lines of the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/2. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'nly shel-ter, O-pened in my Savior's breast.
Now in Je - sus, I am find-ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se-cure in this blest ref-uge, Heeding not the fierc-est blast.

The second system of musical notation continues the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/2. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

CHORUS.

Now I'm rest-ing, sweetly rest-ing, In the cleft once made for me:

The chorus is written on a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/2. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

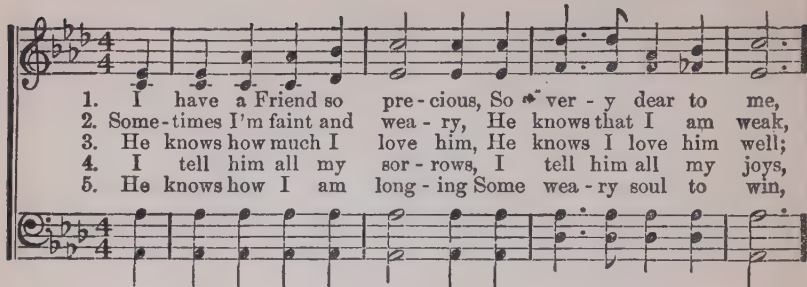
Je-sus, bless-ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

The final system of musical notation is for the last line of the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/2. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

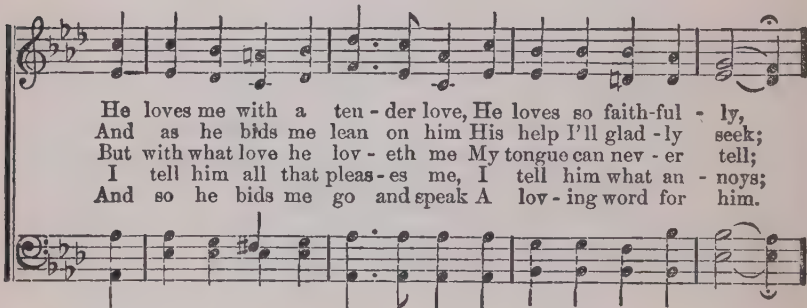
My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. SHOREY.

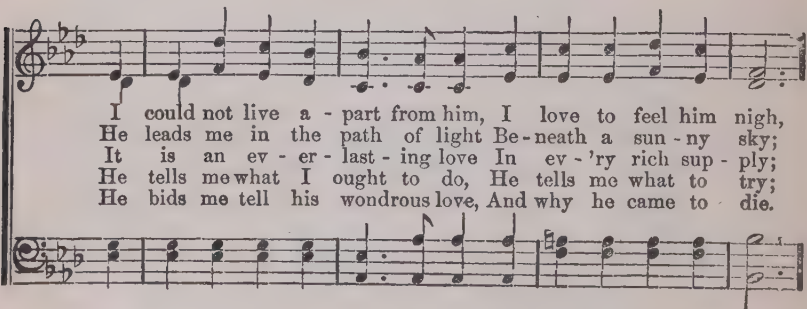
JOSEPH D. LITTLE.



1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ^{*}ver - y dear to me,
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
 3. He knows how much I love him, He knows I love him well;
 4. I tell him all my sor - rows, I tell him all my joys,
 5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

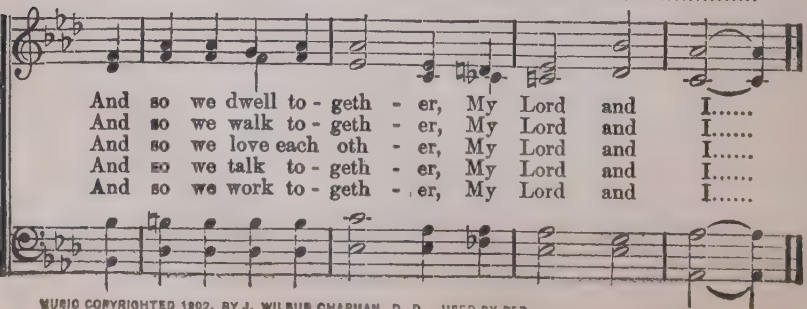


He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
 And as he bids me lean on him His help I'll glad - ly seek;
 But with what love he lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell;
 I tell him all that pleas - es me, I tell him what an - noys;
 And so he bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for him.



I could not live a - part from him, I love to feel him nigh,
 He leads me in the path of light Be - neath a sun - ny sky;
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love In ev - 'ry rich sup - ply;
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
 He bids me tell his wondrous love, And why he came to die.

rit......



And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.....
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....

No. 97. Since the Love of God Shone In.

L. E. J.

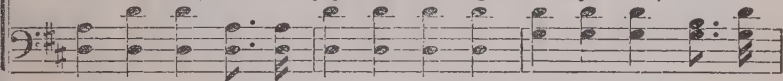
L. E. JONES.



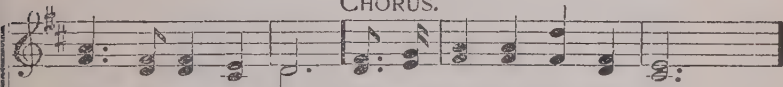
1. I have found a Friend to me so dear, In each try-ing mo-ment
2. I am kept by His al-might-y hand, As I press a-long to
3. I have found a Christ my guilt to bear, I have found a won-drous



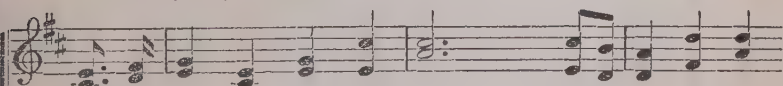
He is near; There is nought my heart has need to fear, Since the
 glo-ry land, I am walk-ing with the ransomed band, Since the
 rest from care, There is joy and sun-light ev-'ry-where, Since the



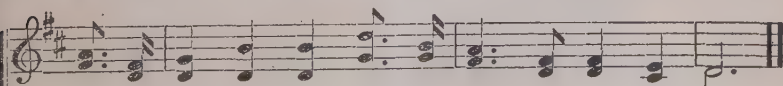
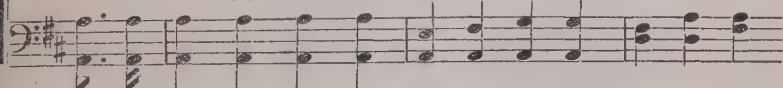
CHORUS.



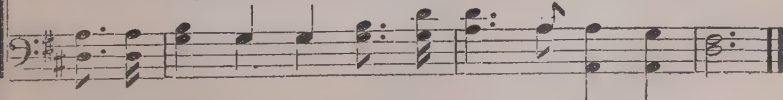
love of God shone in. Since the love of God shone in,
 the love of God shone in.

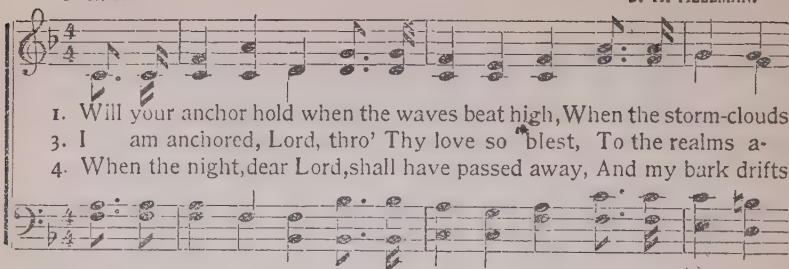


Since the love of God shone in, My heart is light
 the love of God shone in,

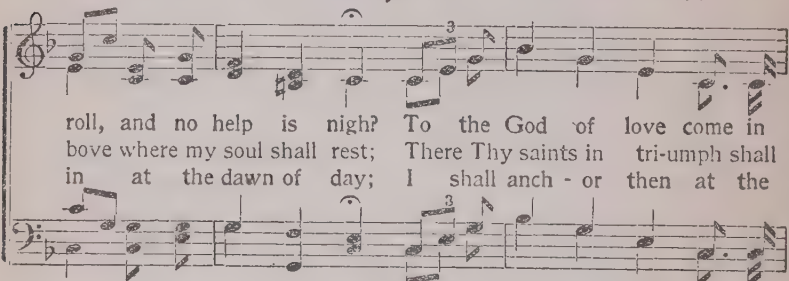


and the way seems bright, Since the love of God shone in.

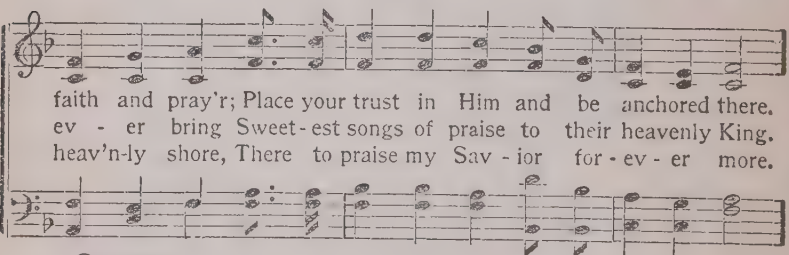




1. Will your anchor hold when the waves beat high, When the storm-clouds
3. I am anchored, Lord, thro' Thy love so blest, To the realms a-
4. When the night, dear Lord, shall have passed away, And my bark drifts

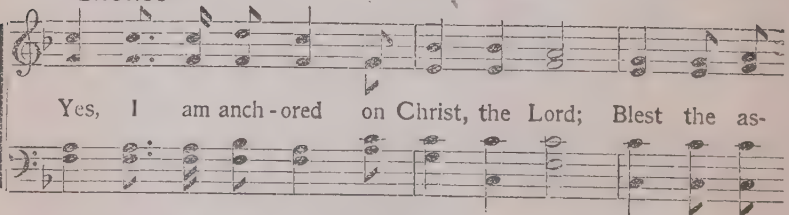


roll, and no help is nigh? To the God of love come in
bove where my soul shall rest; There Thy saints in tri-umph shall
in at the dawn of day; I shall anch - or then at the

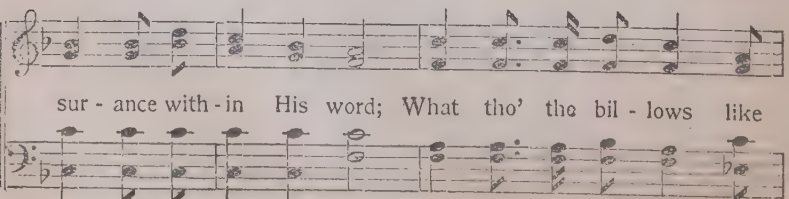


faith and pray'r; Place your trust in Him and be anchored there.
ev - er bring Sweet-est songs of praise to their heavenly King.
heav'n-ly shore, There to praise my Sav - ior for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.

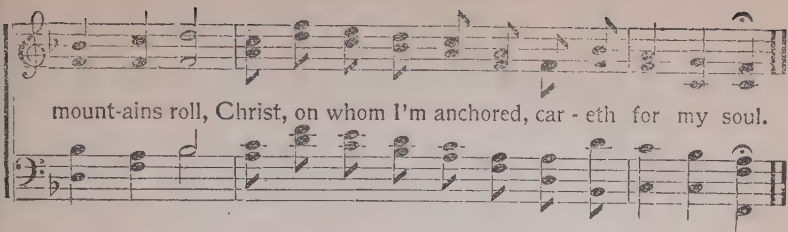


Yes, I am anch-ored on Christ, the Lord; Blest the as-



sur - ance with-in His word; What tho' the bil - lows like

Anchored on Christ.



mount-ains roll, Christ, on whom I'm anchored, car - eth for my soul.

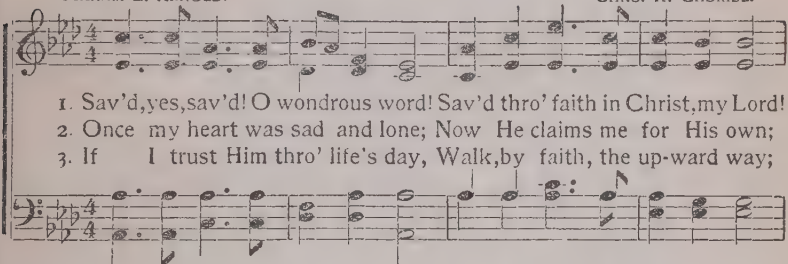
ASSURANCE:

No. 99.

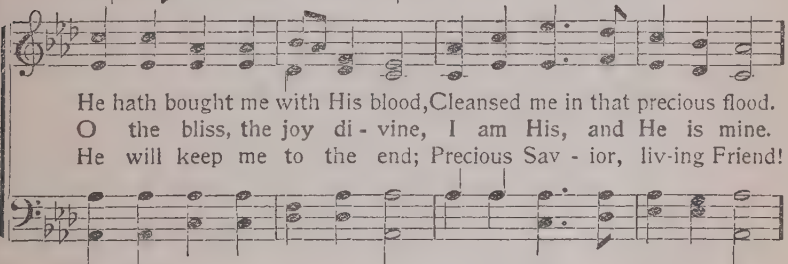
Saved and Kept.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

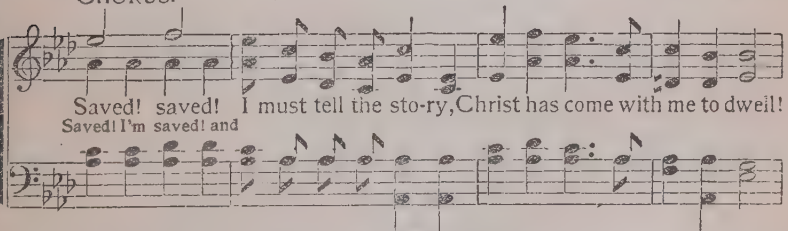


1. Sav'd, yes, sav'd! O wondrous word! Sav'd thro' faith in Christ, my Lord!
 2. Once my heart was sad and lone; Now He claims me for His own;
 3. If I trust Him thro' life's day, Walk, by faith, the up-ward way;

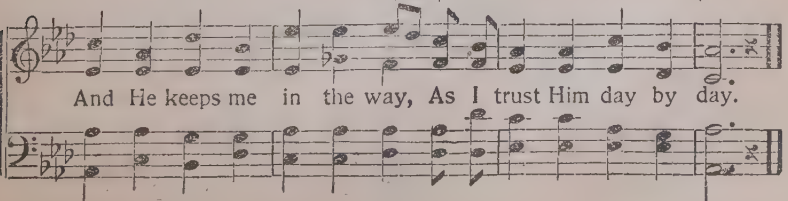


He hath bought me with His blood, Cleansed me in that precious flood.
 O the bliss, the joy di - vine, I am His, and He is mine.
 He will keep me to the end; Precious Sav - ior, liv-ing Friend!

CHORUS.



Saved! saved! I must tell the sto-ry, Christ has come with me to dwell!
 Saved! I'm saved! and



And He keeps me in the way, As I trust Him day by day.

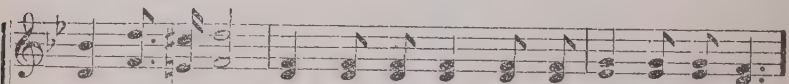
No. 100. There Is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



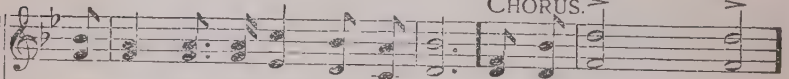
1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



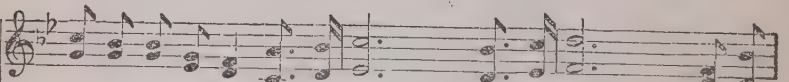
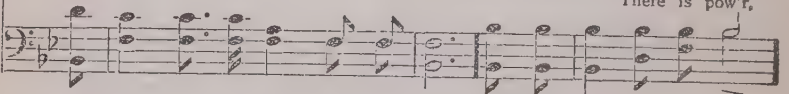
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide.
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow.
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?



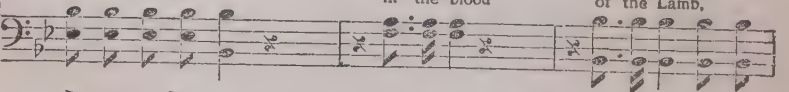
CHORUS.



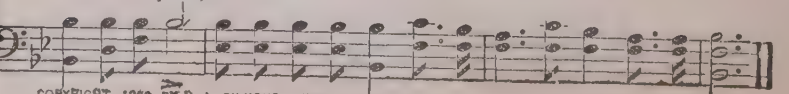
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,



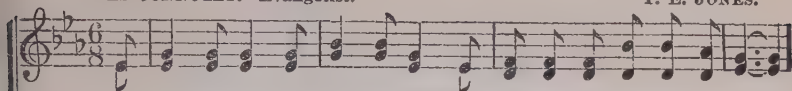
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 there is pow'r,



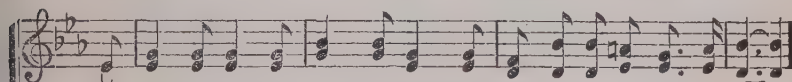
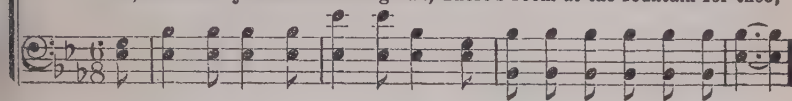
No. 101, There's Room at the Fountain,

JAMES CONNOLLY. Evangelist.

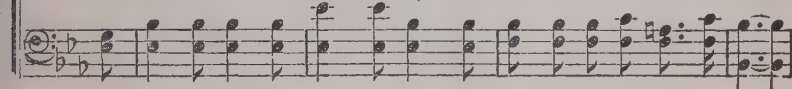
T. E. JONES.



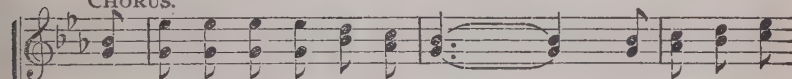
1. Oh, do you want your sins forgiv'n? There's room at the fountain for thee;
2. The blessed tide will cleanse your sin; There's room at the fountain for thee;
3. The crimson stream I've found; I know There's room at the fountain for thee;
4. Oh, don't re-ject His lov-ing call, There's room at the fountain for thee;



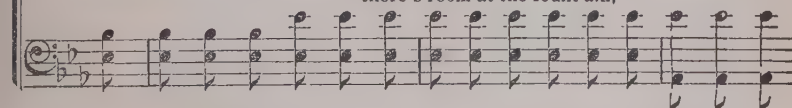
Oh, do you want a home in heav'n? There's room at the fountain for thee.
 And peace and joy will reign with-in; There's room at the fountain for thee.
 It's flood has made me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.
 His blood was shed for one and all, There's room at the fountain for thee.



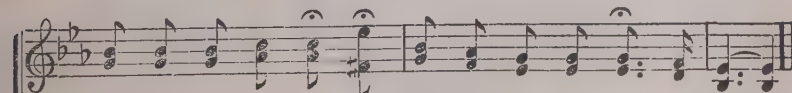
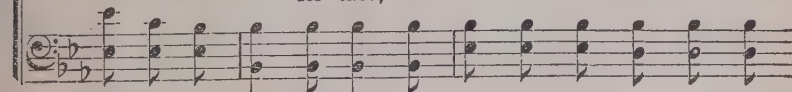
CHORUS.



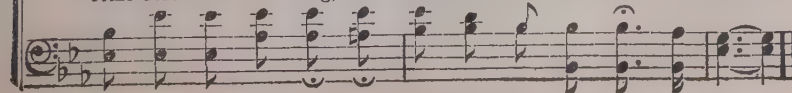
There's room at the fount-ain for thee There's room at the
 there's room at the fount-ain,



fount-ain for thee; You'll en-ter in doubt-ing; You'll
 for thee;



come forth with shout-ing, There's room at the fount-ain for thee.

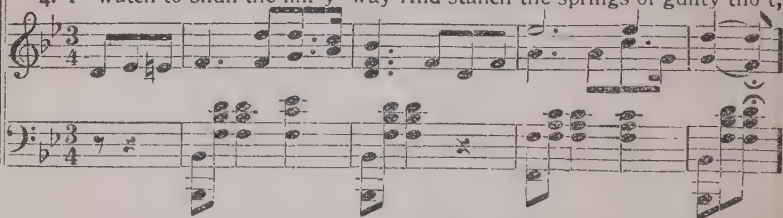


A Clean Heart.

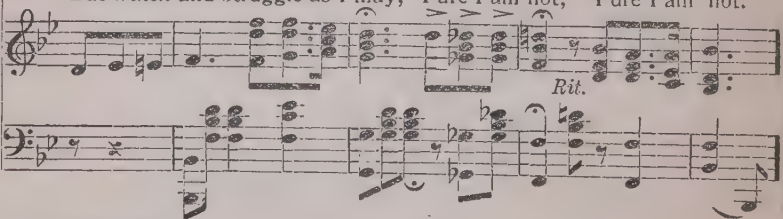
Rev. WALTER C. SMITH.
Andante con espressione.

FRED. H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir-y been,
2. If clear-er vis-ion Thou im-part, Grate-ful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larger vis-ion yet be mine;
4. I watch to shun the mir-y way And stanch the springs of guilty tho't,

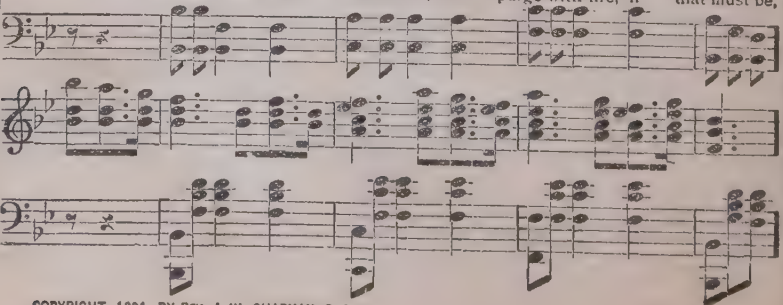


Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things divine, The things divine.
But watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.



REFRAIN.

So wash me Thou without, within, Or purge with fire if that must be,
Wash me Thou with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,



A Clean Heart.

No matter how, if on-ly sin, Die out in me, Die out in me,
 Anyhow, if on-ly sin, die out in me,
 die in me,

No. 103. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }
 2. { For my par-don this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { For my cleansing this my plea,—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

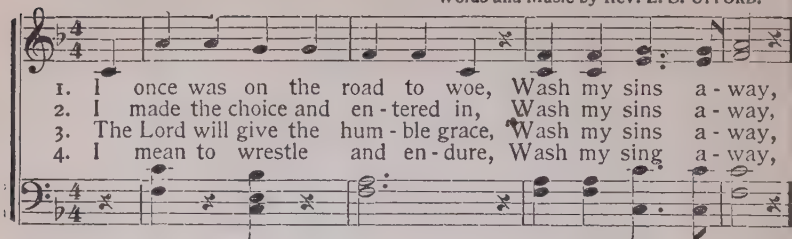
Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow:

No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

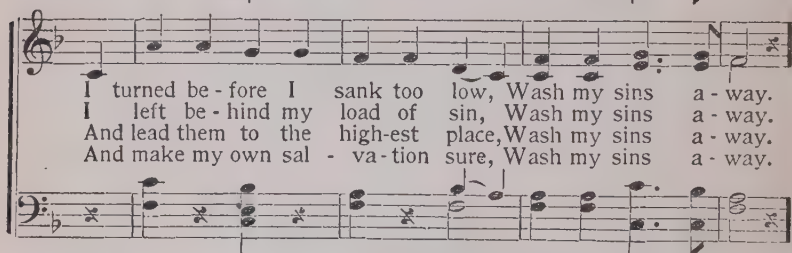
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.</p> | <p>4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.</p> |
|---|--|

Wash My Sins Away.

Words and Music by Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

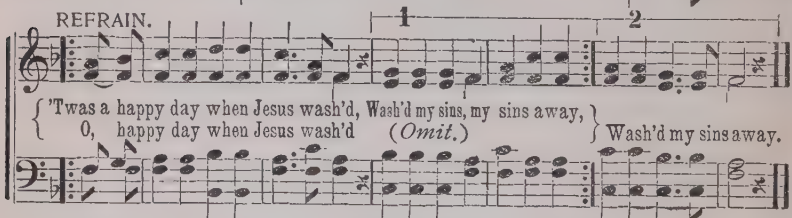


1. I once was on the road to woe, Wash my sins a-way,
 2. I made the choice and en-tered in, Wash my sins a-way,
 3. The Lord will give the hum-ble grace, Wash my sins a-way,
 4. I mean to wrestle and en-dure, Wash my sing a-way,



I turned be-fore I sank too low, Wash my sins a-way.
 I left be-hind my load of sin, Wash my sins a-way.
 And lead them to the high-est place, Wash my sins a-way.
 And make my own sal-va-tion sure, Wash my sins a-way.

REFRAIN.



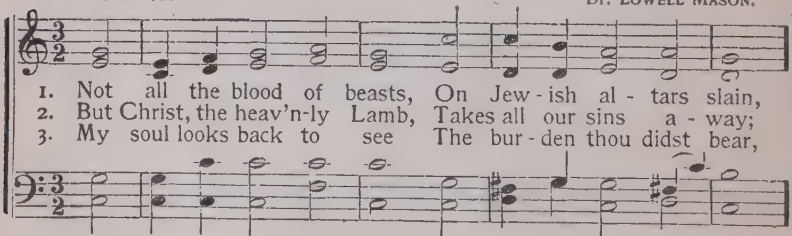
{ 'Twas a happy day when Jesus wash'd, Wash'd my sins, my sins away, }
 { O, happy day when Jesus wash'd (Omit.) } Wash'd my sins away.

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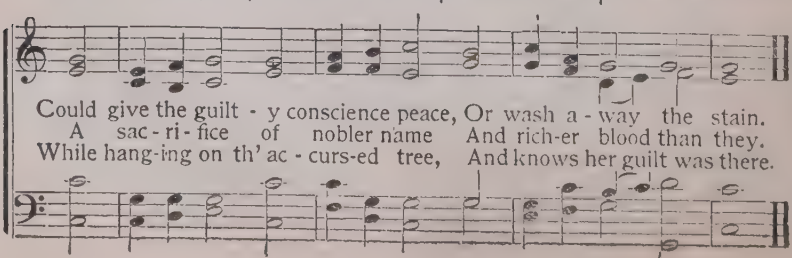
Not All the Blood,

ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al-tars slain,
 2. But Christ, the heav'n-ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way;
 3. My soul looks back to see The bur-den thou didst bear,

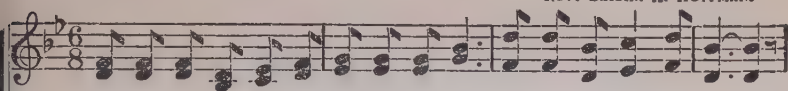


Could give the guilt-y conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
 A sac-ri-fice of nobler name And rich-er blood than they.
 While hang-ing on th'ac-curs-ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.

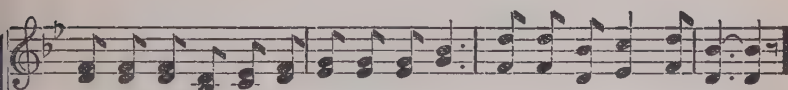
No. 106. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H.

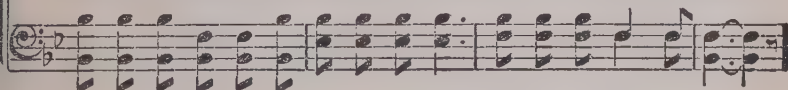
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



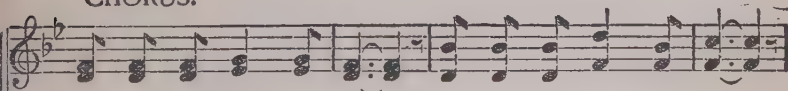
1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



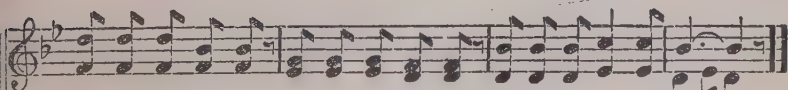
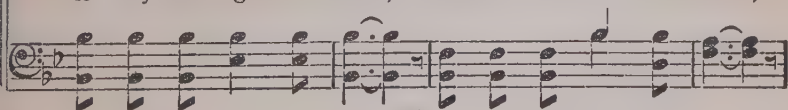
Countest thou all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O-ver all e - vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



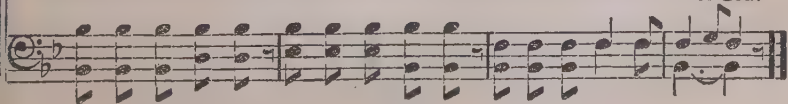
CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,

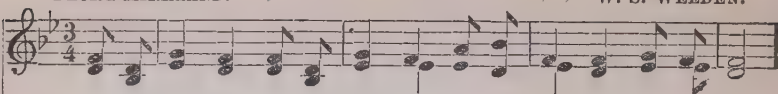


Cleansed and made holy, humble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?
 of God?

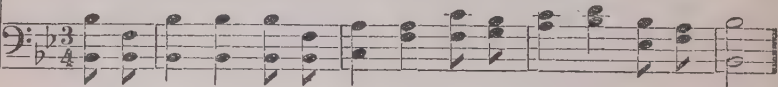


FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chos-en you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol-lowed, As they went where'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er-rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy footstool kneeling, We, Thy children, humbly wait;



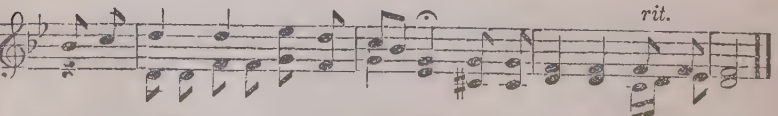
Does He tell you in com - mun-ion What He wish - es you to do?
 So to-day, we too, may fol-low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
 We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
 Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav-en's gate.



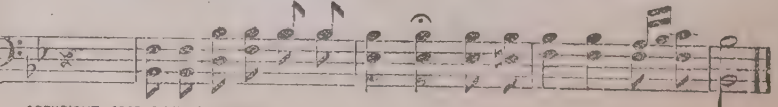
CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
 Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?



Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your All in all?
 Have you giv'n your

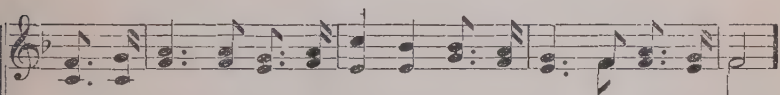
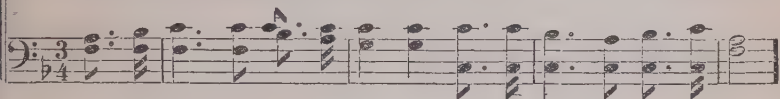


FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com-fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus. Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be,



But His love a-bid-eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same:
 With my Sav - ior watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll.
 Then throughout my pilgrim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, bright - er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.



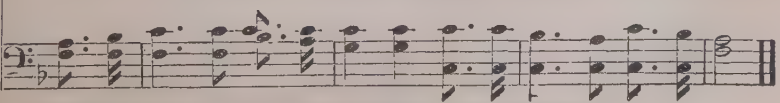
CHORUS.



Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!



Oh, the full - ness of re - demp - tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!



I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

Solo or Duet.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free-ly give; }
 { I will ev-er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai-ly live. }
 2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow; }
 { Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol-ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that thou art mine. }
 4. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame; }
 { O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to his name! }

CHORUS.

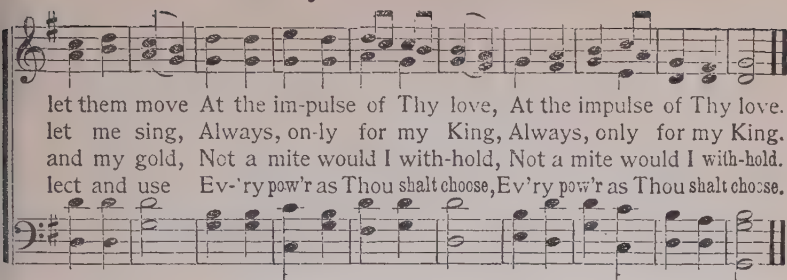
I sur-ren-der all I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 All to thee, my bless-ed Sav-ior, I sur-ren-der all.

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No. 110. Take My Life and Let It Be.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee; Take my voice and
 3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with messages from Thee; Take my sil-ver
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in-tel-

Take My Life and Let It Be.



let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the impulse of Thy love.
let me sing, Always, on-ly for my King, Always, only for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

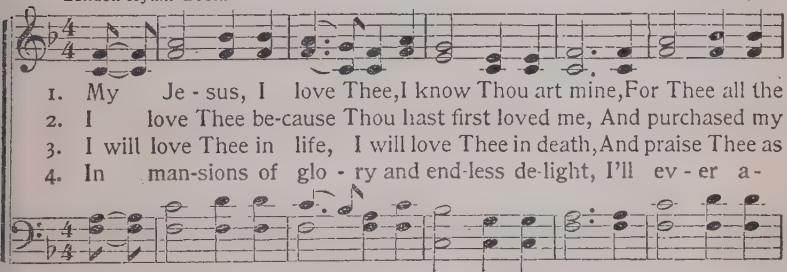
5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store,
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

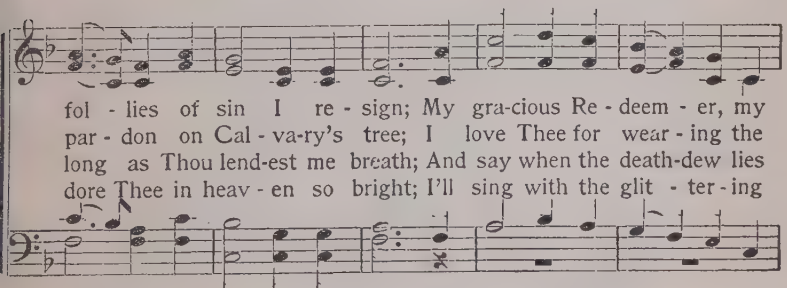
No. III. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

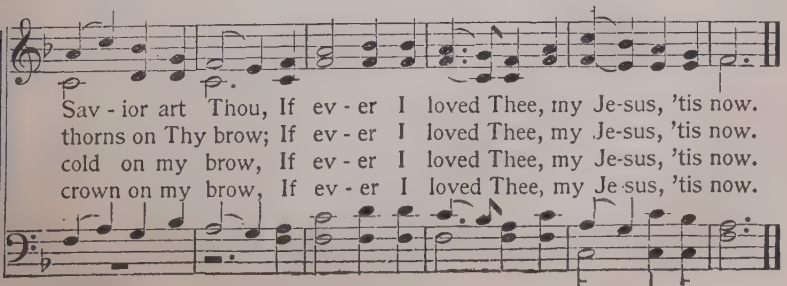
A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

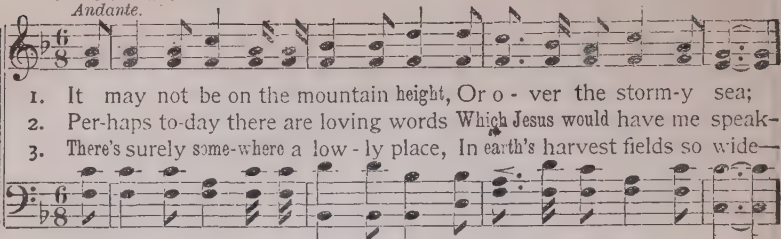


Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

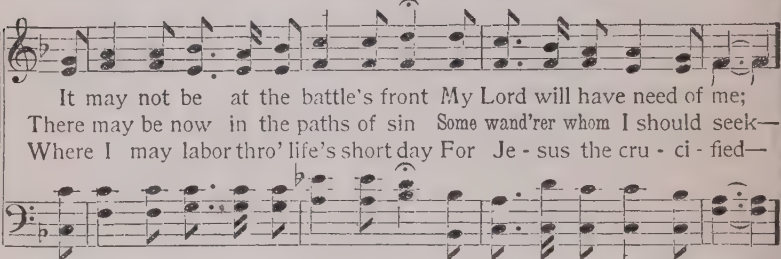
No. 112. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

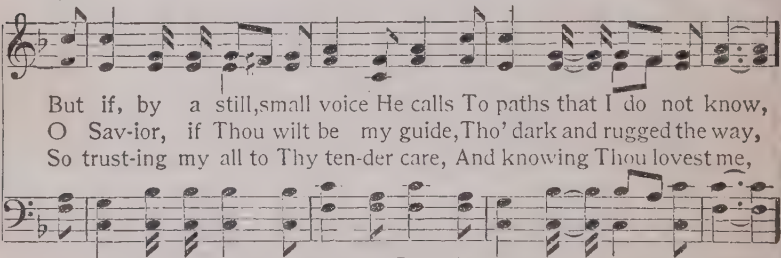
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



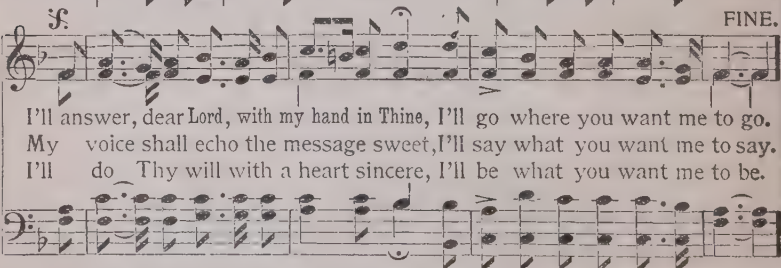
1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
 3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—



But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

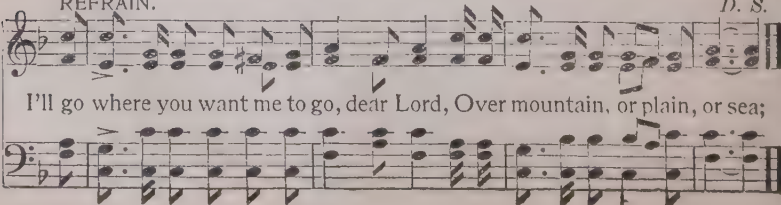


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.



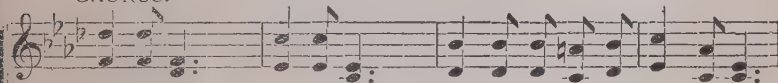
1. O Spir - it of the Living God, My heart Thy throne shalt be,
2. A life de - vot - ed to Thy will, De - pend - ing on Thy pow'r,
3. I've naught of good to of - fer Thee, Just take me as I am,



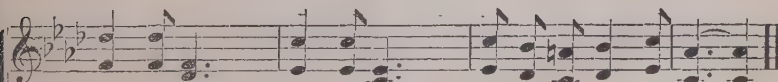
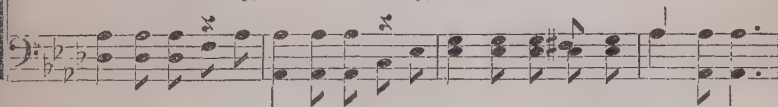
And ev - 'ry thing I have with-held, I glad-ly give to Thee.
 I crave far more than else be-side— Fill with Thyself this hour.
 And cleanse me by the precious blood Of Christ, the spotless Lamb.



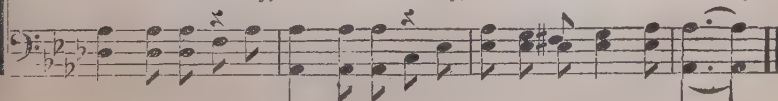
CHORUS.



Filled with Thee, Filled with Thee, Filled, oh, Spir-it of God with Thee,
 dai - ly, dai - ly,



Filled with Thee, Filled with Thee, Thine on-ly, Thine to be.
 dai - ly, dai - ly,

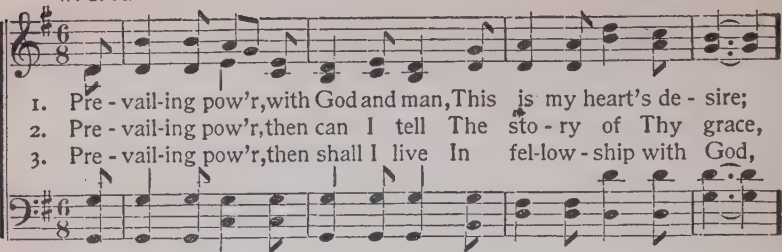


No. 114.

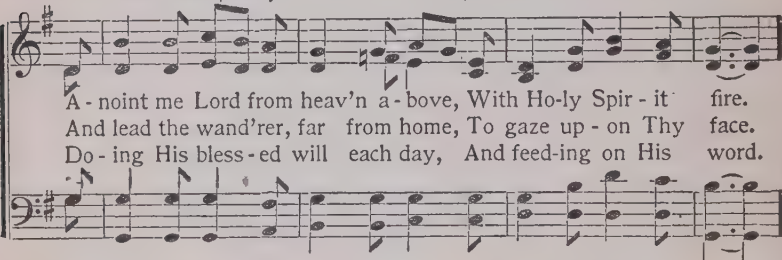
Prevailing Power,

W. S. M.

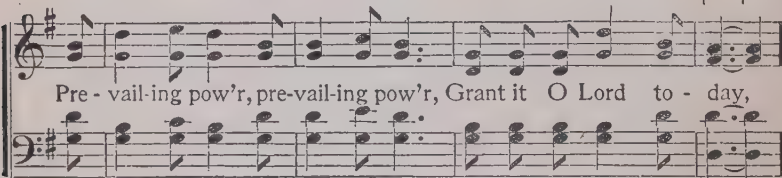
A. B. ROBINSON.



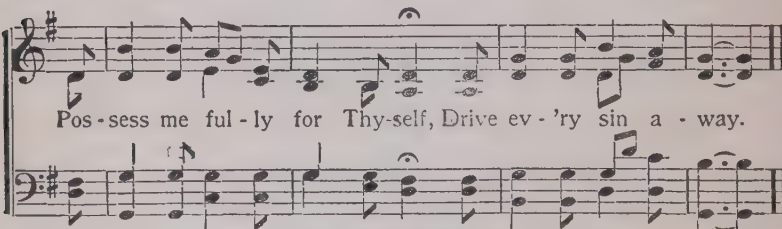
1. Pre - vail - ing pow'r, with God and man, This is my heart's de - sire;
2. Pre - vail - ing pow'r, then can I tell The sto - ry of Thy grace,
3. Pre - vail - ing pow'r, then shall I live In fel - low - ship with God,



A - noint me Lord from heav'n a - bove, With Ho - ly Spir - it fire.
And lead the wand'rer, far from home, To gaze up - on Thy face.
Do - ing His bless - ed will each day, And feed - ing on His word.



Pre - vail - ing pow'r, pre - vail - ing pow'r, Grant it O Lord to - day,



Pos - sess me ful - ly for Thy - self, Drive ev - 'ry sin a - way.

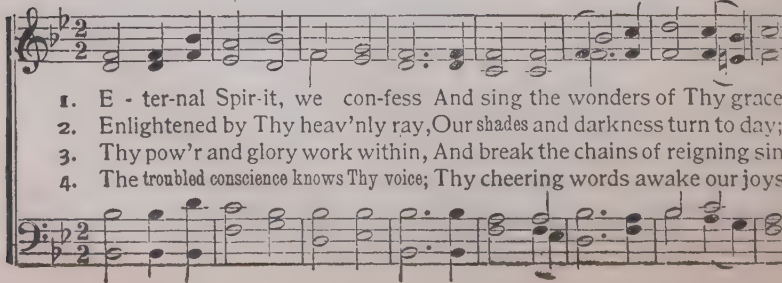
© COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. S. MARTIN. OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUB. CO., CHICAGO.

No. 115. Eternal Spirit, We Confess.

WATTS.

WARD. L. M.

L. MASON.

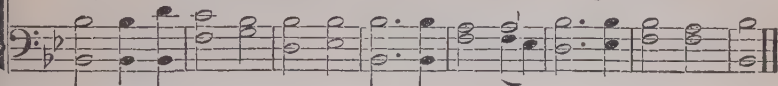


1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
2. Enlightened by Thy heav'nly ray, Our shades and darkness turn to day;
3. Thy pow'r and glory work within, And break the chains of reigning sin;
4. The troubled conscience knows Thy voice; Thy cheering words awake our joys;

Eternal Spirit, We Confess.

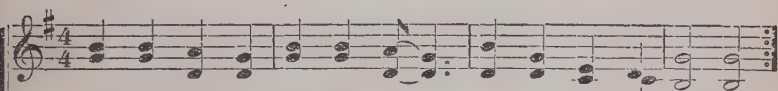


Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down From God the Father and the Son.
Thine inward teachings make us know Our danger, and our refuge too.
Do our im-per-ious lusts subdue, And form our wretched hearts a-new.
Thy words allay the stormy wind, And calm the sur-ges of the mind.

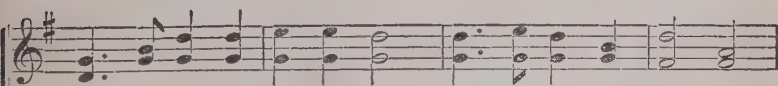


HOLY SPIRIT.

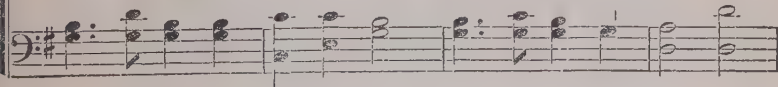
No. 116. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire,



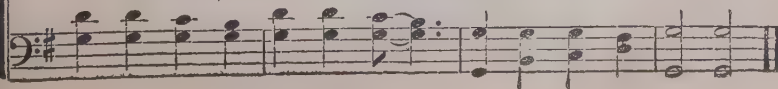
1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, low-ing, }
 { High-er still and ris-ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow-ing, }
2. { Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev-'ry bond is riv-en; }
 { Je-sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as heav-en; }
3. { Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to Je-sus! }
 { He hath bro't sal-va-tion nigh, From all sin He frees us. }



Life im-mor-tal I re-ceive— Oh, the won-drous sto-ry!
'Tis a glo-rious lib-er-ty— Oh, the won-drous sto-ry!
Let the gold-en harp of God Ring the won-drous sto-ry!



I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!
I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!
Let the pil-grim shout a-loud Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!



HOLY SPIRIT.

No. 117. Open My Eyes That I May See.

C. H. S.

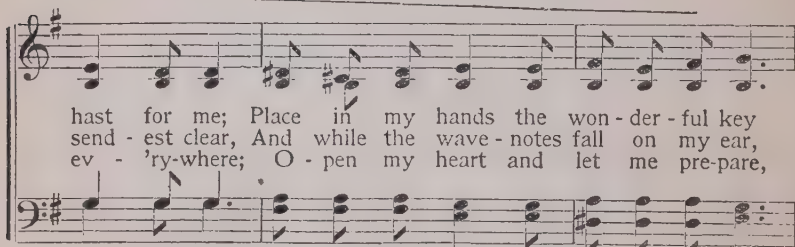
Psalm 119:18.

CLARA H. SCOTT.

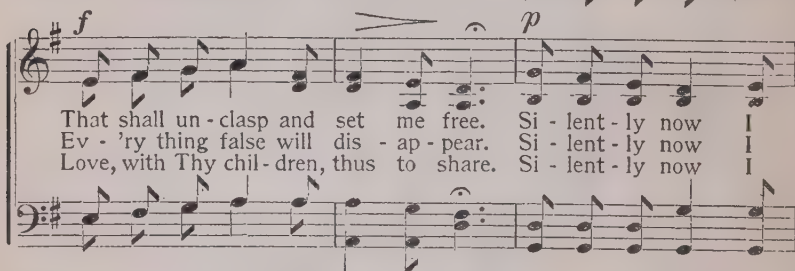
Gently and reverently.



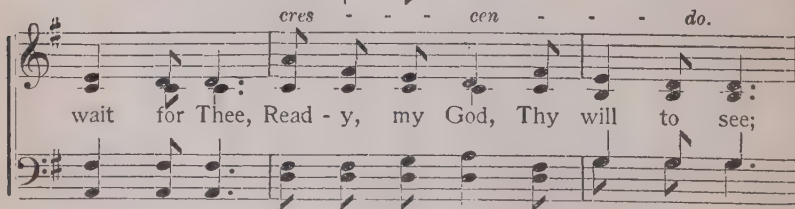
1. O - pen my eyes that I may see Glimps-es of Truth Thou
 2. O - pen my ears that I may hear Voic - es of Truth Thou
 3. O - pen my mouth and let me bear Glad - ly the warm Truth



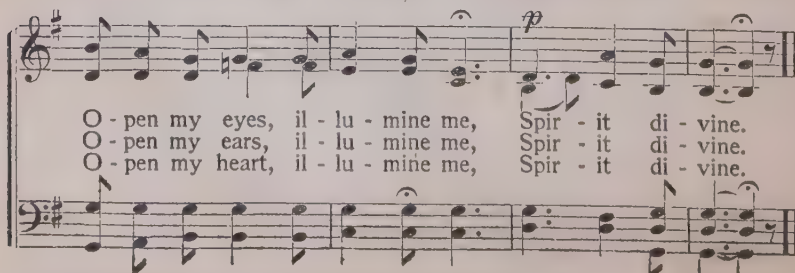
hast for me; Place in my hands the won - der - ful key
 send - est clear, And while the wave - notes fall on my ear,
 ev - 'ry-where; O - pen my heart and let me pre-pare,



f That shall un - clasp and set me free. *p* Si - lent - ly now I
 Ev - 'ry thing false will dis - ap - pear. Si - lent - ly now I
 Love, with Thy chil - dren, thus to share. Si - lent - ly now I



cres - - - *cen* - - - *do*.
 wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;



p O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.
 O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.
 O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.

HOLY SPIRIT.

No. 118. Holy Ghost! with Light Divine,

A. REED.

MERCY. 7s.

E. P. PARKER. Arr.

1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir-it! all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign alone.

The musical score continues with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

HOLY SPIRIT.

No. 119.

Old Time Power.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev 'ry one.

The musical score continues with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

No. 120. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.
FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }

D. C. - *Whisp'ring softly, "wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home!"*

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear.
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."</p> | <p>3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, "wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."</p> |
|--|--|

No. 121.

Come Holy Spirit.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kindle a

flame of heav'nly love In these cold hearts of ours; In these cold hearts of ours.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?</p> | <p>3 Come, Holy Spirit. Heavenly Dove!
 With all Thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.</p> |
|--|--|

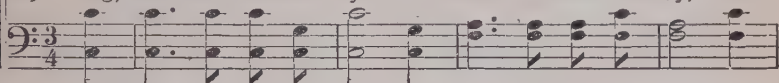
No. 122. The Comforter Has Come.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, spread the ti-dings 'round, where ev - er man is found, Where
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. Oh, bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And



F.

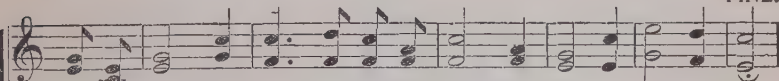


ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woe a - bound; Let ev - 'ry
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine—That I, a
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of

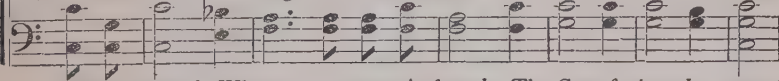


D. S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, the Fa - ther's promise giv'n; O spread the

FINE.



Christian tongue proclaim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
gold - en hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
va - cant cells the song of triumph rings: The Com-fort-er has come!
child of hell, should in His im - age shine? The Com-fort-er has come!
end - less love the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort-er has come!



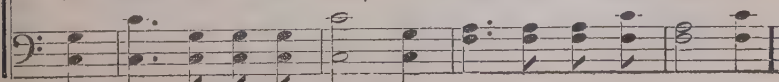
ti-dings round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!

CHORUS.

D. S.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



Stepping in the Light.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to
 2. Press - ing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are
 3. Walking in foot - steps of gen - tle for - bear - ance, Foot - steps of
 4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up - ward, still

fol - low our Savior and King; Shaping our lives by His bless - ed ex -
 tem - pted to turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de -
 faithfulness, mercy, and love, Looking to Him for the grace free - ly
 upward we'll follow our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His

CHORUS.

am - ple, Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
 fend us, Happy, how hap - py, our praises each day. How beautiful to
 promised, Happy, how hap - py, our jour - ney a - bove.
 beauty," Happy, how hap - py, our place at His side.

walk in the steps of the Savior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light;

How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Savior, Led in paths of light.

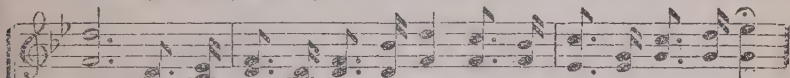
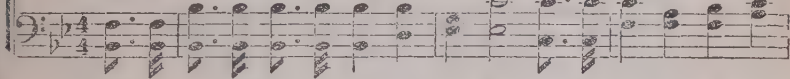
Living in the Sunshine.

W. D. H.

W. D. HART.



1. Are you liv-ing in the bless-ed sun-shine? Are you trusting all the
2. Are you walk-ing in the bless-ed sun-shine? Is it streaming on your
3. Are you work-ing in the bless-ed sun-shine? Building for e - ter - ni-
4. Help as best you can to send the sun-shine; What a blessing that you



way? Is your life one hap-py song, With a faith and courage strong?
 way? Do you let its rays di-vine In your life and actions shine?
 ty? Do you do the kind-ly deed For a broth-er when in need?
 may In-to lives both dark and drear, Send the sunshine of good cheer;

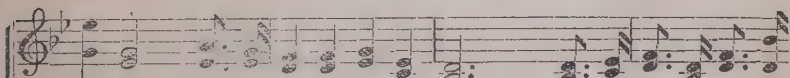
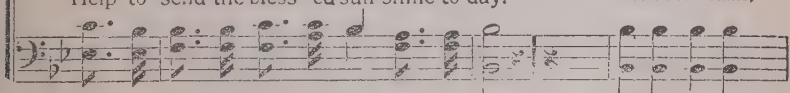


CHORUS.

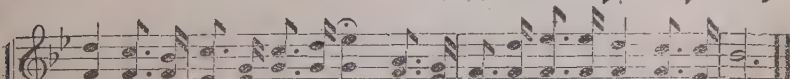


Are you liv-ing in the sun-shine to-day? Bless-ed sunshine, blessed
 Are you walk-ing in the sun-shine to-day?
 Are you work-ing in the sun-shine to-day?
 Help to send the bless-ed sun-shine to-day?

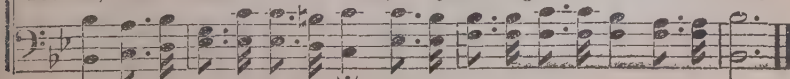
Bless-ed sun-shine,



sun-shine. How it cheers us on our way! In what full-ness it a-
 bless-ed sun-shine, How it cheers us on our way!



bounds; There is sunshine all around; Are you living in the sunshine to-day?



LIVING

No. 125.

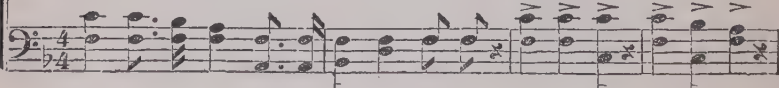
No, Not One!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.
Slow, and with feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this Friend forsake Him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!



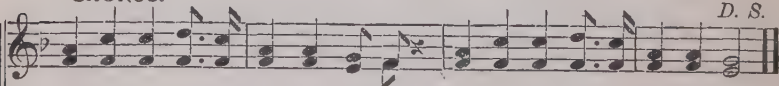
None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that He would not take him, No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re-fuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!



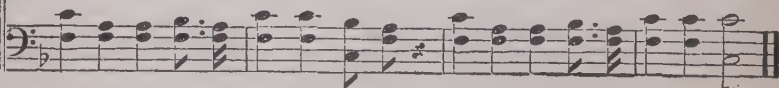
D. S.—There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. S.



Jesus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;



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LIVING.

No. 126.

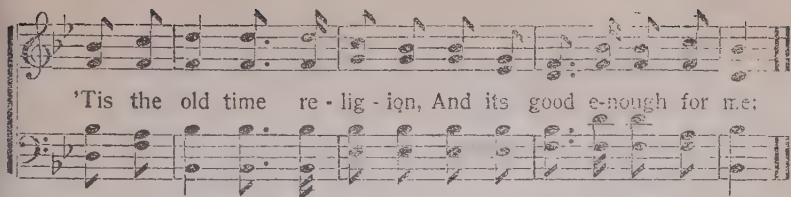
The Old Time Religion.



'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
 It was good enough for moth-er, It was good enough for fa-ther,



The Old Time Religion.

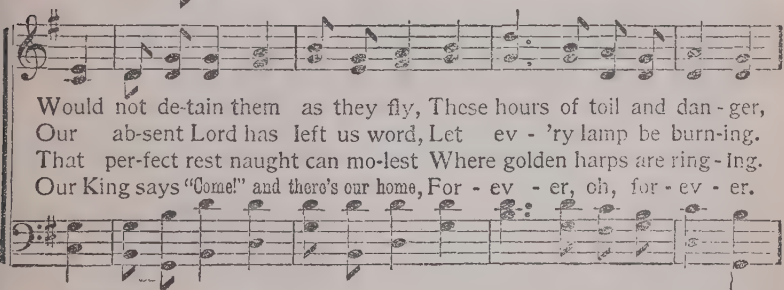
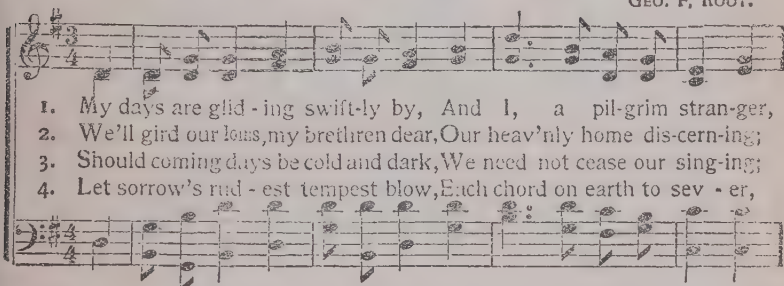


- 2 Makes us love every body. 4 'Twill be good when you are dying.
3 Makes us love the good old Bible. 5 It will take you home to glory.

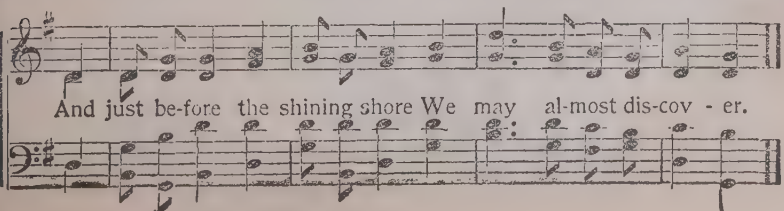
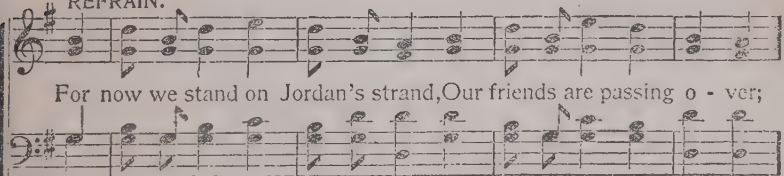
LIVING.

No. 127. My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By.

GEO. F. ROOT.



REFRAIN.



He is Caring for Me.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. There's nev - er a path-way so lone - ly, But Je - sus will
 2. No dark - ness e'er fall - eth a - round us, But Je - sus hath
 3. O take with re - joic - ing the prom - ise, "He car - eth, he

brighten and cheer; For "Lo," He hath said, "I am with thee," No
 pow'r to dis - pel; He part - eth the clouds with His glo - ry, That
 car - eth for thee!" O leave all thy bur - dens to Je - sus, And

CHORUS.

cry that His love doth not hear. . . . He is car - ing for
 safe - ly in Him we may dwell. . . . He
 sing, "He is car - ing for me!" . . . He is

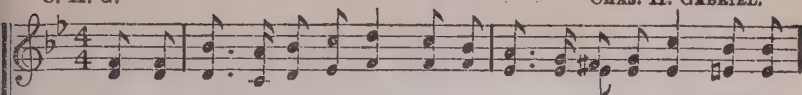
me, . . . He is car - ing for me; . . . I have not a
 car - ing for me, He is car - ing for me;

care that He doth not share, Since He is car - ing for me. . . .
 car - ing for me.

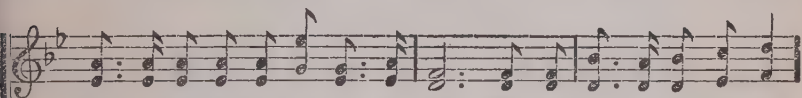
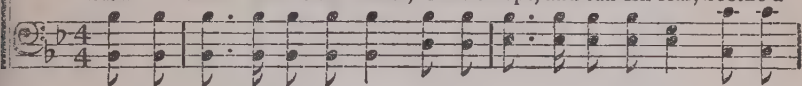
No. 129. Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

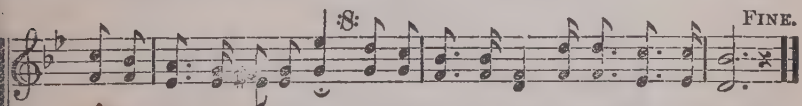
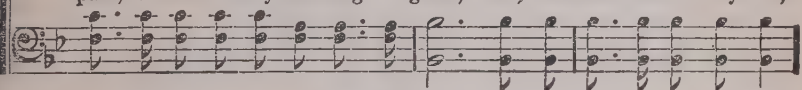
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



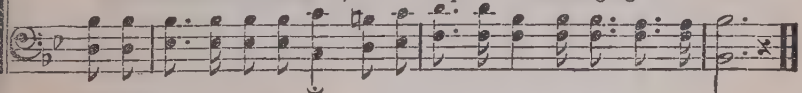
1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y burden share, With a
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con-trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



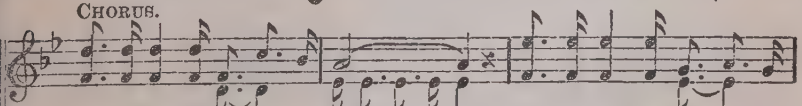
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



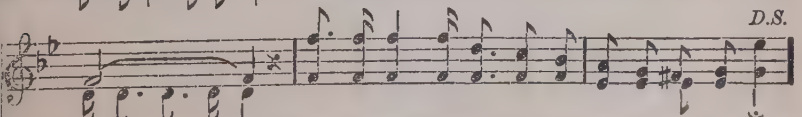
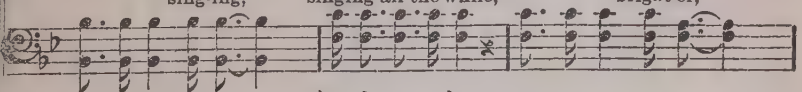
We ha-lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cher and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we travel thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.



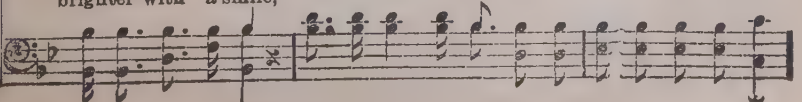
CHORUS.



Keep your heart singing all the while,..... Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; brighter,

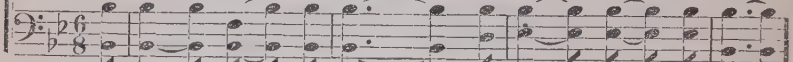


smile,..... Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

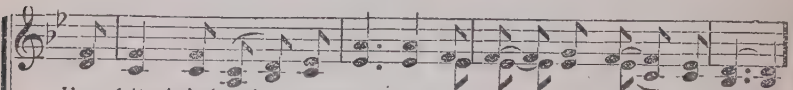




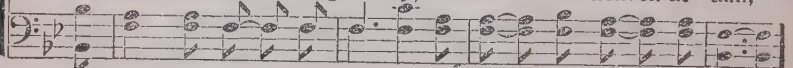
1. I've seen the light'ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced His side;
5. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,



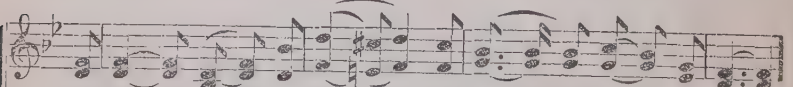
CHO.— *γ* No, nev - er a - lone, *γ* No, nev - er a - lone;



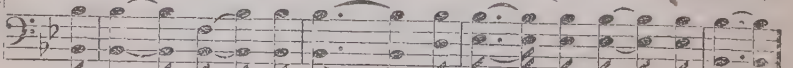
I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, *γ* Try - ing to con - quer my soul;
 I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
 My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
 For me He opened that fount - ain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;
 And when He reigns in glo - ry, And I to heaven at - tain;



He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.



I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior Tell - ing me still to fight on;
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
 My feet, en - tan - gled with bri - ers Read - y to cast me down,
 For me He's wait - ing in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne;
 I shall, in that dear coun - try, Be num - bered with His own;

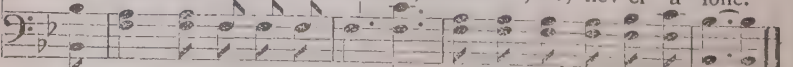


γ No, nev - er a - lone, *γ* No, nev - er a - lone;

D. C. for chorus.



He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 My Sav - ior whispers His promise; Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 And live with Him for - ev - er, Nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone.



He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

Launch Out.

A. B. SIMPSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
 2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And
 3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
 4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the

bound-less and fath-om-less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a -
 gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
 lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat
 floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the

way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
 depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
 o - ver the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more.
 mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.

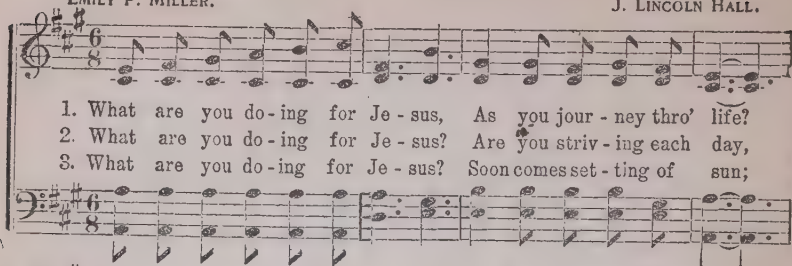
Launch out..... in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line
 Oh, launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean divine, Out where the full tides flow.

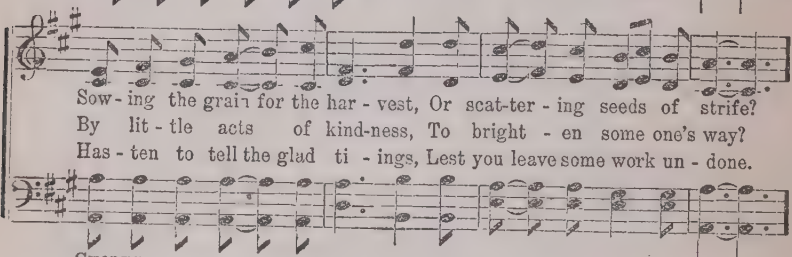
No. 132. What Are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

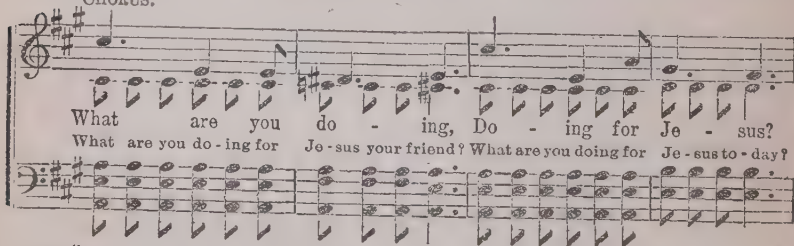


1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, As you jour - ney thro' life?
 2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you striv - ing each day,
 3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Soon comes set - ting of sun;

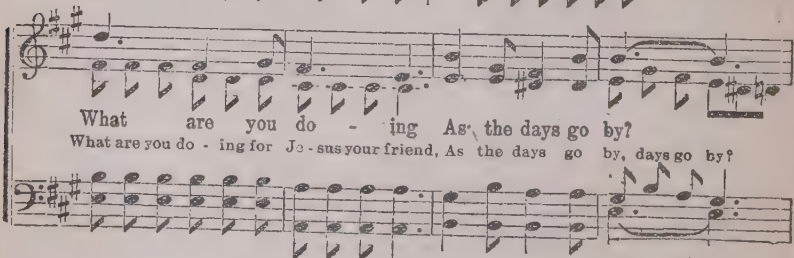


Sow - ing the grain for the har - vest, Or scat - ter - ing seeds of strife?
 By lit - tle acts of kind - ness, To bright - en some one's way?
 Has - ten to tell the glad ti - ings, Lest you leave some work un - done.

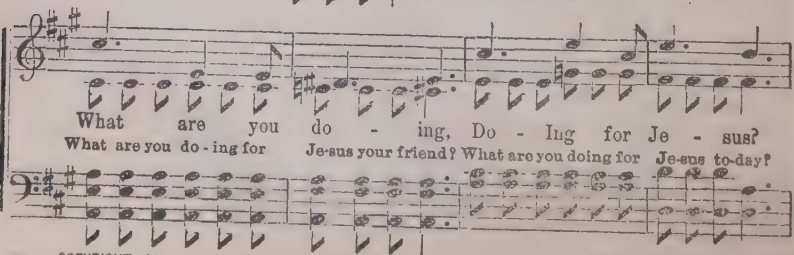
CHORUS.



What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you doing for Je - sus to - day?



What are you do - ing As the days go by?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?



What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you doing for Je - sus to - day?

What are You Doing for Jesus?

What are you do - ing As the days go by?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend, days go by?

WORK:

No. 133. Work for the Night Is Coming:

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work, thro' the morn-ing hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work, 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
 d. s. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work, in the glow-ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming;
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

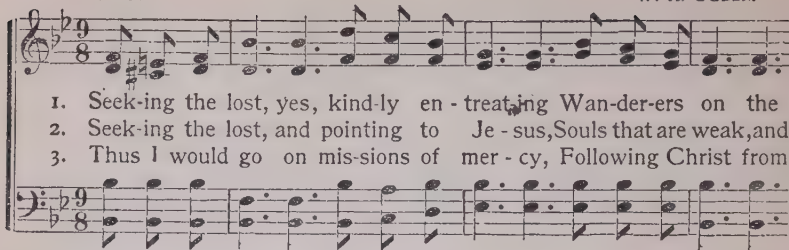
3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

No. 134.

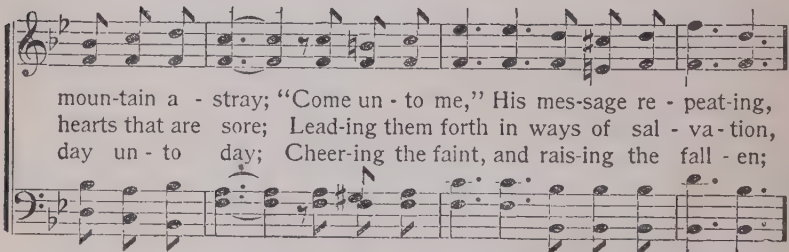
Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

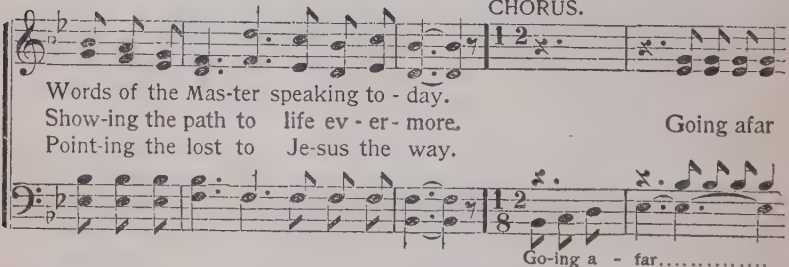


1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en - treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the
 2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and
 3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Following Christ from



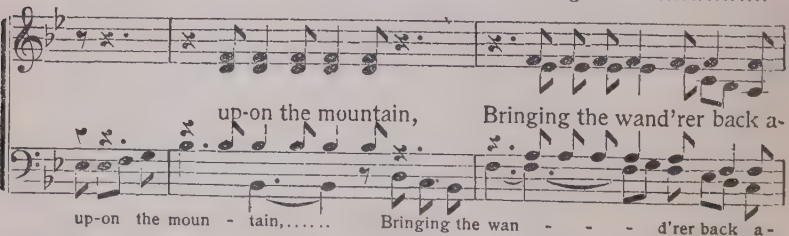
moun-tain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re - peat-ing,
 hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion,
 day un - to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en;

CHORUS.

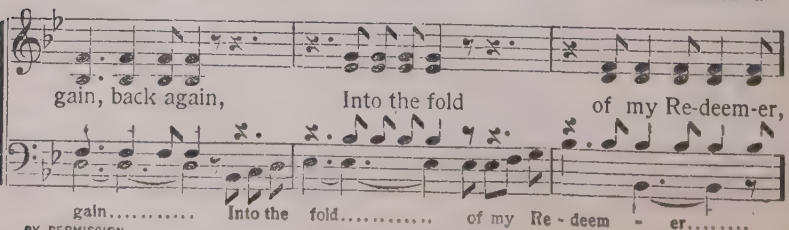


Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to - day.
 Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more. Going afar
 Point-ing the lost to Je-sus the way.

Go-ing a - far.....



up-on the moun-tain, Bring-ing the wand'r-er back a -
 up-on the moun - tain,..... Bring-ing the wan - - - d'r-er back a -



gain, back again, Into the fold of my Re-deem-er,
 gain..... Into the fold..... of my Re - deem - er.....

Seeking the Lost.

Je-sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sinners slain.

Je-sus, the Lamb..... for sin - ners slain.....

WORK.

No. 135. Bringing in the Sheaves.

GEO. A. INOR.

1. { Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, *Omit.* . . .

2. { Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither
By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed, *Omit.*

3. { Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, *Omit.*

noon-tide and the dewy eves; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
tained our spirit often grieves; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

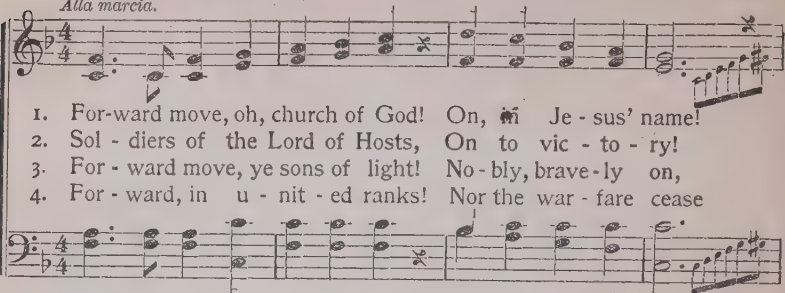
CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
After Repeat D. S. to Fine.

No. 136. Forward, Church of God!

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Alla marcía.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.



1. For-ward move, oh, church of God! On, *in* Je - sus' name!
2. Sol - diers of the Lord of Hosts, On to vic - to - ry!
3. For - ward move, ye sons of light! No - bly, brave - ly on,
4. For - ward, in u - nit - ed ranks! Nor the war - fare cease

CHORUS.

The Mes - si - ah's kingdom to The world pro - claim.
All this wide, wide world for Christ Must con - quered be. Your Captain,
Till the kingdoms of this world For Christ are won!
Till He to His kingdom come, And reign in peace.

Sop. & 1st & 2d Alto.

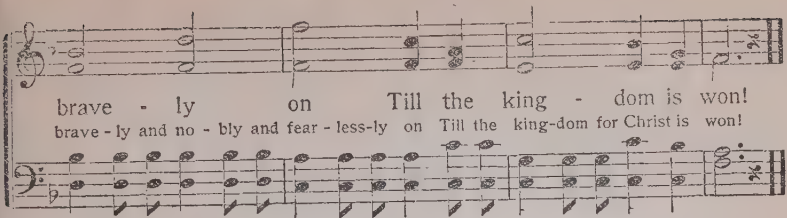
robed in grace and beau - ty, Calls to faith and du - ty,
robed in roy - al grace and beau - ty, Call - eth all to faith and du - ty

Bids you for - ward go, To bat - tle with the foe; He will your
for - ward go,

guide and lead - er be, And give the vic - to - ry; Then
guide and faith - ful lead - er be, And give the glo - rious vic - to - ry; Then

* Tenor may sing first Alto part with good effect instead of female voices.

Forward, Church of God!



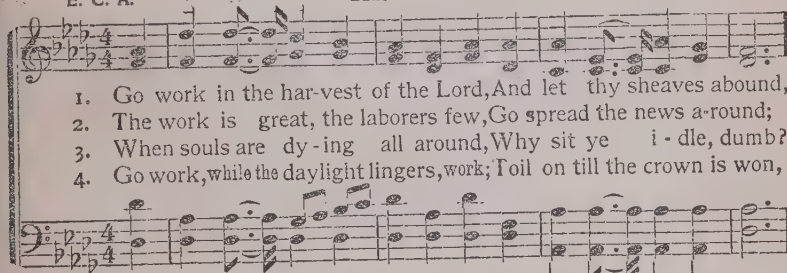
brave - ly on Till the king - dom is won!
brave - ly and no - bly and fear - less - ly on Till the king - dom for Christ is won!

No. 137. Work Till the Sun Goes Down.

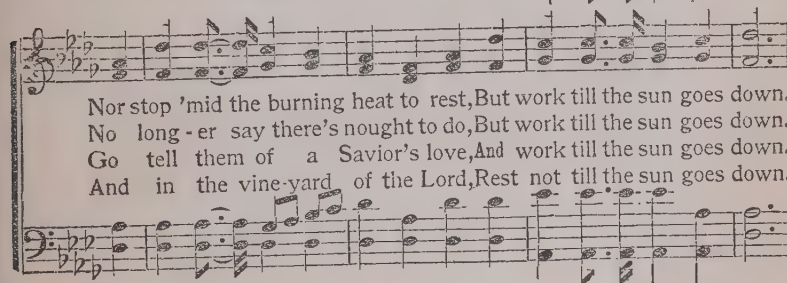
E. C. A.

Luke 10:2.

E. C. Avis.

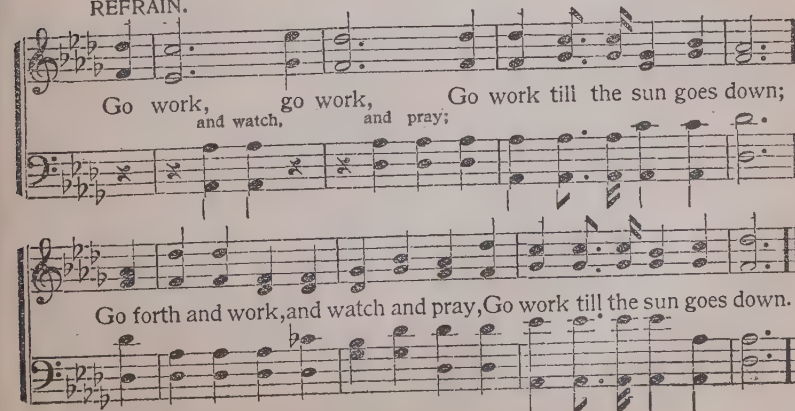


1. Go work in the har-vest of the Lord, And let thy sheaves abound,
2. The work is great, the laborers few, Go spread the news a-round;
3. When souls are dy-ing all around, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
4. Go work, while the daylight lingers, work; Toil on till the crown is won,



Nor stop 'mid the burning heat to rest, But work till the sun goes down.
No long - er say there's nought to do, But work till the sun goes down.
Go tell them of a Savior's love, And work till the sun goes down.
And in the vine-yard of the Lord, Rest not till the sun goes down.

REFRAIN.



Go work, and watch, go work, and pray; Go work till the sun goes down;

Go forth and work, and watch and pray, Go work till the sun goes down.

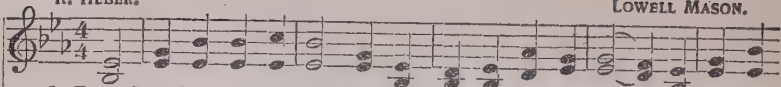
WORK.

No. 138.

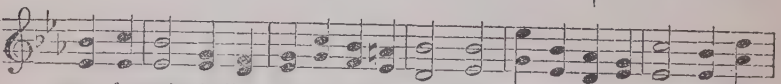
R. HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

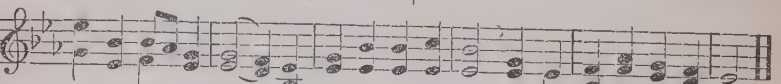
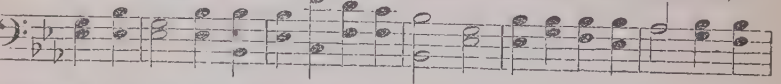
LOWELL MASON.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Afric's
2. What tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle - Tho' ev - 'ry
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wis - dom, from on high - Shall we, to
4. Waft - fast, ye winds, His sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a



sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From
pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile! In vain, with lavish kindness, The
man be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O, sal - va - tion! The
sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole; Till, o'er our ransomed nature, The



many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strewn; The heathen, in their blindness, Bow down to wood and stone.
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb, for sin - ner's slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss returns to reign.



WORK.

No. 139.

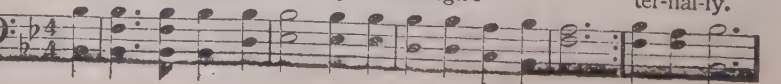
Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

Tune:—WEBB, 7, 6.

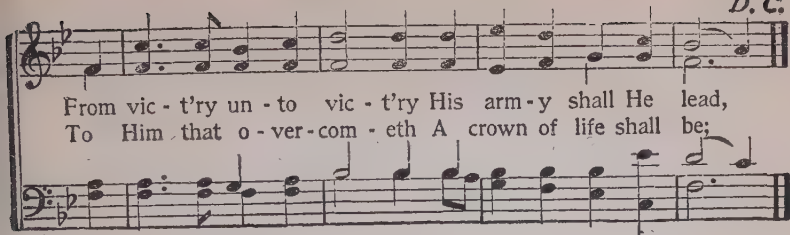


1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soidiers of the cross; }
 { Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not Omit. . } suf - fer loss;
 D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; }
 { This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the Omit. . } victor's song;
 D. C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



Stand Up for Jesus.

D. C.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
To Him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

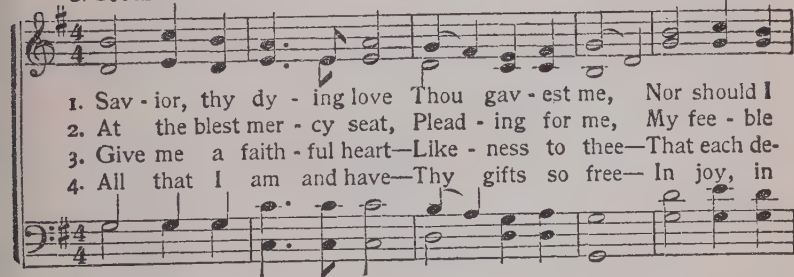
WORK.

No. 140,

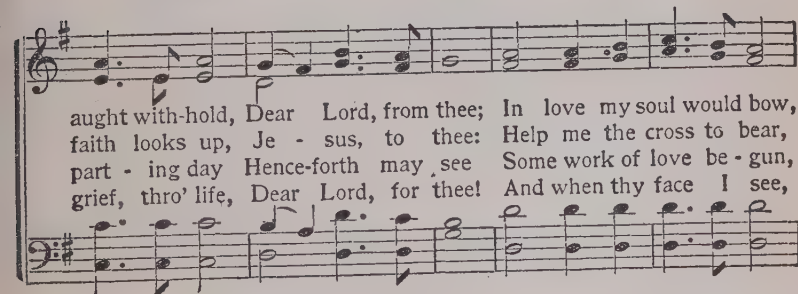
Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS.

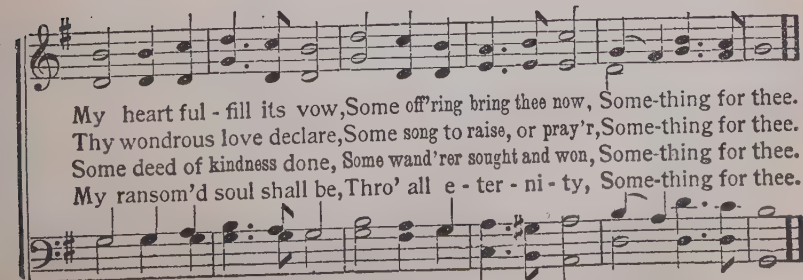
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Sav - ior, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like - ness to thee—That each de-
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in



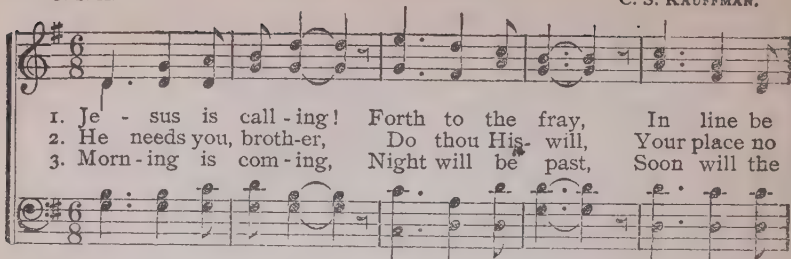
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for thee! And when thy face I see,



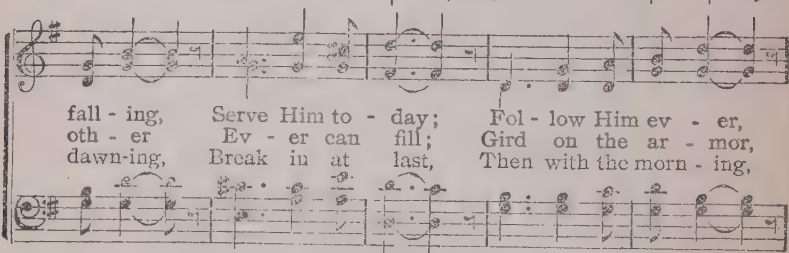
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring thee now, Some-thing for thee.
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'r'er sought and won, Some-thing for thee.
My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for thee.

On to Victory.

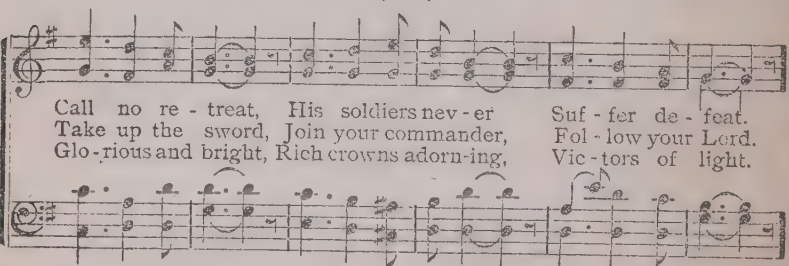
C. S. KAUFFMAN.



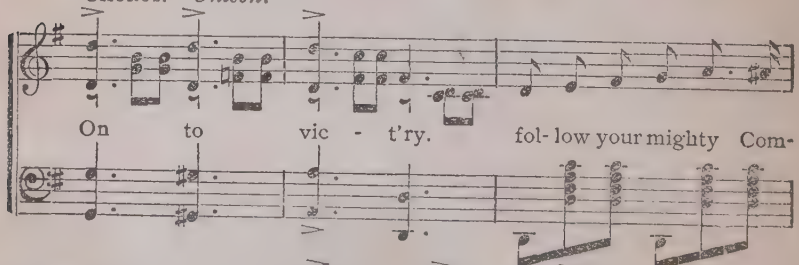
1. Je - sus is call - ing! Forth to the fray, In line be
 2. He needs you, broth - er, Do thou His - will, Your place no
 3. Morn - ing is com - ing, Night will be past, Soon will the



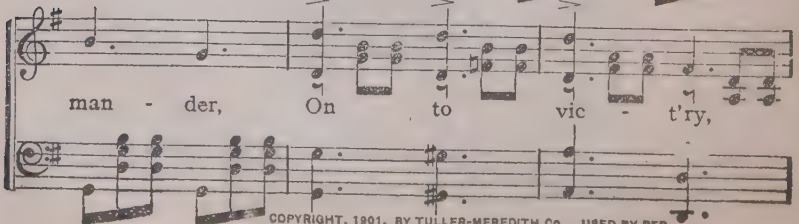
fall - ing, Serve Him to - day; Fol - low Him ev - er,
 oth - er, Ev - er can fill; Gird on the ar - mor,
 dawn - ing, Break in at last, Then with the morn - ing,



Call no re - treat, His soldiers nev - er Suf - fer de - feat.
 Take up the sword, Join your commander, Fol - low your Lord.
 Glo - rious and bright, Rich crowns adorn - ing, Vic - tors of light.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


On to vic - t'ry. fol - low your mighty Com -



man - der, On to vic - t'ry,

On to Victory.

fol - low where Jesus may go;..... On to

vic - t'ry, close to your shield and de - fend - er;

On to vic - t'ry, conquering ev-'ry foe....

Boylston. S. M.

No. 142. Tune above.

- 1 A charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 143. Tune above.

- 1 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 144. One More Day's Work For Jesus

ANNA WARNER

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
 4. One more day's work for Je - sus— Oh, yes, a wea - ry
 5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus'

me! But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes-
 King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak his beau - ty, My soul
 been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's
 day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes near - er, At each
 feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treas - ure, And pain

ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
 mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
 flock en - ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine.
 step of the way; And Christ in all— Be - fore his face I fall.
 for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

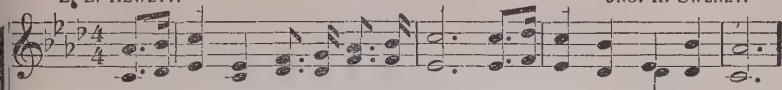
CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,

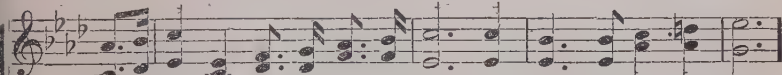
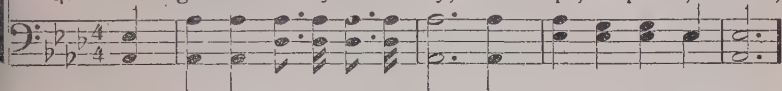
One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

E. E. HEWETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - shine, Bless - ed sun - shine,
 sun - shine in the soul, sun - shine in the soul,



While the peace - ful, hap - py moments roll; When
 hap - py mo - ments roll;



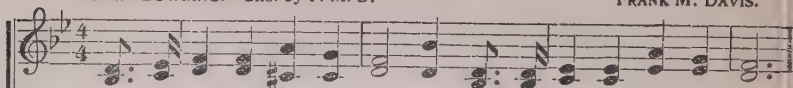
Je - sus shows His smil - ing face There is sunshine in the soul.



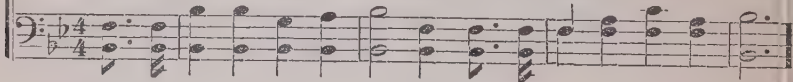

Clinging to the Cross.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Cho. by F. M. D.

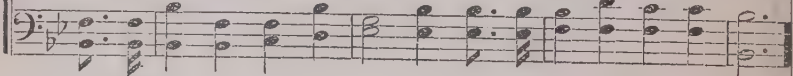
FRANK M. DAVIS.




1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on the way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



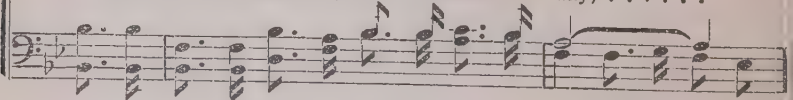
CHORUS.



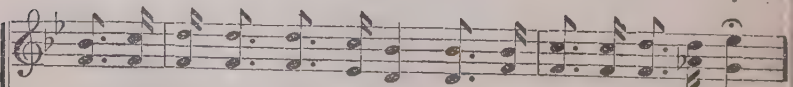
I am cling - ing to the cross, I shall nev - er suf - fer loss,


It's my com - fort and my serv - ice all the day,



hal - le - lu - jah!



I am cling - ing to the cross, I shall nev - er suf - fer loss,



Clinging to the Cross.

While I jour - ney on the high and roy - al way.

No. 147. Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. { Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev - er to

2. { Shun e - vil com-pan-ions; Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to

3. { To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will renew; Look ev - er to

1 2 CHORUS.

help you Some other to win. }
Je - sus, (*Omit.*) } He'll carry you thro'.

rev'rence, Nor take it in vain. } Ask the Savior to help you,
Je - sus, (*Omit.*) } He'll carry you thro'.

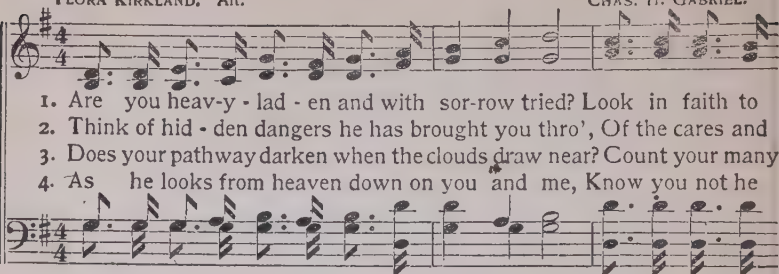
con-quer, Tho' often cast down. }
Je - sus, (*Omit.*) } He'll carry you thro'.

Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.

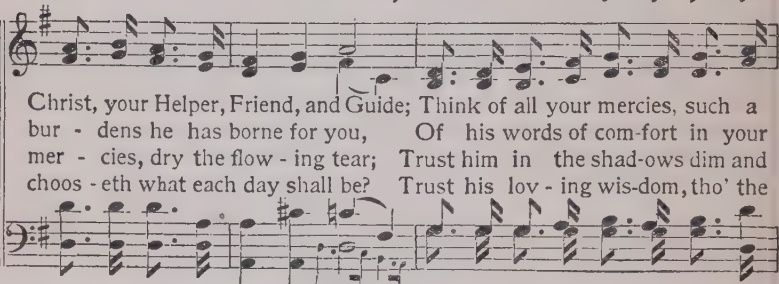
Count Your Mercies.

FLORA KIRKLAND, Alt.

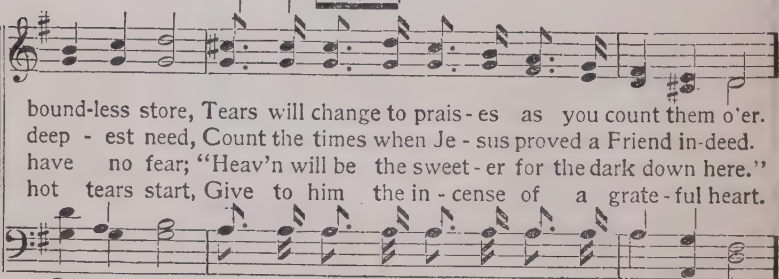
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Are you heav-y - lad - en and with sor-row tried? Look in faith to
 2. Think of hid - den dangers he has brought you thro', Of the cares and
 3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your many
 4. As he looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not he

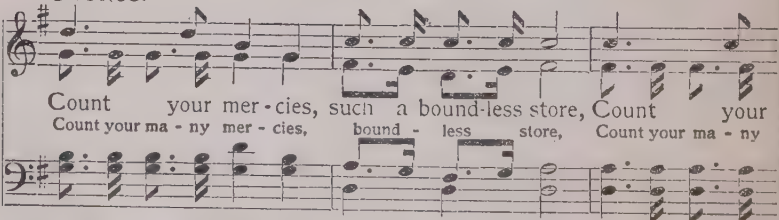


Christ, your Helper, Friend, and Guide; Think of all your mercies, such a
 bur - dens he has borne for you, Of his words of com-fort in your
 mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust him in the shad-ows dim and
 choos - eth what each day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the

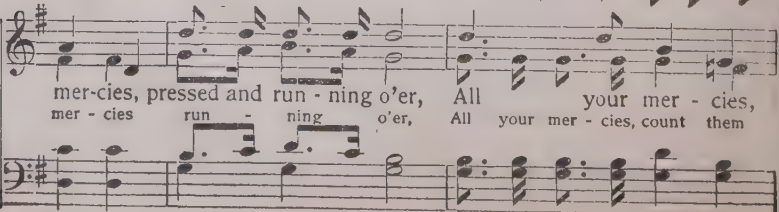


bound-less store, Tears will change to prais-es as you count them o'er.
 deep - est need, Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in-deed.
 have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet-er for the dark down here."
 hot tears start, Give to him the in - cense of a grate-ful heart.

CHORUS.



Count your mer - cies, such a bound-less store, Count your
 Count your ma - ny mer - cies, bound - less store, Count your ma - ny



mer-cies, pressed and run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies,
 mer - cies run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies, count them

Count Your Mercies.

count them, o'er and o'er, Lost in love and won-der at the boundless store.
o'er and o'er,

EXPERIENCE.

No. 149. Happy in the Love of Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Home to Zi-on we are bound, Hap-py in the love of Je-sus,
2. Trust-ing we will for-ward go, Hap-py in the love of Je-sus,
3. We will sing sal-va-tion's song, Hap-py in the love of Je-sus,
4. Soon we'll reach the home-land fair, Hap-py in the love of Je-sus,

Peace a-bid-ing we have found, Hap-py in the love of Je-sus.
Tread-ing change-ful paths be-low, Hap-py in the love of Je-sus.
All our earth-ly way a-long, Hap-py in the love of Je-sus.
And shall dwell for-ev-er there, Hap-py in the love of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

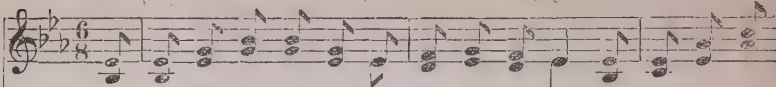
Hap-py, hap-py, Sing-ing all the way, Hap-py all the day;

Hap-py, hap-py, Hay-py in the love of Je-sus.

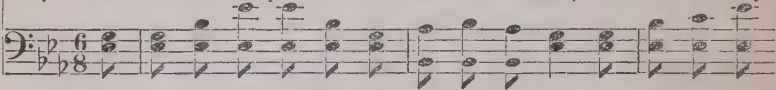
No. 150. His Love, It is Heaven.

E. A. H.

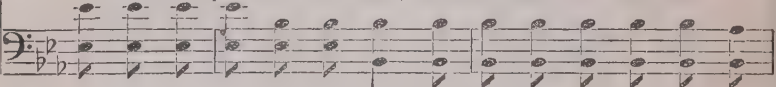
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. God's love! It is sweet-er than hon-ey to me; It rolls o'er my
2. God's love! How it burns like a fire in my soul, Complete in its
3. God's love! Is there love on the earth here be-low, So like it to
4. God's love is the pur-est and sweetest and best; With-out it my



soul like the waves of the sea, And calm-er and hap-pier no
cleansing, re - stor-ing me whole, And wak-ing e - mo-tions be -
make the heart won-drous-ly glow, And cleanse it and make it as
soul would be poor and un-blest, But with it I'm conscious of



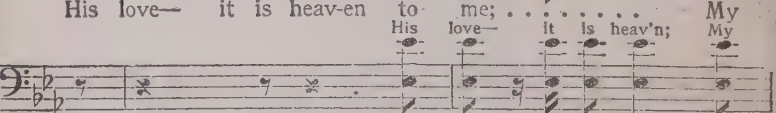
mor-tal could be; His love, it is heav-en to me.
yond my con-trol! His love, it is heav-en to me.
pure as the snow? His love, it is heav-en to me.
peace and of rest; His love, it is heav-en to me.



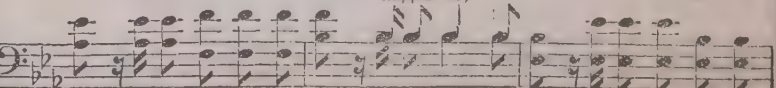
CHORUS.



His love— it is heav-en to me; My
His love— it is heav'n; My



soul could not hap-pi-er be; His love is the holiest, the
happier be;



His Love, It is Heaven.

rit.

sweet-est and best; His love, it is heav-en to me.

EXPERIENCE.

No. 151. He Rolled the Sea Away.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When Is-ra-el out of bond-age came, A sea be-fore them lay;
 2. Be-fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
 3. When sorrows dark, like stormy waves, Were dashing o'er my way;
 4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need-ed grace, I'll pray;

The Lord reached out His mighty hand, And rolled the sea a-way.
 My heart's de-sire the Sav-ior read, And rolled the sea a-way.
 A-gain the Lord in mer-cy came, And rolled the sea a-way.
 I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a-way.

CHORUS.

Then forward still, 'tis Jehovah's will, 'Tho' the billows dash and spray;

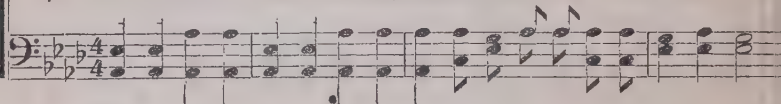
With a conquering tread we will push a-head, He'll roll the sea a-way.

E. C. GREEN. Rewritten.

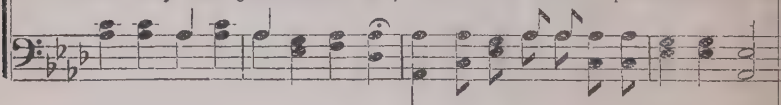
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



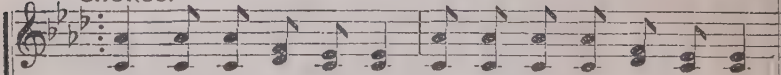
1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near
3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour
4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love



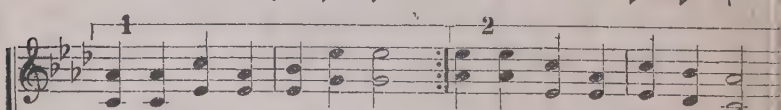
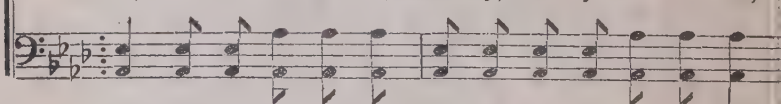
Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He!
 Free-ly now His grace be-stow-ing, Je-sus is growing unto me more dear
 When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Je-sus ev-'ry ransomed pow'r
 How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints above



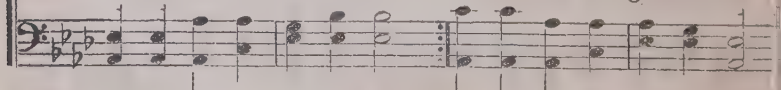
CHORUS.



Oh, it is won-der-ful, ver-y, ver-y won-der-ful,



All His grace so rich and free! }
 (Omit.) } All His love and grace to me!



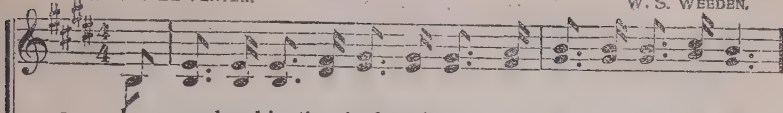
BY PER. OF HENRY DATE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

5 As I think of all, I marvel
 Why in such patience He my good
 has sought,
 And bestowed His grace upon me,
 And in my spirit such a change
 has wrought.

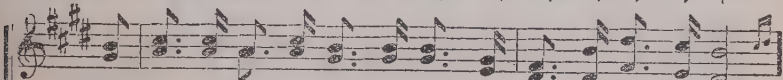
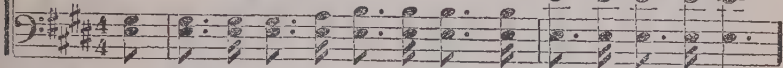
6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:
 "Unto the Savior be etern
 praise,"
 Who redeemed me, soul and body,
 Filling with gladness all my eart
 ly days.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER,

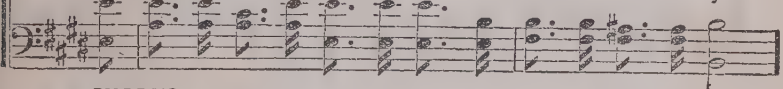
W. S. WEEDEN.



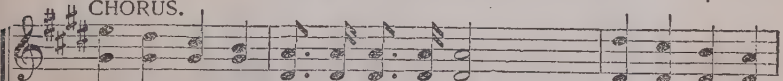
1. wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And billows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tend - ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;



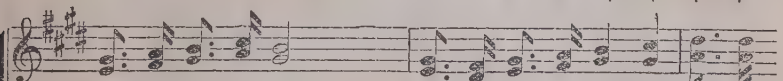
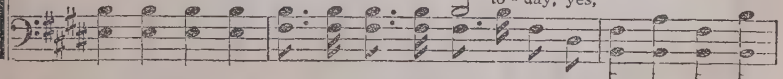
And with the sun-light of His love Bade all my darkness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun-light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
 And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
 Be - hold the brightness of His face, Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.



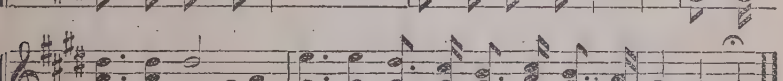
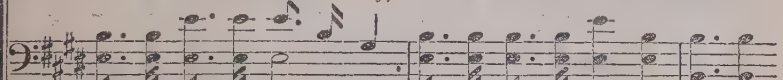
CHORUS.



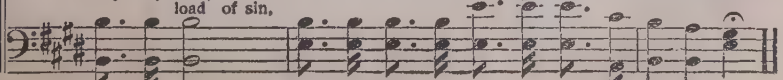
Sun-light, sun-light in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light
 to - day, yes,



all a-long the way; Since the Sav-ior found me, took a-
 nar - row way;



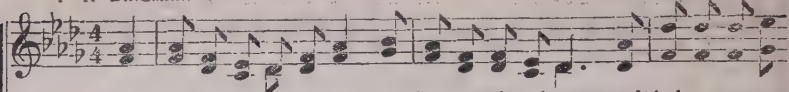
way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love within.
 load of sin,



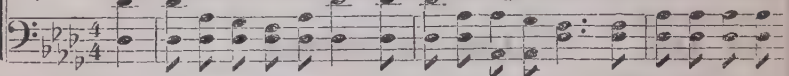
No. 154. I Will Shout His Praise In Glory.

P H DINGMAN.

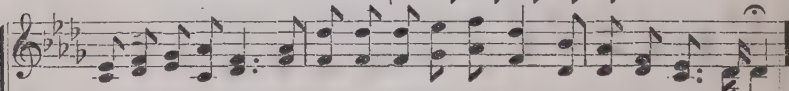
JNO. R. SWENEY.



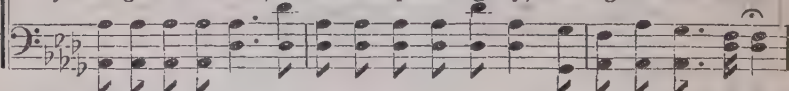
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to give them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall



Sav - ior in mer-cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious sp ke
welcome, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath - er, re -



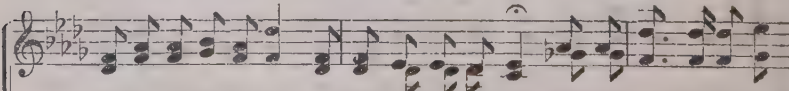
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Savior! to Him the praise shall be.
par - don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
joice-ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for-ev-er-more.



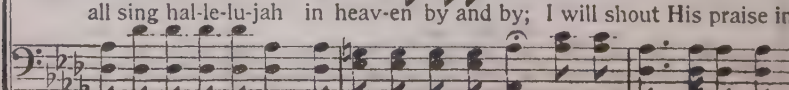
CHORUS.



I will shout His praise in glo - ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll



all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in



I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

glo-ry So will I. so will I And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.

EXPERIENCE.

No. 155.

Lift Me Higher.

MAY CORNWELL.

HAMP. H. SEWELL.

1. Lift me higher, bless-ed Mas-ter, High - er still in - to the light,
2. Hold me clos-er, bless-ed Mas-ter, In a firm and fond em-brace;
3. Make me pur-er, bless-ed Mas-ter, Pure in purpose, deed and heart;

Up a-bove the fear-ful shad-ows Of earth's sin and gloom and night.
Let no shadows pass be-tween me And the Glo - ry of Thy face.
May the pur - i - ty of Je - sus Of my own life form a part.

CHORUS.

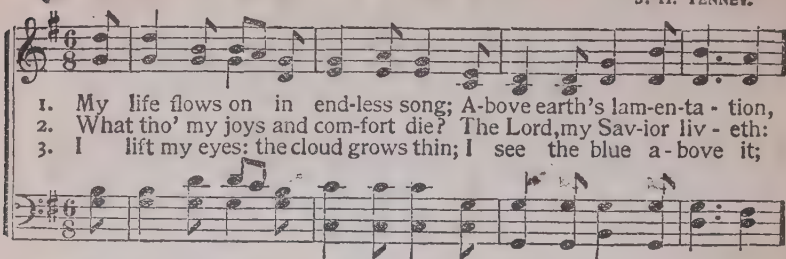
High - er, Sav - ior, Near - er to Thy pierc - ed side,
Lift me high - er, bless - ed Sav - ior.

With Thy lov-ing arms a - bout me, Let me ev - er-more a - bide.

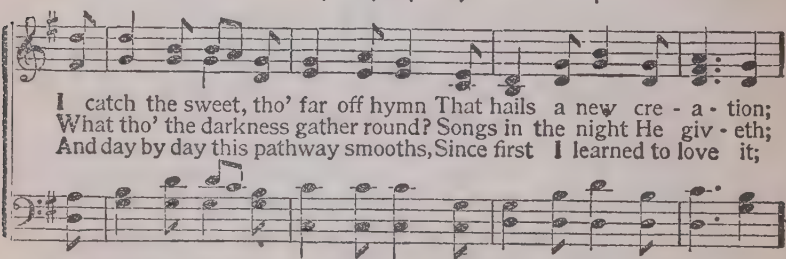
EXPERIENCE.

No. 156. How Can I Keep from Singing?

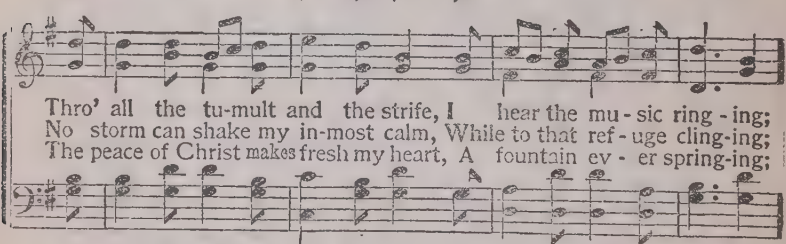
J. H. TENNEY.



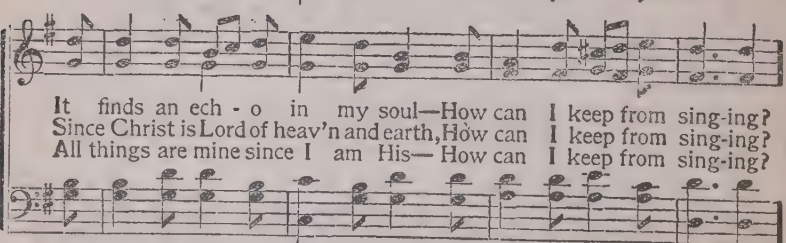
1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove earth's lam-en-ta - tion,
 2. What tho' my joys and com-fort die? The Lord, my Sav-ior liv - eth;
 3. I lift my eyes: the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;



I catch the sweet, tho' far off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
 What tho' the darkness gather round? Songs in the night He giv - eth;
 And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it;

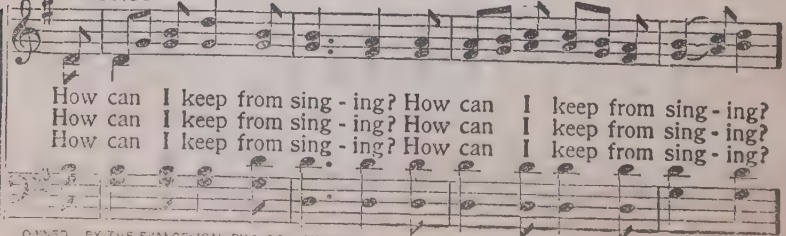


Thro' all the tu-mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
 No storm can shake my in-most calm, While to that ref - uge cling - ing;
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev - er spring - ing;



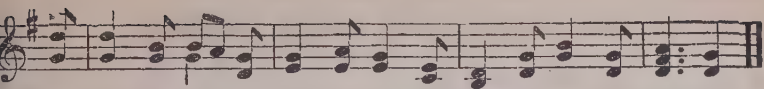
It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing - ing?
 Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?
 All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing - ing?

CHORUS.



How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing?
 How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing?
 How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing?

How Can I Keep from Singing?



it finds an ech-o in my soul, How can I keep from sing-ing?
 Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
 A'l things are mine since I am His; How can I keep from sing-ing?

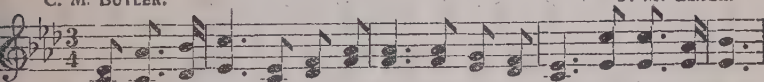


EXPERIENCE.

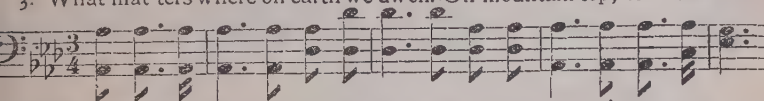
No. 157. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. M. BUTLER.

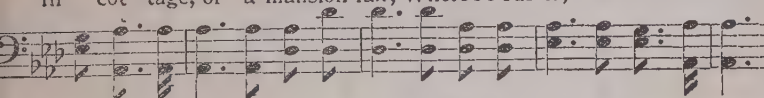
J. M. BLACK.



1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
3. What mat-ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?



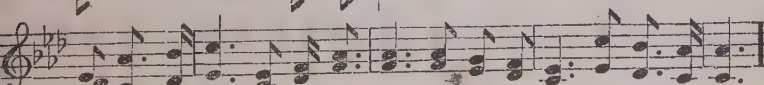
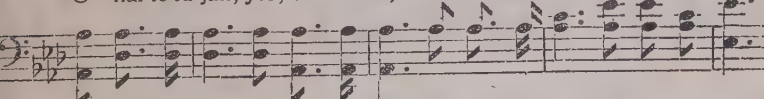
And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Jesus here to know.
 Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.
 In cot - tage, or a mansion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.



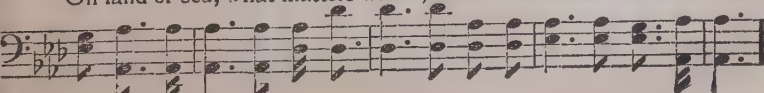
CHORUS.



O hal-le-lu-jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;



On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.



No. 158. The Half Has Never Yet Been Told.

F. R. HAVERGAL. Arr.

1 Kings 10:7. . .

E. C. AVIS.

1. I know I love the bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earthly joy,
 2. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, Then may I well be glad;
 3. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Savior mine, What will Thy presence be
 4. O why should I be troub - led then, Or - ev - er doubt - ful be,

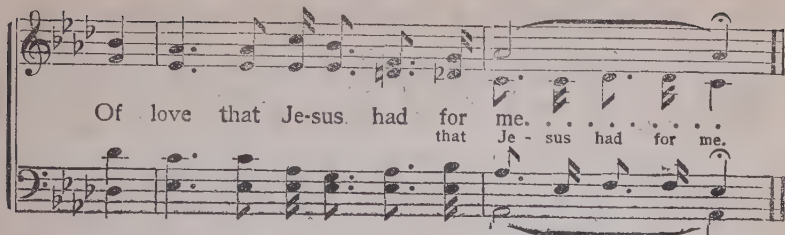
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace, Which nothing can de - stroy.
 With - out the knowledge of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.
 Since Christ is mine and I am His, And heav'n's prepared for me?

REFRAIN.

The half has nev - er yet been told,
 The half has nev - er, nev - er yet been told,

Of God's rich grace so full and free
 Of God's rich grace so full and free

The half has nev - er yet been told,
 The half has nev - er, nev - er yet been told,

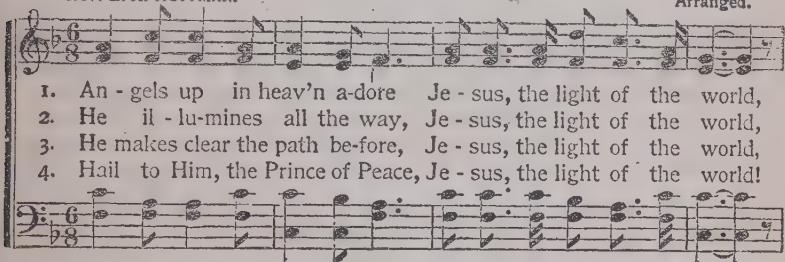


Of love that Je-sus had for me. Je - sus had for me.

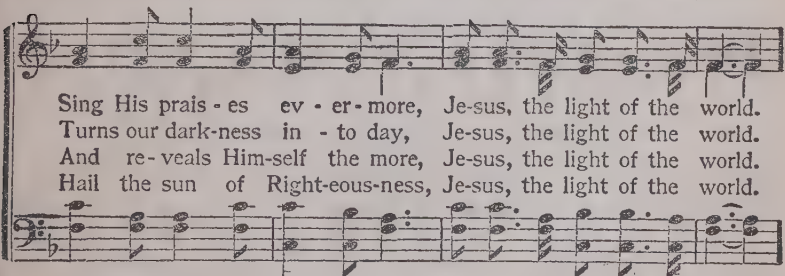
No. 159. Jesus, the Light of the World.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Arranged.

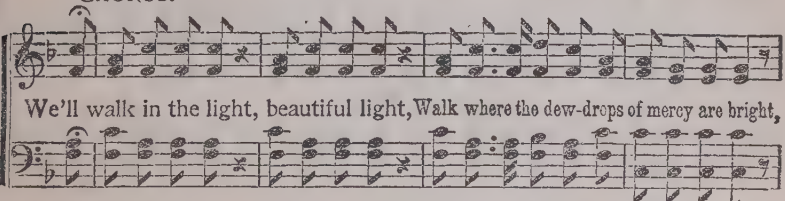


1. An - gels up in heav'n a-dore Je - sus, the light of the world,
2. He il - lu-mines all the way, Je - sus, the light of the world,
3. He makes clear the path be-fore, Je - sus, the light of the world,
4. Hail to Him, the Prince of Peace, Je - sus, the light of the world!

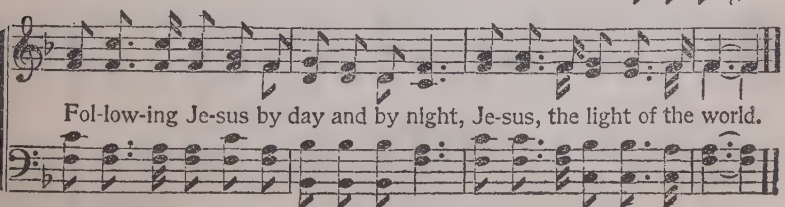


Sing His prais - es ev - er-more, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Turns our dark-ness in - to day, Je-sus, the light of the world.
And re-veals Him-self the more, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Hail the sun of Right-eous-ness, Je-sus, the light of the world.

CHORUS.



We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Walk where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,



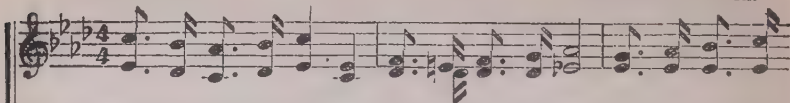
Fol-low-ing Je-sus by day and by night, Je-sus, the light of the world.

EXPERIENCE.

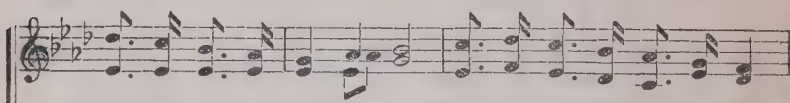
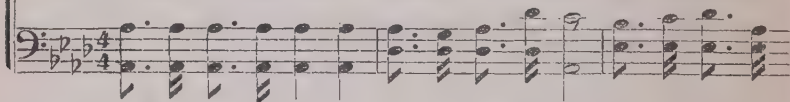
No. 160. You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

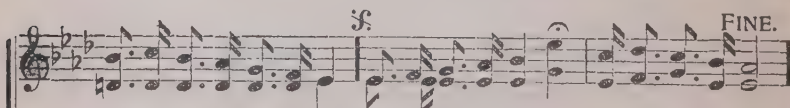
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



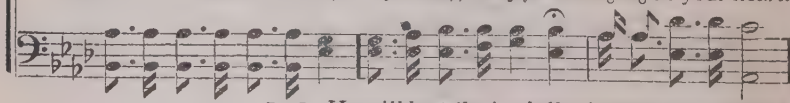
1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its fullness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev - 'ry day, Own his right to



from you nev-er will de-part. Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show. Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win,

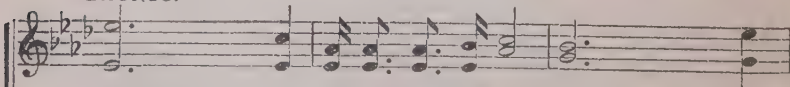


Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
He is with you, ever nigh, And he'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

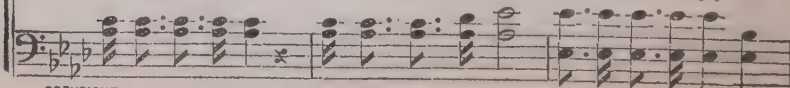


D. S. *He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.*

CHORUS.

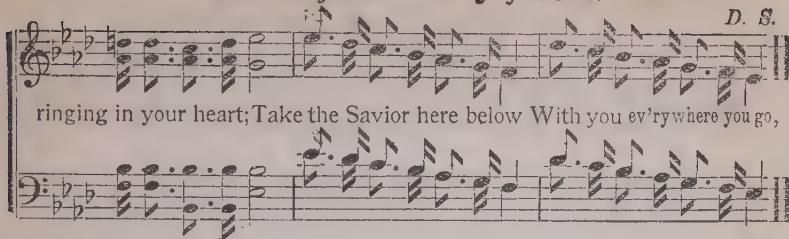


Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells



You May Have the Joy-Bells.

D. S.



ringing in your heart; Take the Savior here below With you ev'rywhere you go,

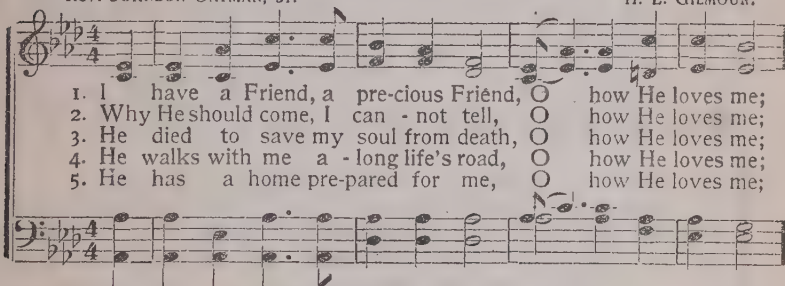
EXPERIENCE.

No. 161.

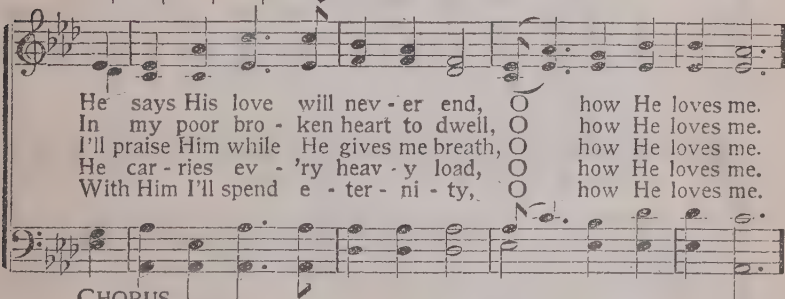
O How He Loves Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

H. L. GILMOUR.

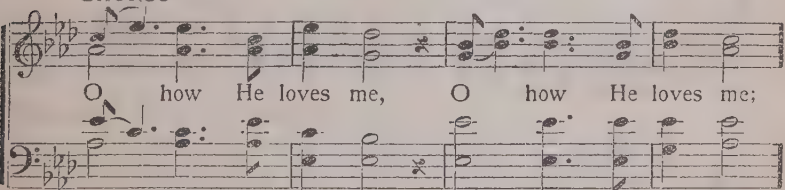


1. I have a Friend, a pre-cious Friend, O how He loves me;
 2. Why He should come, I can - not tell, O how He loves me;
 3. He died to save my soul from death, O how He loves me;
 4. He walks with me a - long life's road, O how He loves me;
 5. He has a home pre-pared for me, O how He loves me;

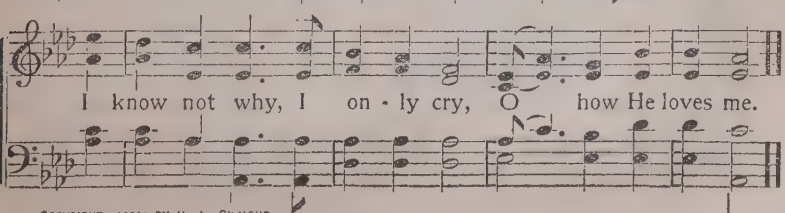


He says His love will nev - er end, O how He loves me.
 In my poor bro - ken heart to dwell, O how He loves me.
 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, O how He loves me.
 He car - ries ev - 'ry heav - y load, O how He loves me.
 With Him I'll spend e - ter - ni - ty, O how He loves me.

CHORUS.



O how He loves me, O how He loves me;

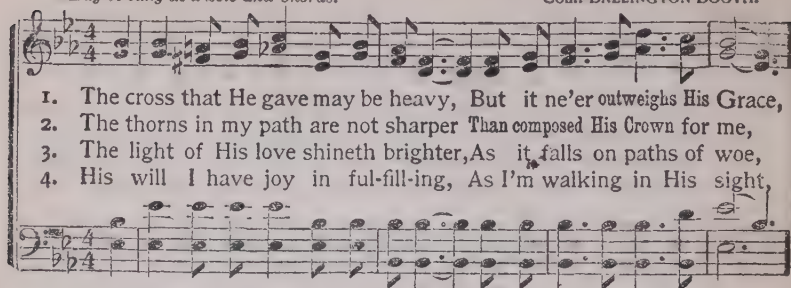


I know not why, I on - ly cry, O how He loves me.

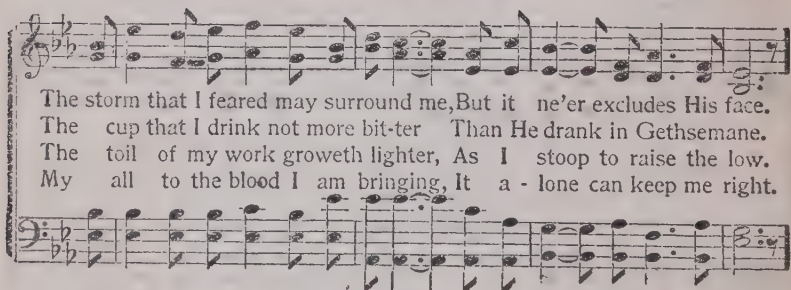
No. 162. The Cross is not Greater.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

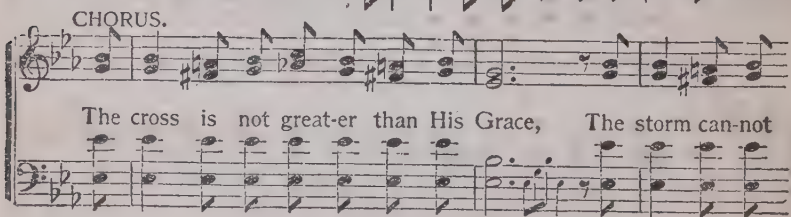


1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His Grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,
 3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

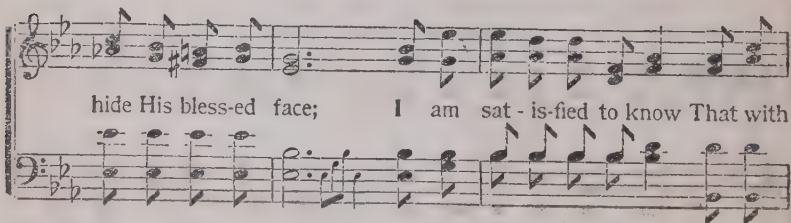


The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsemane.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a-lone can keep me right.

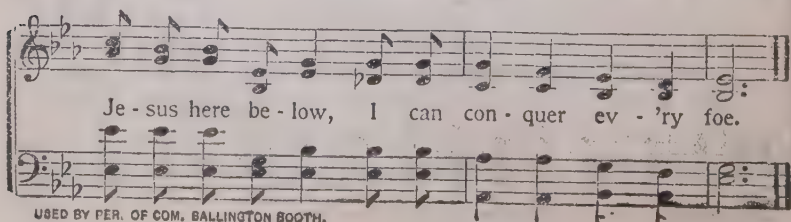
CHORUS.



The cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with

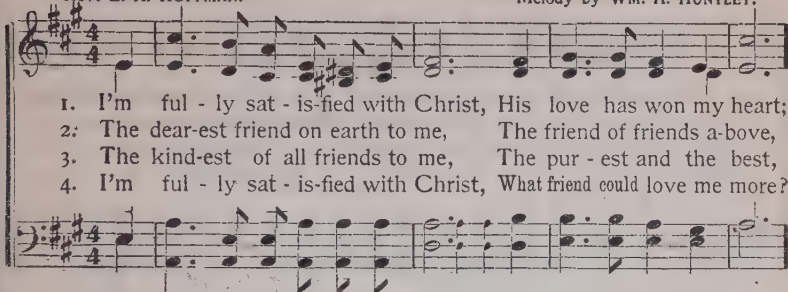


Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

I'm Fully Satisfied.

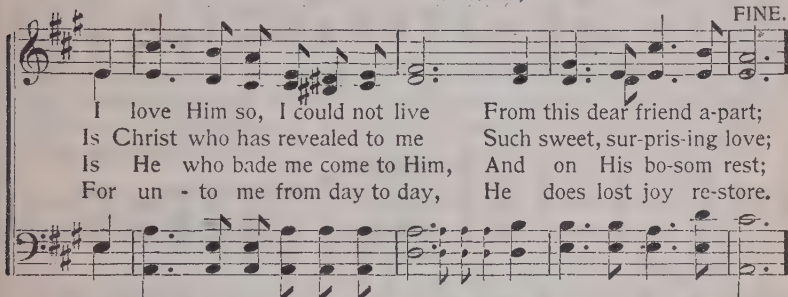
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Melody by WM. A. HUNTLEY.



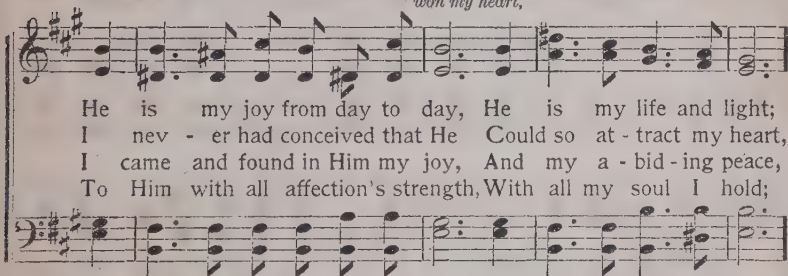
1. I'm ful - ly sat - is-fied with Christ, His love has won my heart;
 2. The dear-est friend on earth to me, The friend of friends a-bove,
 3. The kind-est of all friends to me, The pur - est and the best,
 4. I'm ful - ly sat - is-fied with Christ, What friend could love me more?

CHO.—*I'm ful ly sat - is-fied with Christ, More dear He could not be,
 with Christ,*

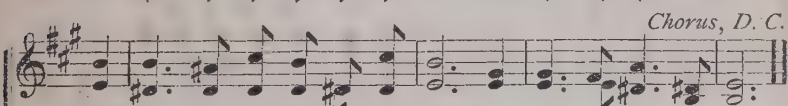


I love Him so, I could not live From this dear friend a-part;
 Is Christ who has revealed to me Such sweet, sur-pris-ing love;
 Is He who bade me come to Him, And on His bo-som rest;
 For un - to me from day to day, He does lost joy re-store.

*And since His love has won my heart, He's ev - 'ry thing to me.
 won my heart,*

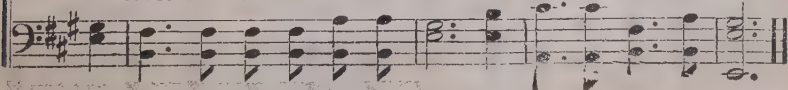


He is my joy from day to day, He is my life and light;
 I nev - er had conceived that He Could so at - tract my heart,
 I came and found in Him my joy, And my a - bid-ing peace,
 To Him with all affection's strength, With all my soul I hold;



Chorus, D. C.

To share His ho - ly fel-low-ship, Oh! this is my de-light.
 That ver - y love would hin-der me To live from Him a - part.
 And now I find with each new day My faith and love increase.
 He loves me with a ten-der love That nev - er can be told.



No. 164. I am Going to be There, Will You?

E. C. A.

E. C. AVIS.

1. When life's bat-tle is fought and the vic-to-ry won, When the
 2. When the Sav-ior shall come for His purchased and own, And the
 3. When my Sav-ior I see, and with loved ones shall be In the
 4. Will you not sin-ner, come? and be saved for that home, Which the

song will be sung that is new; Oh, in prais-es a-bove, filled with
 faith-ful shall bid earth a-dieu; Then as-cend-ing the skies with a
 sky of the un-fad-ing hue; Oh, my praise shall a-bound un-til
 Sav-ior has gone to pre-pare; There are joys yet un-told in that

REFRAIN.

rap-tu-rous love, I am going to be there, will you?
 gladsome surprise, I am going to be there, will you? I am going to be
 heav-en re-sound, I am going to be there, will you?
 cit-y of gold, I am going to be there, will you?

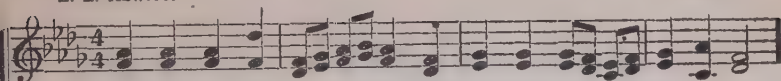
there and His glory shall share, I am going to be there, will you? In that

cit-y of gold where none ev-er grow old, I am going to be there, will you?

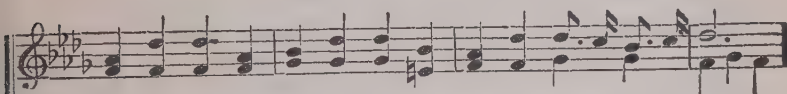
HEAVEN.
No. 165. When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT.

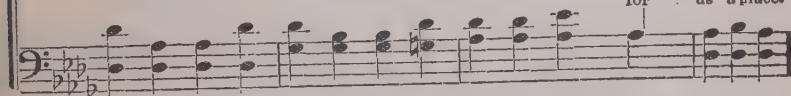
Mrs. J. G. WILSON.



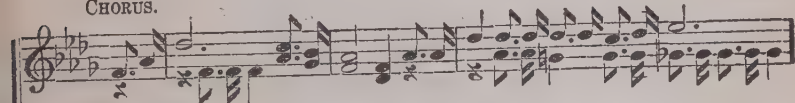
1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us, then, be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;



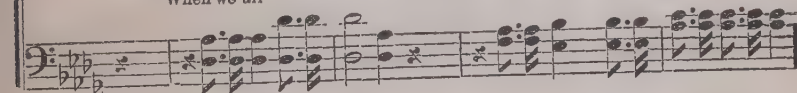
In the man-sions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'-ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.



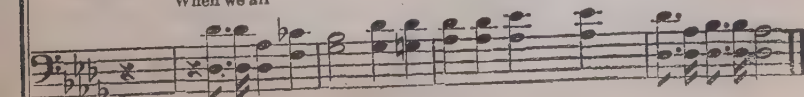
CHORUS.



When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!



When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.
When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.



No. 166. Tell Mother I'll be There.

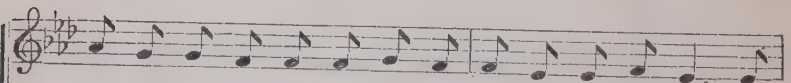
C. M. F.

Not too fast.

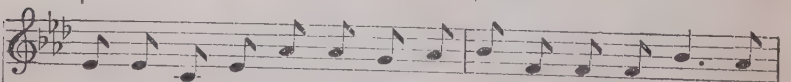
CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



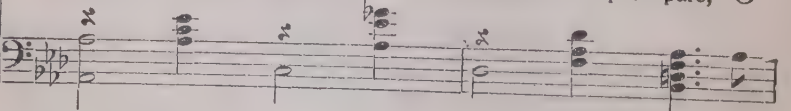
1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - ol-lect, How
2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was always kind and good, So
3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick-ly come, If



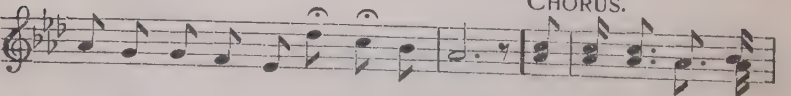
I would grieve my moth-er with my fol - ly and neg-lect, And
 pa-tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude, My
 al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn-ing aft - er me, And
 I would see my moth-er, ere the Sav - ior took her home; I



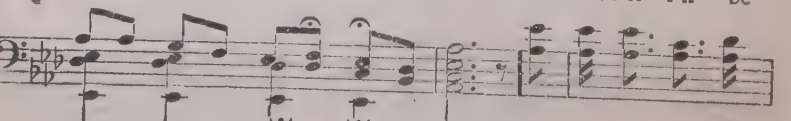
now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care, O
 child-hood griefs and tri - als, she would glad-ly with me share, O
 day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care, O
 prom-ised her, be - fore she died, for heav-en to pre - pare, O



CHORUS.



an - gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there. Tell moth-er I'll be



Tell Mother I'll be There.

there in an - swer to her pray'r, This mes-sage, guardian

an - gels, to her bear, Tell moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my dar-ling moth-er I'll be there.

HEAVEN.

No. 167.

Happy Land.

Old Melody.

1. { There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, }
 1. { Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; } Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 2. { Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev'ry eye; }
 2. { Kept by a Father's hand, Love can-not die. } Oh, then to glo-ry run;
 3. { Come to that hap-py land, Come, come away. }
 3. { Why will you doubting stand, Why still de-lay? } Oh, we shall happy be

"Worthy is our Savior King," Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright above the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
 When from sin and sorrow free; Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more,

When I Get Home.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILLS.

1. I shall wear a gold - en crown, When I get home; I shall lay my
 2. All the dark - ness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the
 3. I shall see my Sav - ior's face, When I get home; Sing a - gain of

bur - dens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo - ry,
 light at last, When I get home; Light from heav - en stream - ing
 sav - ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand be - fore Him;

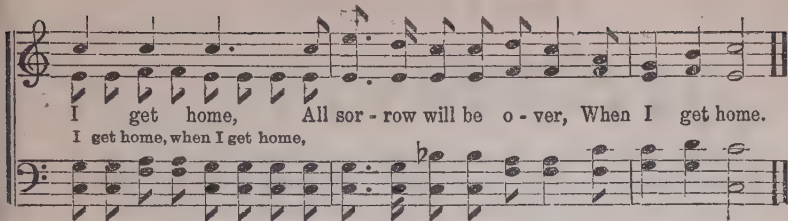
I shall sing the sto - ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
 O'er my pathway beaming, Ev - er guides me on - ward Till I get home.
 Glad - ly I'll a - dore Him; Ev - er to be with Him When I get home.

CHORUS.

When I get home, When I get home, All
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, When I get home

sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home; When I get home When
 When I get home, when I get home, When

When I Get Home.



I get home, All sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home.
I get home, when I get home,

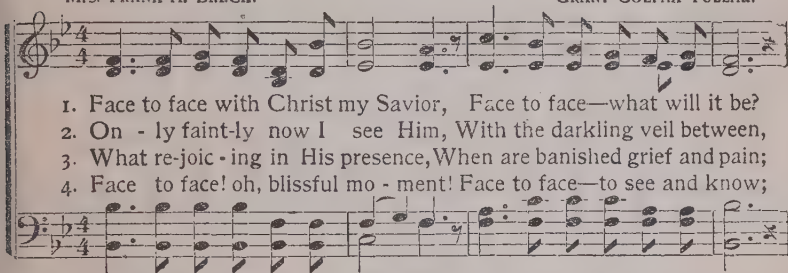
HEAVEN.

No. 169.

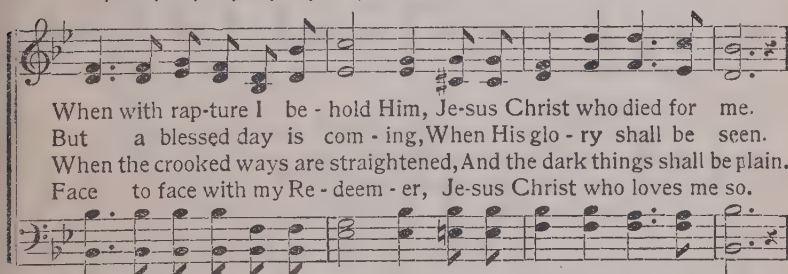
Face to Face.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

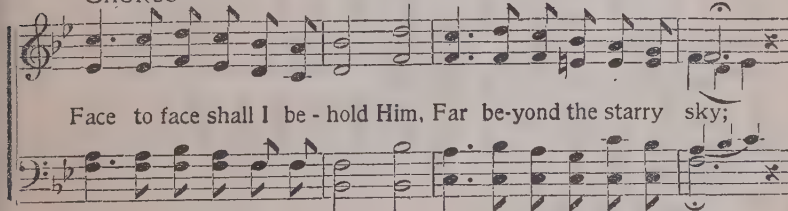


1. Face to face with Christ my Savior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now I see Him, With the darkling veil between,
3. What re-joic - ing in His presence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! oh, blissful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;

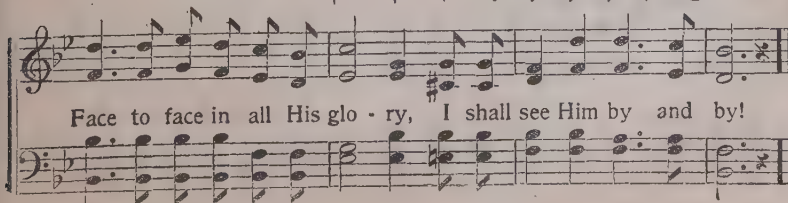


When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je-sus Christ who died for me.
But a blessed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je-sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the starry sky;

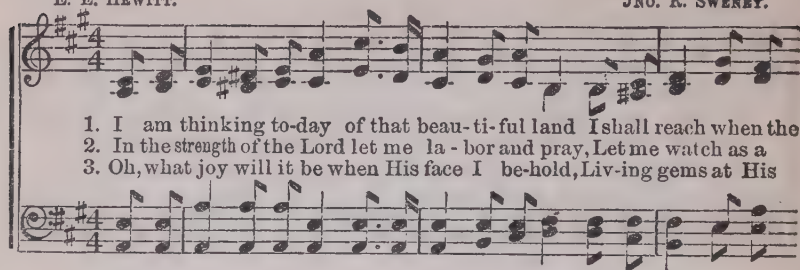


Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

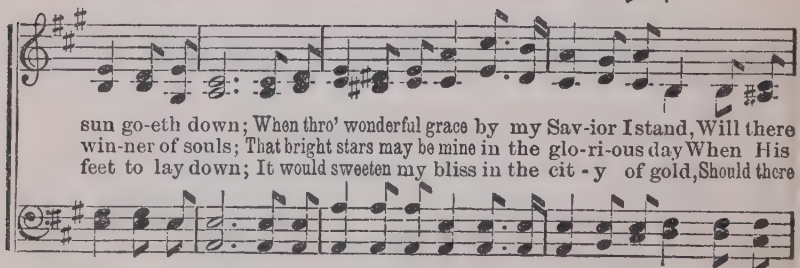
Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

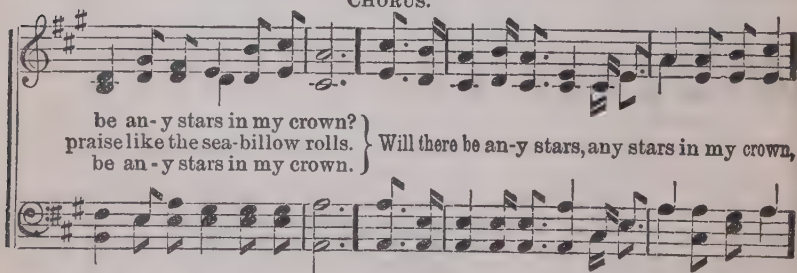


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

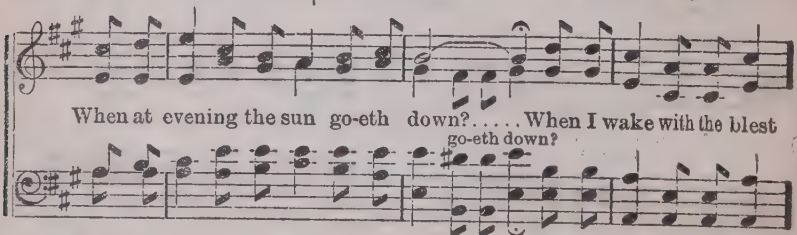


sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

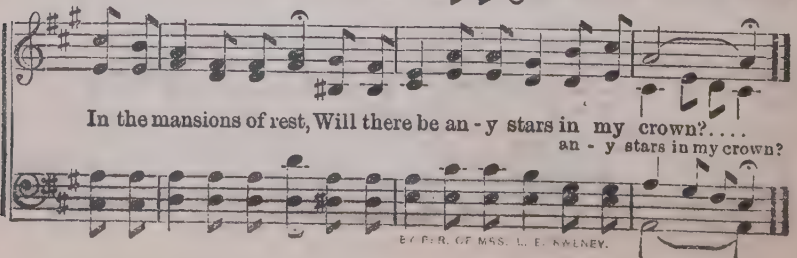
CHORUS.



be an-y stars in my crown?
 praiselike the sea-billow rolls. } Will there be an-y stars, any stars in my crown,
 be an-y stars in my crown. }



When at evening the sun go-eth down? When I wake with the blest
 go-eth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 an-y stars in my crown?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His blessed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-ter of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 parting at the riv-er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepare for me a mansion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min - gle with delight; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know Him,

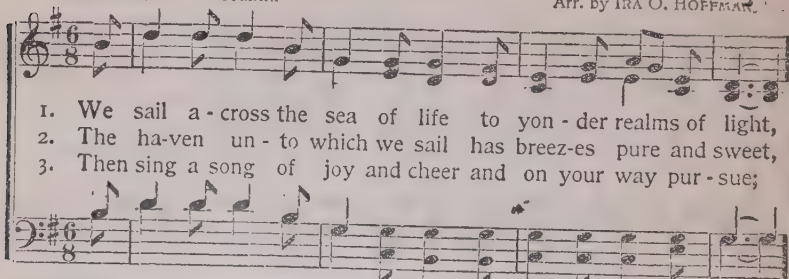
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
 I shall know Him,

HEAVEN.

No. 172. We Sail Across the Sea of Life.

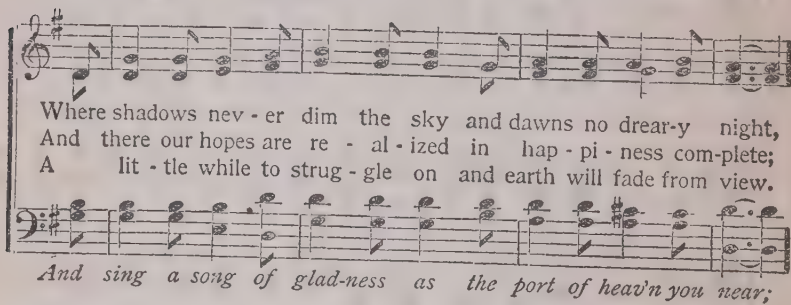
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.



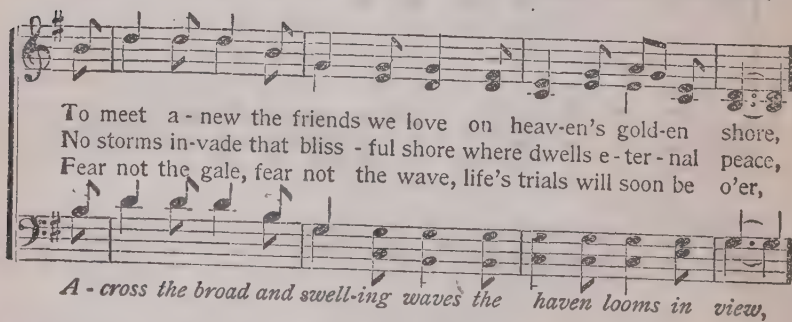
1. We sail a - cross the sea of life to yon - der realms of light,
2. The ha - ven un - to which we sail has breez - es pure and sweet,
3. Then sing a song of joy and cheer and on your way pur - sue;

CHO. - Then have good courage, faithful soul, and cast a - way your fear,



Where shadows nev - er dim the sky and dawns no drear - y night,
And there our hopes are re - al - ized in hap - pi - ness com - plete;
A lit - tle while to strug - gle on and earth will fade from view.

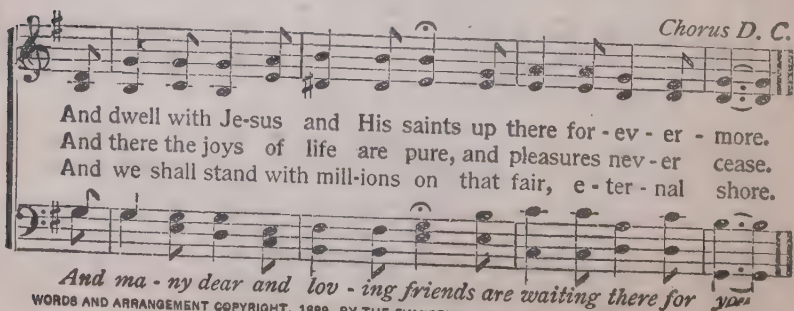
And sing a song of glad - ness as the port of heav'n you near;



To meet a - new the friends we love on heav - en's gold - en shore,
No storms in - vade that bliss - ful shore where dwells e - ter - nal peace,
Fear not the gale, fear not the wave, life's trials will soon be o'er,

A - cross the broad and swell - ing waves the haven looms in view,

Chorus D. C.



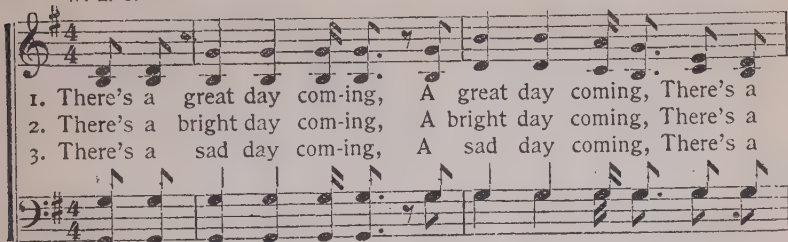
And dwell with Je - sus and His saints up there for - ev - er - more.
And there the joys of life are pure, and pleasures nev - er cease.
And we shall stand with mill - ions on that fair, e - ter - nal shore.

And ma - ny dear and lov - ing friends are waiting there for you

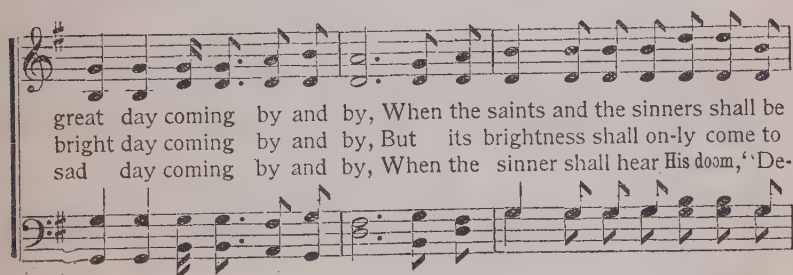
No. 173. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

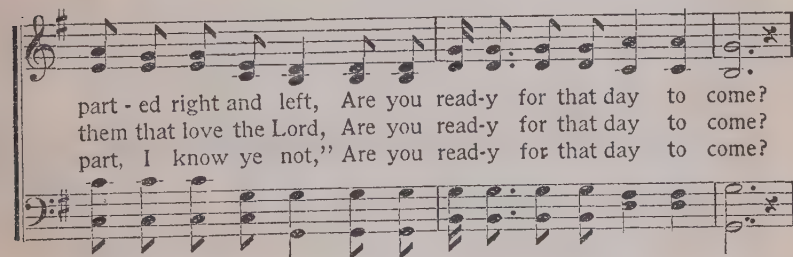
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a

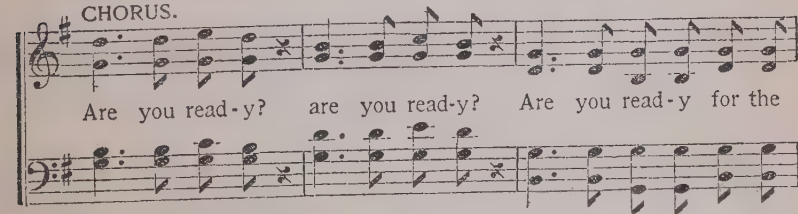


great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear His doom, 'De-

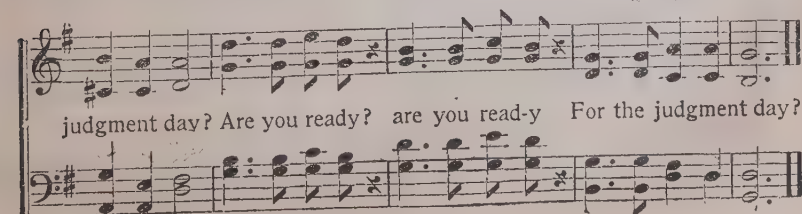


part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

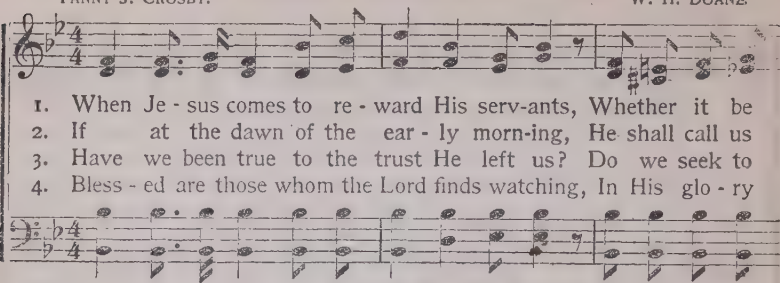


judgment day? Are you ready? are you read-y For the judgment day?

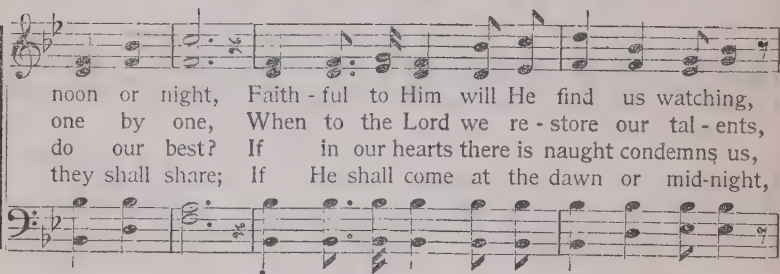
No. 174. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

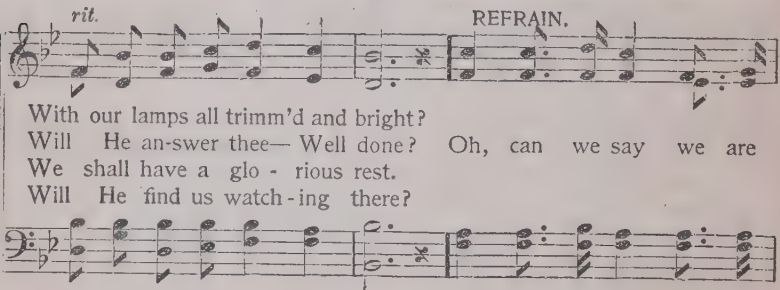


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Whether it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

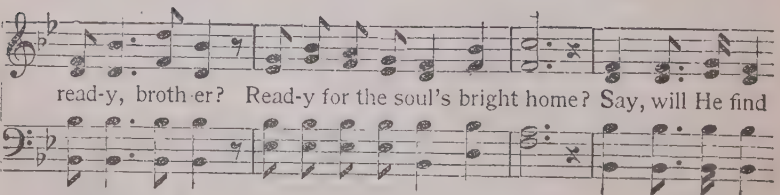


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemn's us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

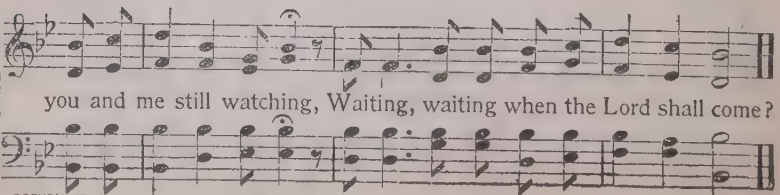
rit. REFRAIN.



With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee— Well done? Oh, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find

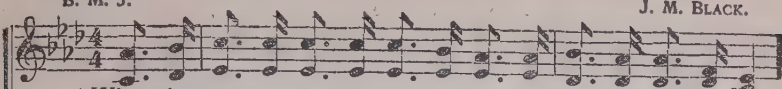


you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

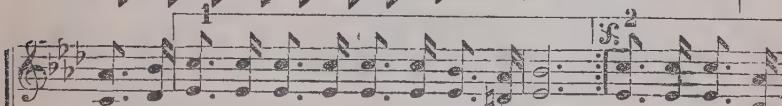
No. 175. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

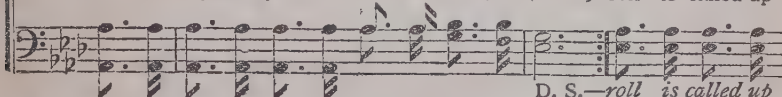
J. M. BLACK.



1. { When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth-er shore,
2. { On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies,
3. { Let us la - bor for the Master from the dawn till set-ting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,

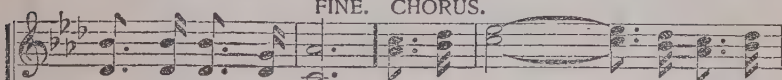


And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; }
 And the (Omit.) } roll is called up
 And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share; }
 And the (Omit.) } roll is called up
 Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; }
 And the (Omit.) } roll is called up

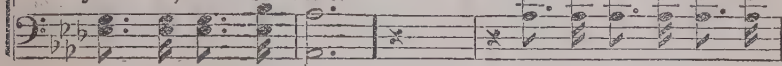


FINE. CHORUS.

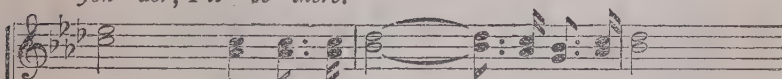
D. S.—roll is called up



yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there.



yon - der, I'll be there.



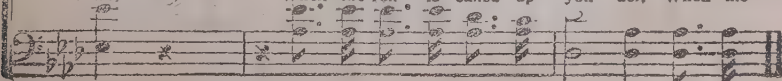
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be
 yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be

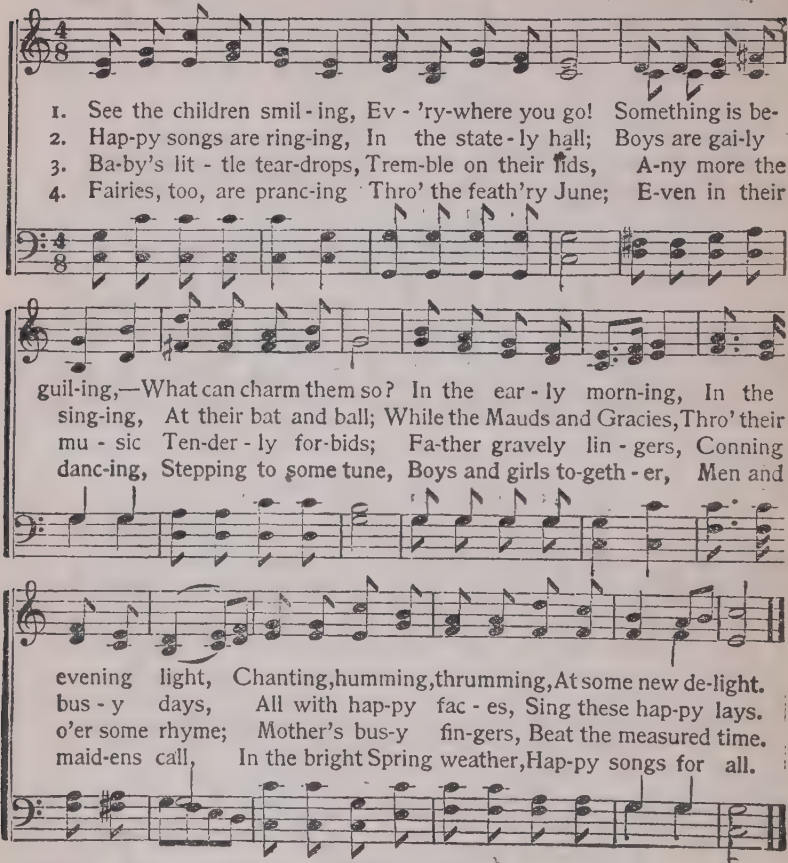


D. S.



der, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
 there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the





1. See the children smil-ing, Ev - 'ry-where you go! Something is be-
 2. Hap-py songs are ring-ing, In the state-ly hall; Boys are gail-ly
 3. Ba-by's lit - tle tear-drops, Trem-ble on their fids, A-ny more the
 4. Fairies, too, are pranc-ing Thro' the feath'ry June; E-ven in their

guil-ing,—What can charm them so? In the ear - ly morn-ing, In the
 sing-ing, At their bat and ball; While the Mauds and Gracies, Thro' their
 mu - sic Ten-der - ly for-bids; Fa-ther gravely lin - gers, Conning
 danc-ing, Stepping to some tune, Boys and girls to-geth - er, Men and

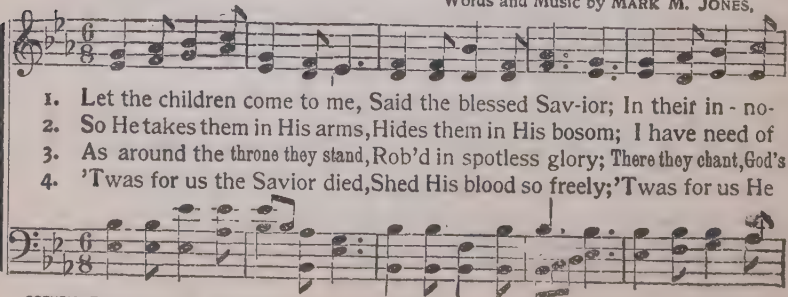
evening light, Chanting, humming, thrumming, At some new de-light.
 bus - y days, All with hap-py fac - es, Sing these hap-py lays.
 o'er some rhyme; Mother's bus-y fin-gers, Beat the measured time.
 maid-ens call, In the bright Spring weather, Hap-py songs for all.

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No. 177. Let the Children Come.

"But Jesus said, suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto my."—Matt. 19:14.

Words and Music by MARK M. JONES.



1. Let the children come to me, Said the blessed Sav-ior; In their in - no-
 2. So He takes them in His arms, Hides them in His bosom; I have need of
 3. As around the throne they stand, Rob'd in spotless glory; There they chant, God's
 4. 'Twas for us the Savior died, Shed His blood so freely; 'Twas for us He

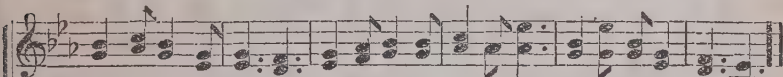
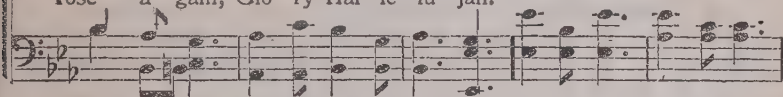
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Let the Children Come.

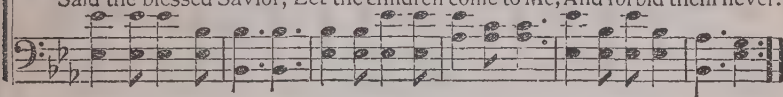
CHORUS.



cence and glee, And for-bid them nev-er.
these He says, Thus it is I choose them. Come to Me, come to Me,
chos - en band, There they tell the sto-ry.
rose a - gain, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah.



Said the blessed Savior; Let the children come to Me, And forbid them never.



CHILDREN.

No. 178.

In Sweet By and By.

I. N. McH.

DUET.

CHORUS.

I. N. McHOSE.

DUET.

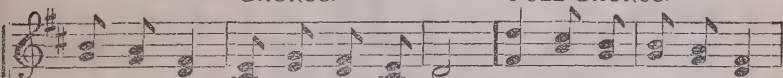


1. We will lay our burdens down, By-and-by, by and by; Leave the cross and
2. Sin's dark night will pass away, By-and-by, by and by; Then we'll live in
3. Tho' we part we'll meet again, By-and-by, by-and-by; Meet as priests and



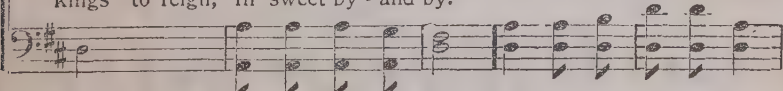
CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

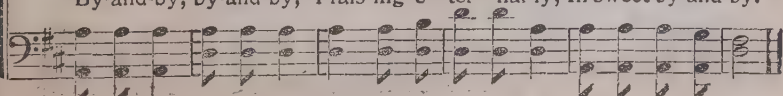


wear the crown, In sweet by - and-by.
end - less day, In sweet by - and-by.
kings to reign, In sweet by - and-by.

Oh, we will hap - py be,



By-and-by, by-and-by, Prais-ing e - ter - nal-ly, In sweet by-and-by.



No. 179,

God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. E. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings securely
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we
 hide you, Dai - ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we
 found you, Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we

CHORUS.

meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet a - gain

CLOSING.

No. 180.

Blest be the Tie.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGELI,

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain:

The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, — Our comforts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa-thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 181.

Old Hundred.

THOS. KEN.

G. FRANC.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him a - bove ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

F. S. SMITH.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - ry! thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 183.

Responsive Reading.

FIRST PSALM.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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Is it the crowning day.

Sail on

This love is far better than gold

King of Kings

Home of the soul

